★ Nov. 13, 1948

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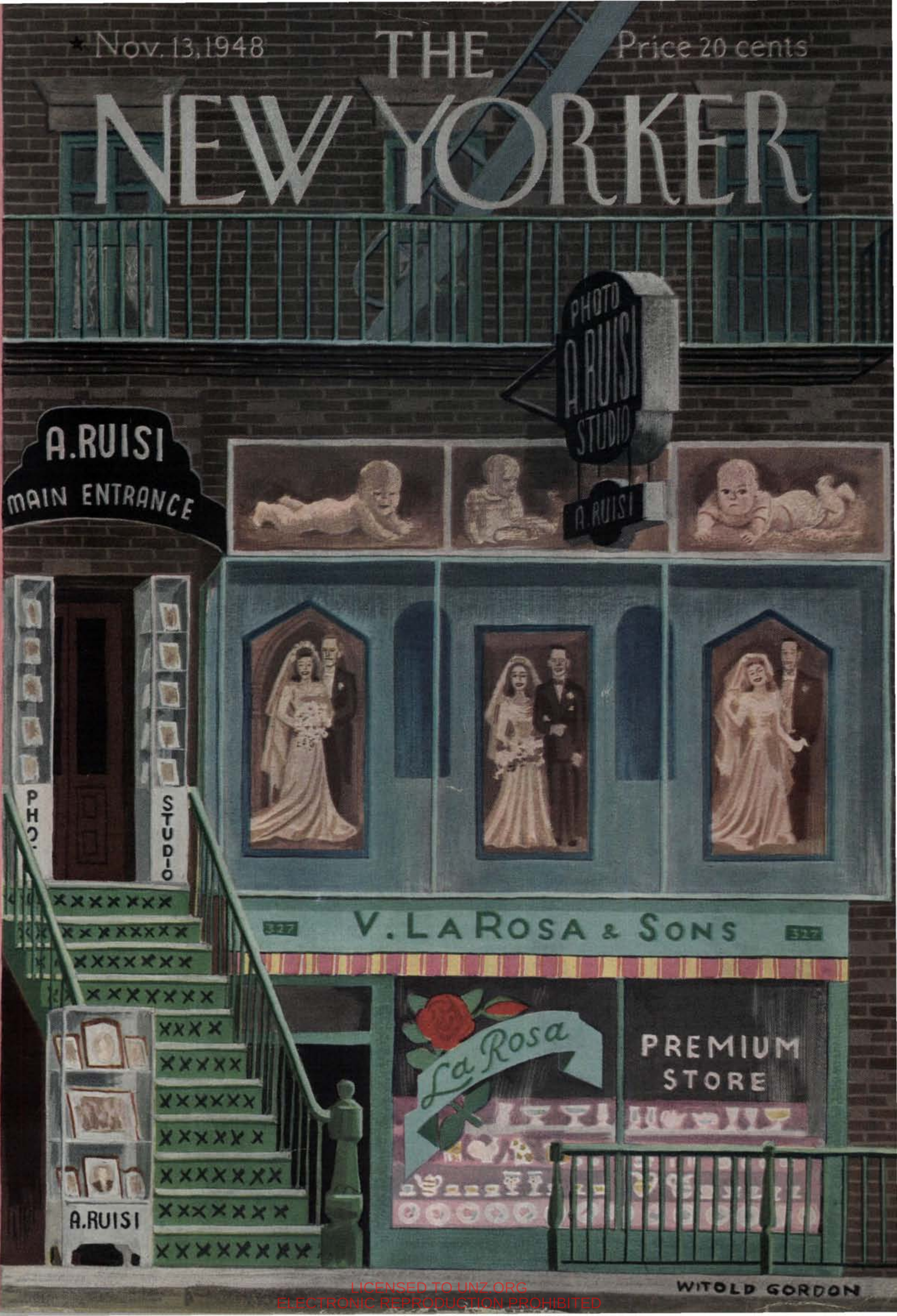
THE NEW YORKER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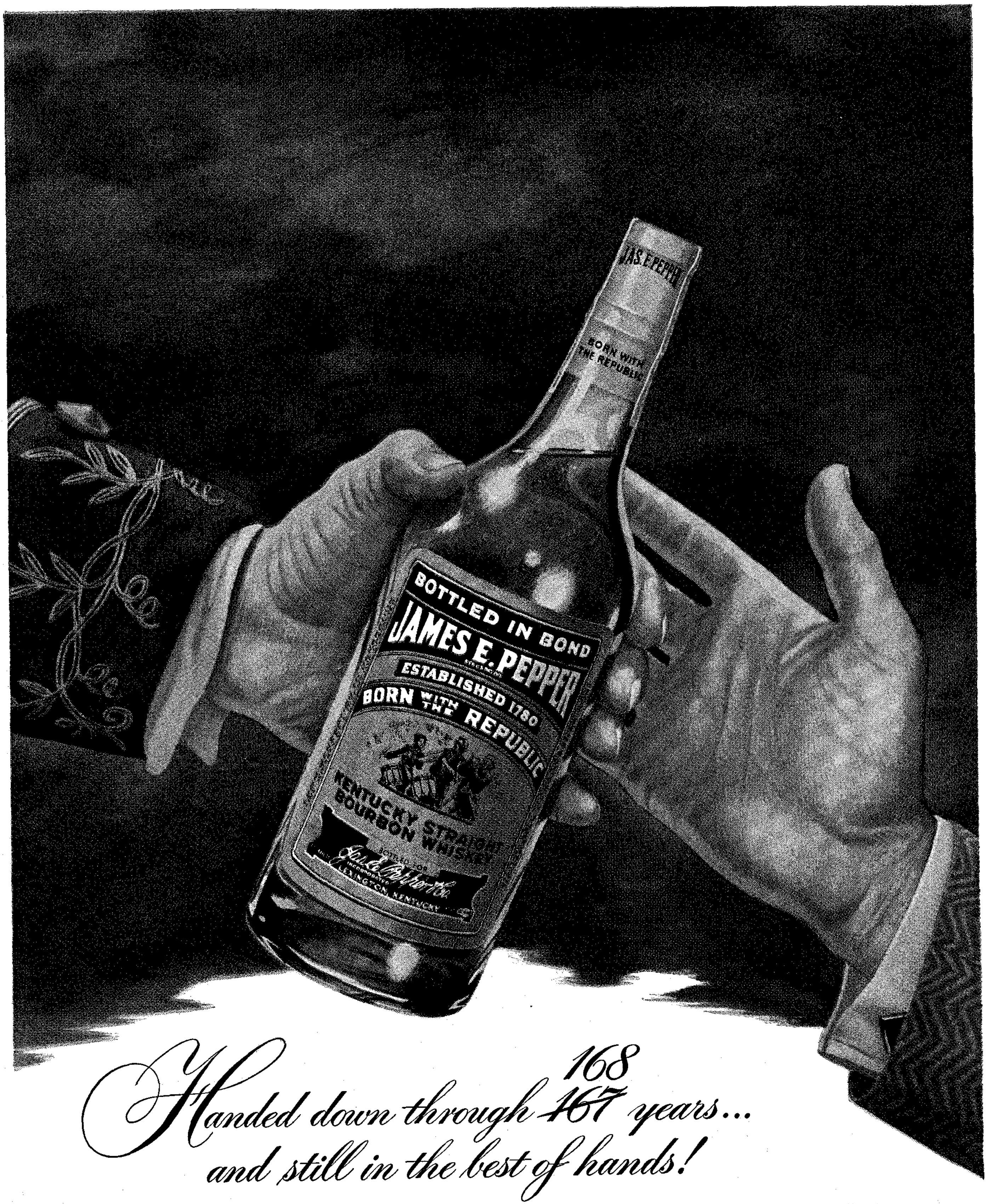
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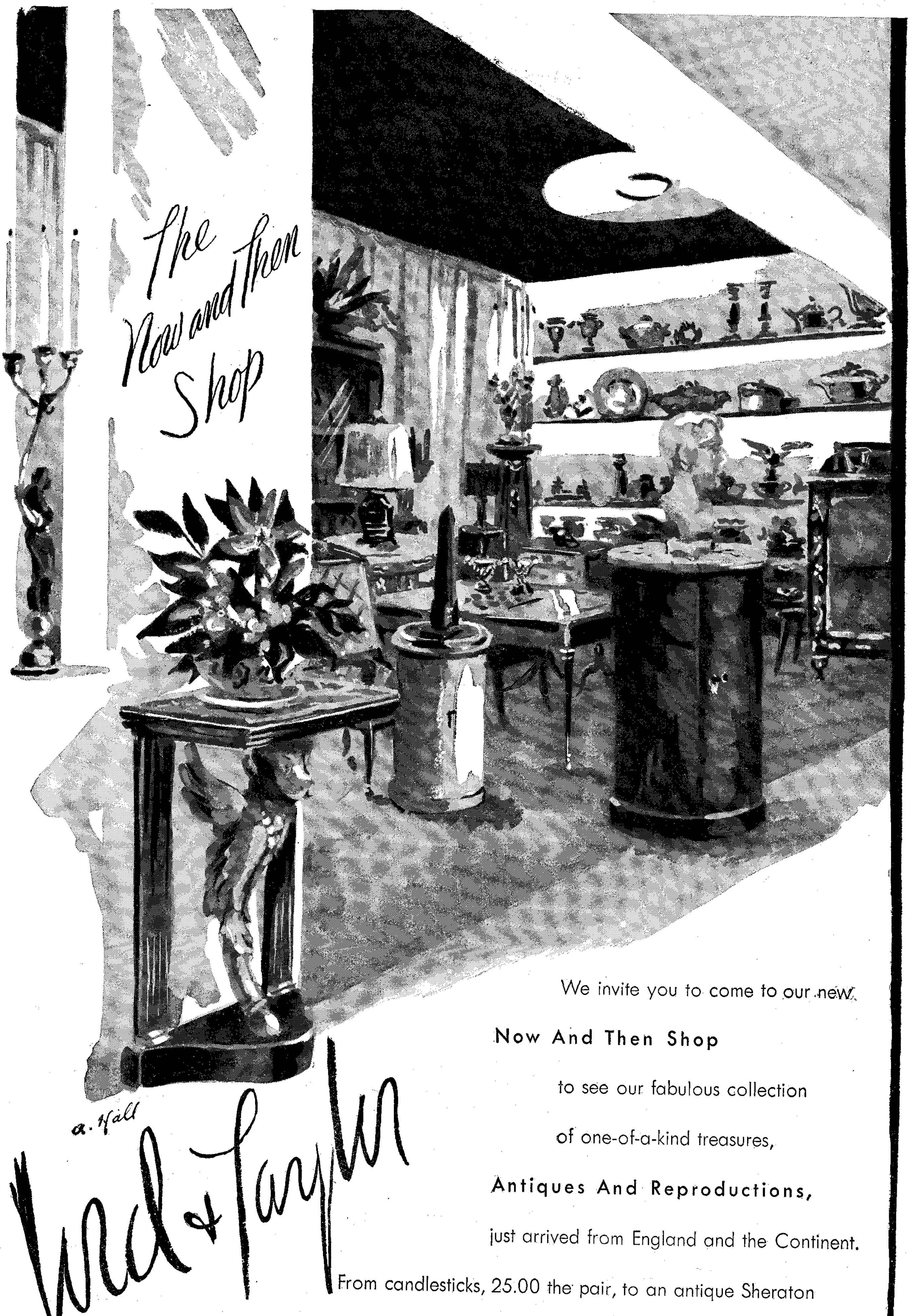
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Edward, My Son—As co-author of this brisk melodrama, Robert Morley has provided himself and Peggy Ashcroft with wonderful parts, to which they do full justice. Peter Ashmore is the director. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Life with Mother—This may not be quite as good as its famous predecessor, but it is still a very humorous and engaging show. Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay again play Mother and Father, and there are several other veterans of the original cast. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mister Roberts—One of the best books about the war made into one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several years. With Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 11.)

The Play's the Thing—A first-rate cast, among whose members are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, and Faye Emerson, in a pleasant revival of Molnar's comedy of sex on the Riviera. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Private Lives—Tallulah Bankhead's enormous vitality is responsible for the success of this revival, but her rowdiness might conceivably startle Mr. Coward. Donald Cook serves agreeably as her sparring partner. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama having to do with the race problem. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, is the curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Set My People Free—Dorothy Heyward has created a fine dramatic figure in Denmark Vesey, who led a slave insurrection in Charleston in 1822, and Juano Hernandez plays him superbly. Otherwise, however, this Theatre Guild production is disappointingly glib and theatrical. Canada Lee is co-starred. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams is again dealing with sexual maladjustments in the South, but this play is not to be compared to "A Streetcar Named Desire" or "The Glass Menagerie." However, Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews give splendid performances, and Jo Mielziner's setting is a triumph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The rabbit and his best friend, currently Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' Pulitzer Prize drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Inside U.S.A.—Beatrice Lillie in an Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue that might have had more laughs but couldn't be handsomer. She is assisted by Jack Haley and a great dancer named Valerie Bettis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Life—Alan Jay Lerner's book—something about a marriage that goes on for a hundred and fifty years—is a nuisance, but Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are attractive in the leading roles, and Kurt Weill has written a nice, original score. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Magdalena—This spectacle is beautiful to look at and Heitor Villa-Lobos's tunes are charming, especially when sung by Irra Petina, John Raitt, and Dorothy Sarnoff, but an old-fashioned and obtrusive plot makes large parts of the evening almost unendurable. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Romance—A typical Shubert operetta, with typical Sigmund Romberg songs. Anne Jeffreys, Lawrence Brooks, and Luella Gear do all they can to make up for a stupefying story, based on Edward Sheldon's 1913 play. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Nov 11.)

Small Wonder—There are at least three very funny sketches in this not especially intimate revue, and Mary McCarty may easily be the discovery of the year. Tom Ewell heads a cast that includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, and Hayes Gordon. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Where's Charley?—The addition of Ray Bolger and Frank Loesser's neat, fresh tunes do wonders for this old chestnut, which used to be called "Charley's Aunt." George Abbott has revised the book, and among the cast are Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—annie get your gun: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high button shoes:** Keystone cops and bathing girls. With Joan Roberts. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **make mine manhattan:** David Burns and Sid Caesar are the ringleaders of this revue. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

Bravo!—Oscar Homolka, Lili Darvas, and Fritzi Scheff in a play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Directed by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thursday, Nov. 11. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

As the Girls Go—Bobby Clark in a musical comedy produced by Michael Todd and directed by Howard Bay. The book is by William Roos, the score is by Jimmy McHugh, the lyrics are by Harold Adamson, and the cast also includes Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee. Opens Saturday, Nov. 13. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

For Heaven's Sake, Mother!—Nancy Carroll and Molly Picon in a comedy by Julie Berns. Directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and produced by David Kay. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Belasco, 44th St., E. LU 2-1567. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—Madeleine Carroll, with Shirley Booth and Conrad Nagel, in a play by Fay Kanin. Directed by Sam Wanamaker, and produced by Michael Kanin, Richard Aldrich, and Richard Myers. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Light Up the Sky—A comedy by Moss Hart, with a cast headed by Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, and Glenn Anders. Directed by Mr. Hart and produced by Joseph M. Hyman and Bernard Hart. Opens Thursday, Nov. 18. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Monday evening, Nov. 15, at 8:45: "Concerto Barocco," "The Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne," and "Symphony Concertante." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 16, at

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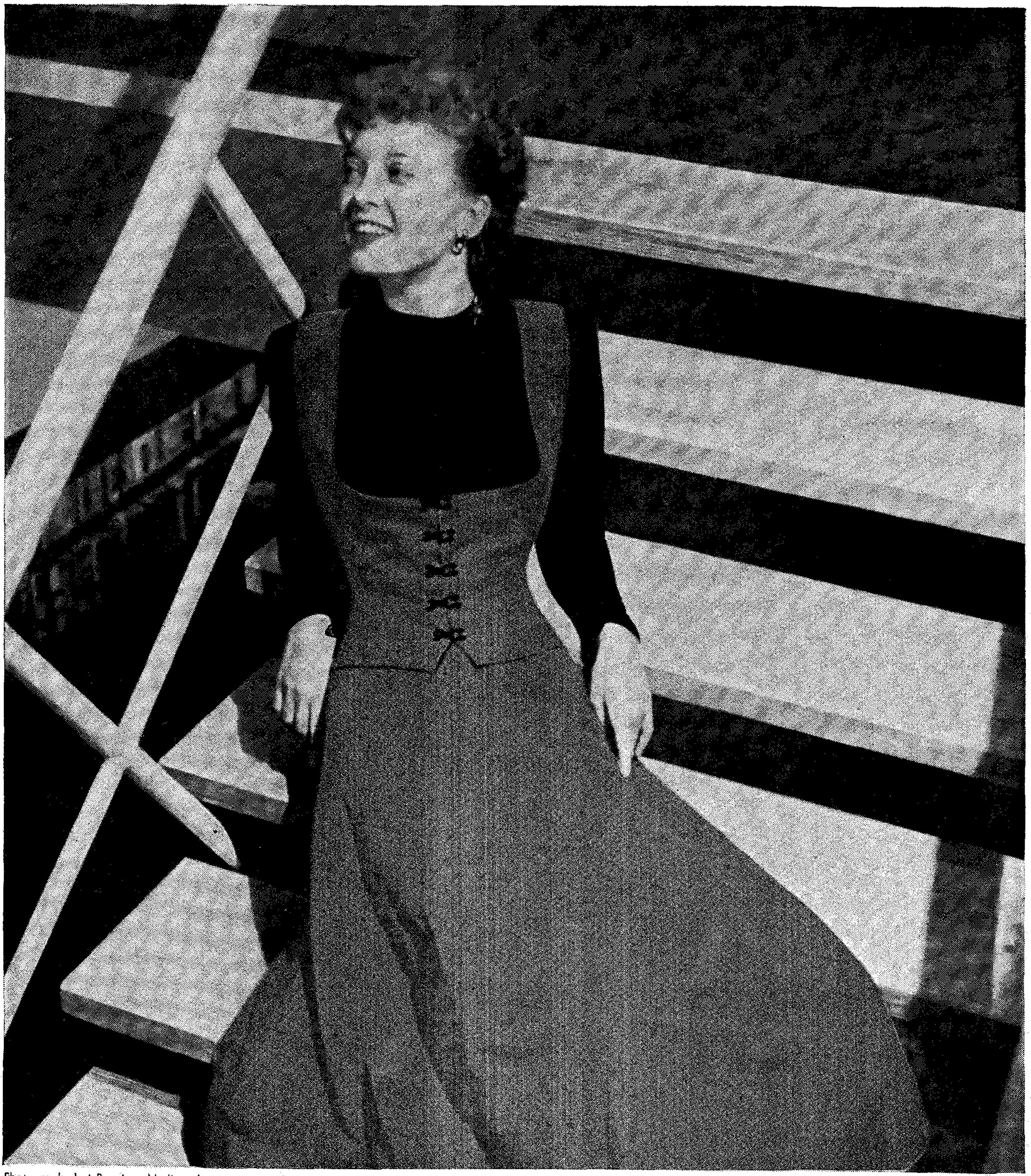

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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				11	12	13
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8:45: "Punch and the Child," "Concerto Barocco," "Divertimento," and "The Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Ernesto Lecuona—With a group of singers and dancers, in a program of Latin-American music. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20, at 3.)

Ice Shows—"Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . ¶ "Ice Follies of 1949," produced by Ed and Roy Shipstad and Oscar Johnson. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, starting Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise noted.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The good-looking Trianon Room has William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing, except Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room, awash in the music of Russ Morgan's and Harold Nagel's orchestras. Leighton Noble's orchestra will replace Mr. Morgan's outfit on Monday, Nov. 15. Closed Sundays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Nellie Lutcher's thoroughly pragmatic musings on the delights of keeping company, and Pearl Primus, dancing what you might call Congo bebop. On Tuesday, Nov. 16, Miss Lutcher will give way to the Golden Gate Quartet and Jack Gilford. Cliff Jackson plays the piano, and Dave Martin's band backs everyone up handsomely. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Henny Youngman, an old Broadway cowhand, surrounded by corn twice as high as an elephant's eye. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—The brash Abe Burrows, a songwriter to end all other songwriters. Frank York's flowing dance orchestra and Gringo's fervid rumba band provide for the needs of athletic guests.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—How to be a Yale-man-about-town, in as many easy lessons as one cares to take. Bernie Dolen's and Eddie Davis's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Like Gallup or Roper, it's now an Institution, but with perhaps a little keener notion of what the public wants. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is the locale for songs by the personable Frenchman named Roger Dann and for the dancing of Hoctor and Byrd. Charles Reader's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, an orchestra plays every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Charles Trenet, a somewhat more prankish Frenchman, plus some rather unusual dances by Marge and Gower Champion. Starting Thursday, Nov. 18, a new show, topped by Jimmy Savo. Mark Monte's and Leo Reisman's bands. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Rendez-Vous Room, pretty as a picture, Nycola Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras play for dancing. Closed Mondays.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra at dinnertime in the placid and decorous Oval Room. No dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a prepossessing cellar, has unobtrusive dance music all evening by Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands and some suppertime songs by the artfully shadow-boxing Nan Wynn. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra provides the glossy clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An absorbing seminar in teen-age mores. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sundays.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, ornamented only by a little black dress and sixteen hesitant words of English, demonstrating the best French method of holding an audience in the palm of one's hand. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gene McCarthy and Tommy Farrell, having fun at suppertime in the Wedgwood Room. Songs by the mellifluous Margaret Phelan, and dancing all evening to Eddy Duchin's long-lost orchestra, aided, at the supper hour, by Mischa Borr's band. The room closes at 10 P.M. on Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Les Crosley (at cocktail time and dinner) and Cy Walter (later in the evening), playing the kind of piano you wish you, too, could play. Harold Cooke fills in for both technicians on Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio play for dancing, after eight-thirty, in this comfortable nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Chinese Chippendale décor and John Kelley's native American piano, after eight-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A bustling circular bar, with piano by Mary McNally at the cocktail hour and by Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **PERROQUET,** Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): Toward the end of the dinner hour, Hugh Shannon at his piano, making love sound like something no one can afford to be without, and Stella Brooks, doing a neat job on some pretty special blues. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CASINO,** 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, with the aid of Garland Wilson's and Norene Tate's piano and Mae Barnes' songs, lovingly turning time backward to a Paris we may never see again. Closed Mondays. . . . **SAZARAC,** 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): A late-evening houseparty for, and often by, show business. Ralph Strain is the resident pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A throwback to the bustling twenties, with Chandor's violin music every evening but Monday, and Sonny Kendis and his trio after ten every night but Sunday. . . . **CHAT NOIR,** St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): A new inglenook, wherein Alice Tyrrell and Dick Winslow fool around, Lucille and Eddie Roberts announce what the customers are thinking about, and Mervyn Nelson clowns. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONTE CARLO,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A bit farther uptown than the original edition, but basically the same pattern—décor by Franklin Hughes (chandeliers and red brocade this trip) and dance music, after nine, by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An old-timer still going strong with the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Jacques Thaler rambles along at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Mondays through Fridays, from five to nine, the well-tempered pianistics of Ferrante and Teicher; on Saturdays and Sundays between the same hours, and on Sunday afternoons, Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American hurly-burly, interrupted only when the patrons indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Kirkwood and Goodman and their amiable foolishment, except Mondays; Nancy Andrews' songs, except Sundays, when there are ancient silent movies. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): This old caravansary of the steppes is resounding with guess what sort of entertainment. Dancing; closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, perhaps an acquired taste but apt to be a persistent one. The rest of the nineteen-course show in this well-known midtown swimming pool doesn't matter too much, except for the incumbent collection of pretty girls. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, possibly the most durable fixture of the lights of Old Broadway, casting her songs upon rather troubled waters.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Connie Sawyer, a hell of a funny girl. Thelma Carpenter, Will Jordan, and other useful citizens are on hand, too. In the background, the Normann Paris Trio, inventing their music of the twenty-first century as they go along. Julius Monk is the ringmaster of this small carnival. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The task force here is mainly Imogene Coca, now teamed with Fletcher and Sheidy in as brisk a combination as Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance. Beguiling songs by Kitty Crawford, group singing by the new quartet called the Striders, and mass mayhem by George Prentice's devil-may-care puppets. Stuart Ross's sumptuous piano and the fey tone poems of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jay Marshall in a most excellent good humor, and some songs by Dottie Reid. The Loumel Morgan Trio, who play for dancing, sing at their work, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A sheaf of Spivy's avant-garde nursery rhymes, and a lot of chipper piano by Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton, in this small treetop. Closed Sundays. . . . **BREVOORT SUPPER CLUB,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (GR 3-7306): Something goes on here most of the evening, by far the best of which is Marian Manners' singing and Daphne Hellman's harp. Earl Hodges' Trio for dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his Wild West trumpet style, together with Georg Brunis, Jack Lesberg, Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, and other Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays nice hot piano whenever they stop to cool their instruments. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, when other masters of the art drop in to take a hand. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Not exactly the ball of fire it once was, but Billy Butterfield and Ernie Caceres still tee off here in the evening. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The celebrated Sidney Bechet and his trio. Chippie Hill is around and about except Sundays, when there are afternoon jam sessions. Dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Herb Jeffries' ingenious and velvety voice, and some industrious piano by Johnny Guarnieri. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,**

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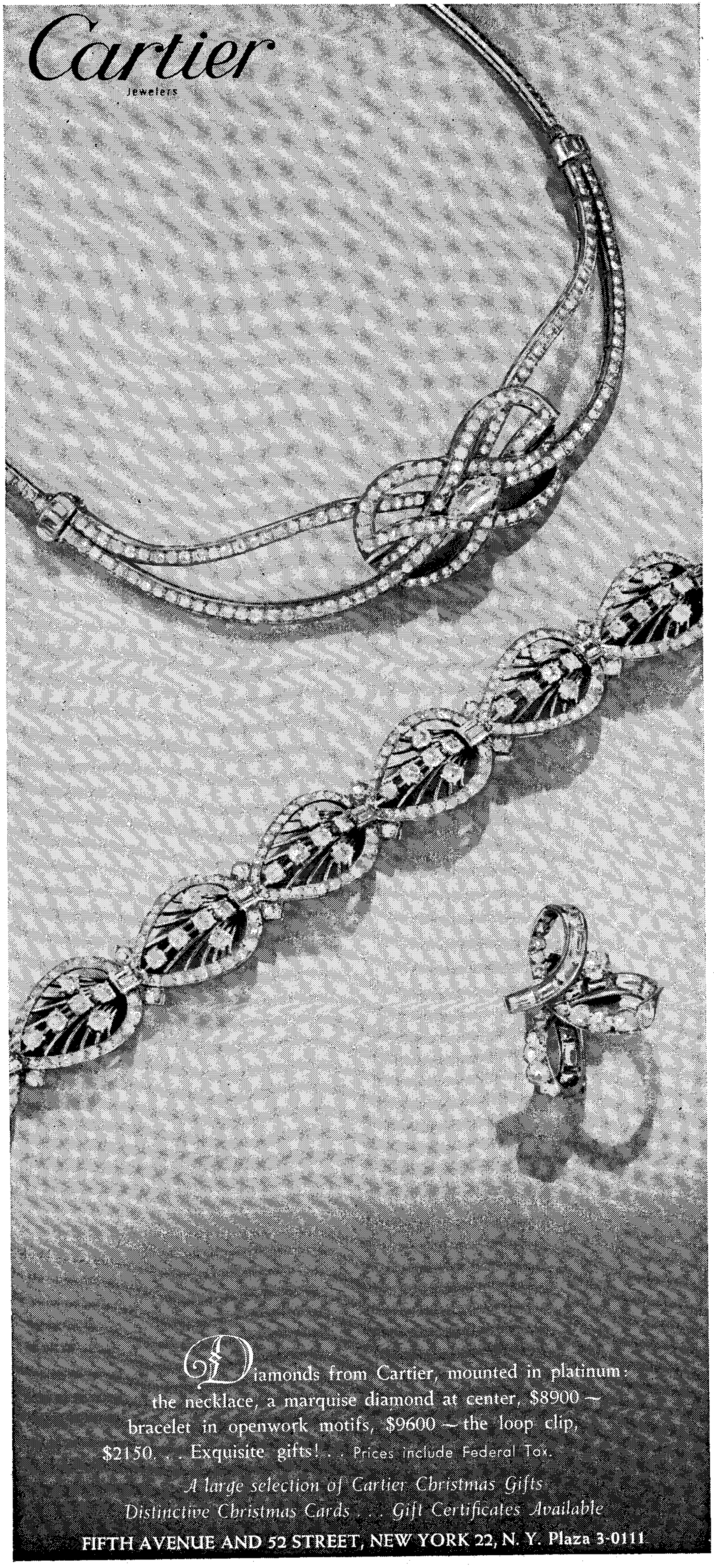

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Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's exemplary septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, turning out a brand of jazz of interest to both serious thinkers and spry-legged dancers. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays. . . . **ROYAL ROOST,** 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): Woody Herman's band is here every night but Monday, performing before what might be mistaken for a Golden Gloves Tournament clientele. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Every Friday evening, such Early American musicians as Joe Sullivan, Baby Dodds, and Tony Parenti, assembling a very plausible reproduction of the Battle of Jericho; dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray McKinley's orchestra and Laura Leeds, playing the piano and singing. There's a fill-in band on Sundays. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Tommy Dorsey's band, sounding as it did in the memorable old days. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his band. Closed Sundays. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Tommy Ryan's orchestra for dinner dancing; dancing at supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARNIVAL,** Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): There's no longer one of those aimless, amorphous floor shows—just Louis Prima's band, which will be replaced on Friday, Nov. 19, by Charlie Barnet's. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

MARC CHAGALL—New oils and gouaches, celebrating, as gracefully and happily as ever, the joys of Russian life and Russian weddings. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 21.)

JON CORBINO—Fine Impressionist oils of circuses, bridges, and Renaissance ladies. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Nov. 13.)

SUZANNE EISENDIECK—Button-eyed young Parisiennes at the ballet, in the park, and elsewhere, in this painter's familiar style. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Nov. 27.)

KENNETH EVETT—First one-man exhibition of paintings, which, if occasionally harsh in color and texture, show an agreeable feeling for design. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

FRENCH PAINTING FROM DAVID TO COURBET—Not all the paintings are masterpieces, but they do add up to an excellent survey of the course of late-eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Nov. 27.)

JOHN GROTH—Race-track sketches in oil and water color, in a style that is genially reminiscent of Rowlandson. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 15.)

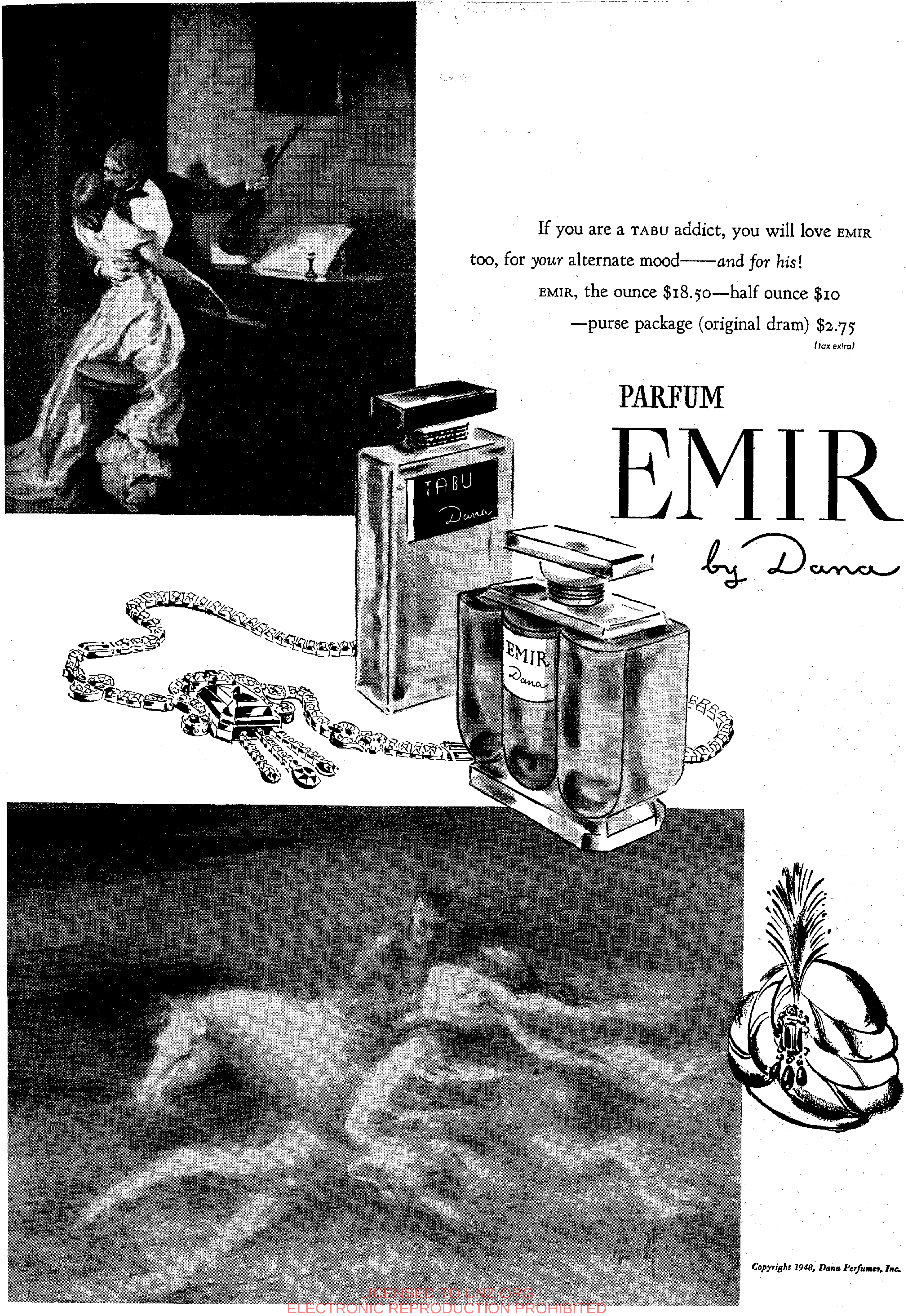
GROUPS—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: A pleasant juxtaposition of works by such painters as Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins, with some pieces by Sol Wilson, Lee Jackson, and other contemporaries; through Nov. 13. . . . **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Dormant during the war, An American Group comes to life again, with a spirited showing of paintings and sculpture; through Nov. 13.

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Twenty paintings, mostly of Maine subjects, done in the nine years before his death, in 1943. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

PAUL KLEE—Fifty drawings, dated 1911 to 1938, all small and almost all exquisite. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—Affecting scenes of poverty-stricken peasants, by this master of etchings and lithographs. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

ERNEST LAWSON—Paintings, a bit nostalgic in atmosphere, by one of the earliest and best



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of the American Impressionists. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Michael Lekakis—Abstract sculptures, some of them quite imposing in design. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Einar Lunden—Patterned paintings of landscapes, with somewhat mechanical but agreeable composition. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 22.)

Oronzio Maldarelli—Effective statues, in wood and white marble, marked by regularity of line. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Nov. 20.)

John Marin—Nearly eighty of his etchings, from 1905 to 1948, in one of the rare surveys of his work in this medium. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Nov. 27.)

Fletcher Martin—New paintings, showing stronger design and generally much more capable handling than his earlier work. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Miller Collection—A small and selective collection of modern paintings and sculptures, chosen mainly to illustrate the principal influences on contemporary industrial design; a benefit for the Scholarship Fund of the New York University School of Fine Arts. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 20.)

Edwin Avery Park—Very light, decorative water colors. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 20.)

Gabor Peterdi—Sharply colored, semi-abstract oils. (Laurel, 108 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 20.)

Ogden M. Pleissner—Traditional paintings of landscapes and village squares. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Carl Podszus—Paintings, designs in silver, and expert drawings. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Mitzi Solomon—First showing in four years by a sculptor who has grown considerably in ability during her absence. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

Renzo Vespignani—Drawings and paintings of contemporary Roman life, by a young Italian artist who can make a ruined building look really wounded. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Nov. 20.)

Edouard Vuillard—A loan exhibition of his early work. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 27.)

Karl Zerbe—An artist noted for his use of encaustic now adds tempera and gouache to his media, with pleasing effects. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Nov. 13.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: Walt Kuhn; through Dec. 4. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Romare Bearden; through Nov. 25. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56th St.: William M. Chase; through Dec. 4. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Joseph Gerard; through Dec. 2. . . . SIDNEY JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Kandinsky; through Nov. 27. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Jean Guérin; through Nov. 27. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: William F. Draper; through Nov. 27.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large and slightly jumbled survey of our naval history from the Revolution onward, comprising everything from paintings and sculptures to ships' models. Rather tedious, except for the models, which are fascinating; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chinese paintings, some of them with an interesting blend of Western and Oriental influences; through Nov. 21. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact exhibition of collages, with examples ranging from the beginning of the movement, among the French Cubists and the subsequent French and German Dadaists, to the present; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Romantic works by an early rebel school of photographers, the Photo Secessionists, founded in 1902 by

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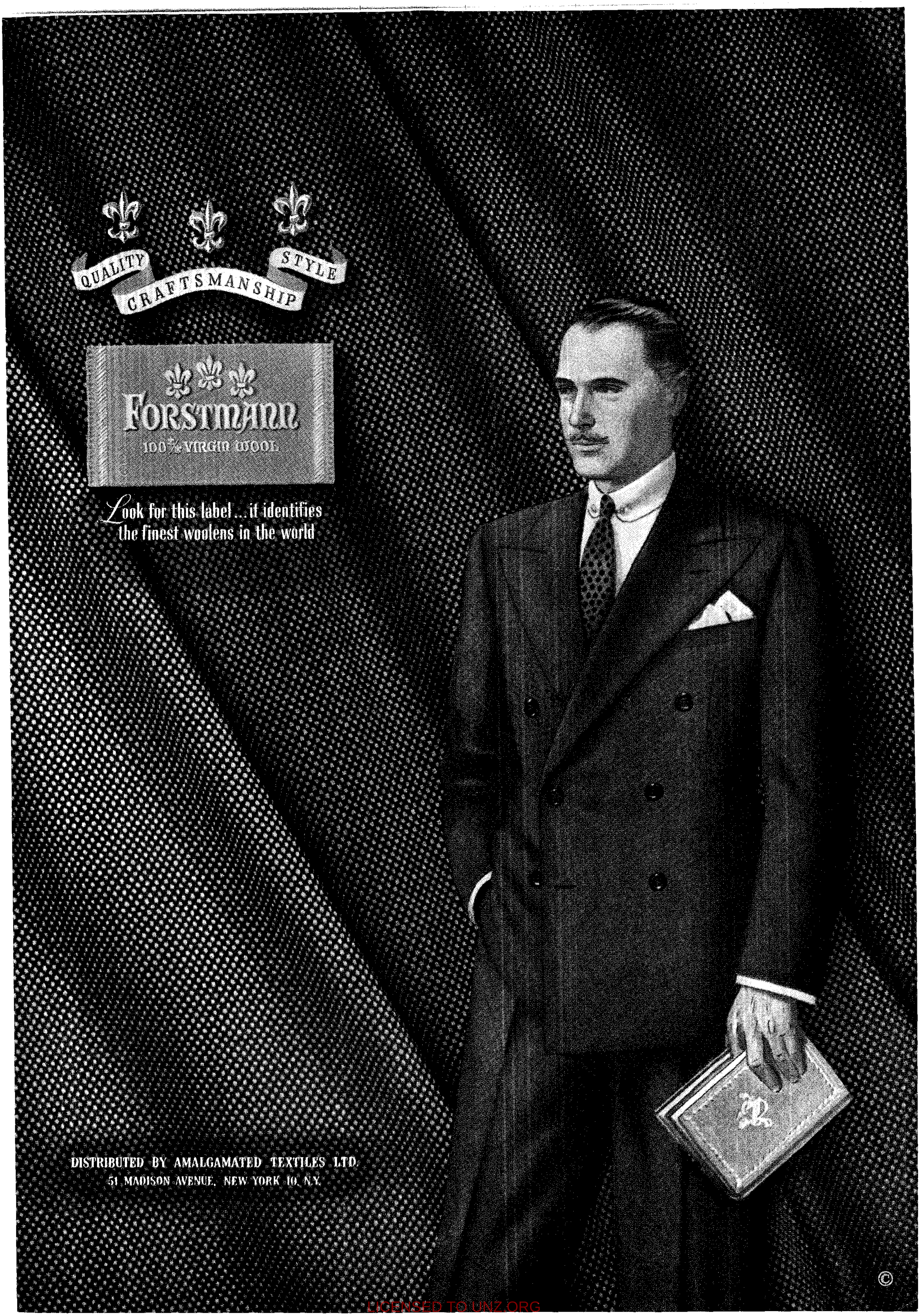
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Alfred Stieglitz; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Memorial show of sculptures by Elie Nadelman, who was prominent in the nineteen-twenties and is now almost forgotten; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13, at 8:45: "Salomé." . . . ¶ Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14, at 2:30: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "Amelia Goes to the Ball" and "The Old Maid and the Thief." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 18, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19, at 8:15: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20, at 8:15: "Eugene Onegin." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday evening, Nov. 11, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Nov. 12, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14, at 2:45; all with Francis Poulenc, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 18, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Nov. 19, at 2:30, both with Arturo Michelangeli, piano. (Carnegie Hall.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Thursday evening, Nov. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, Nov. 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, at 2:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with William Kapell, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Richard Tucker, tenor. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK LITTLE SYMPHONY—Joseph Baroné conducting. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Friday evening, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

BUSCH QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

BENNO AND SYLVIA RABINOF—Violin and piano, in the second of three concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, at 5:30.)

LOEWENGUTH QUARTET OF PARIS—Chamber music. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, at 2:30; Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14, at 5:30; and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Albeneri Trio, and Louise Bernhardt, soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14, at 5:30.)

ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE—Two pianos. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

ROMAN TOTENBERG—Violin. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Sunday evening, Nov. 14, at 8:40.)

FRANCES MAGNES—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in the first of two concerts. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

BERNARD GREENHOUSE—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

ADOLF BUSCH AND RUDOLF SERKIN—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

JAMES FRISKIN—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

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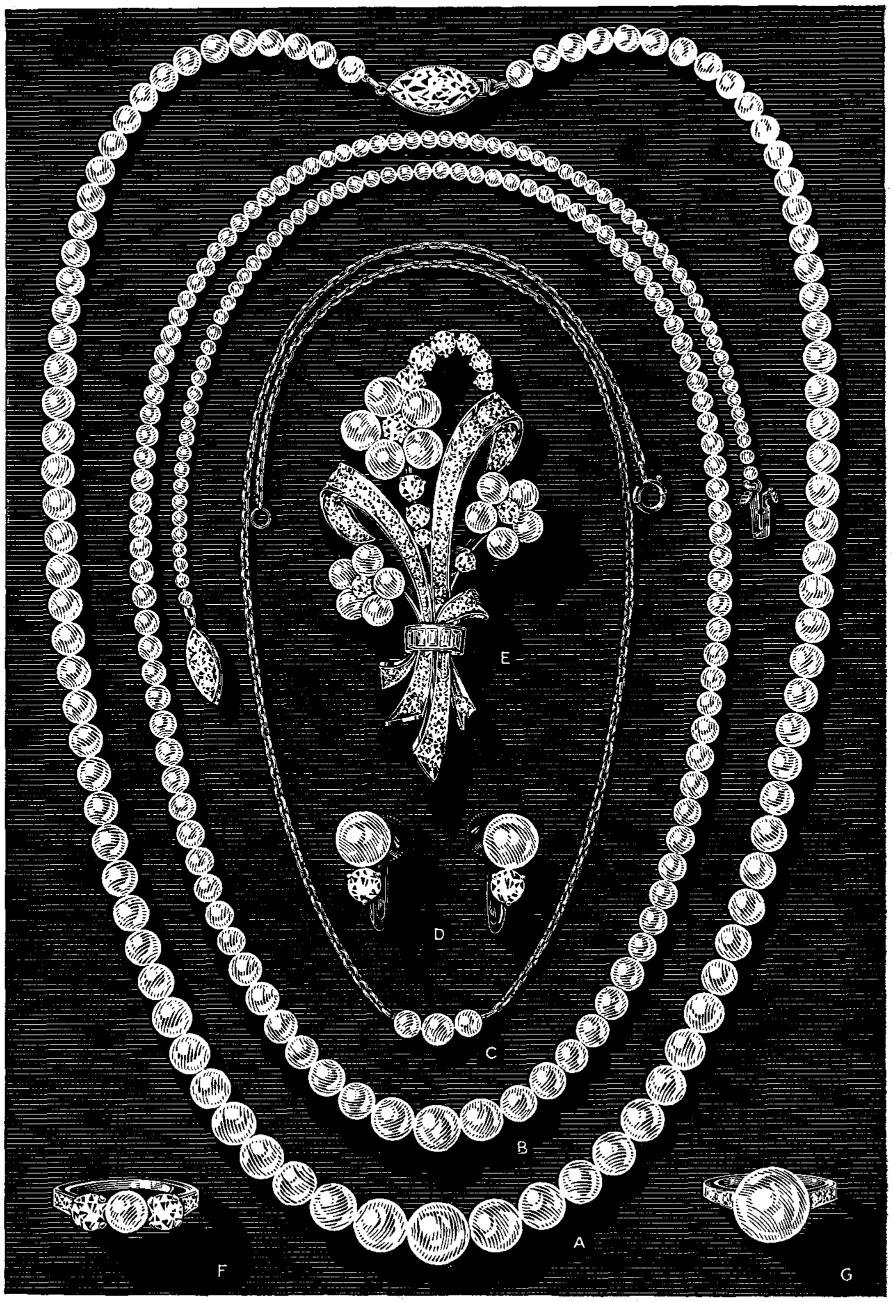

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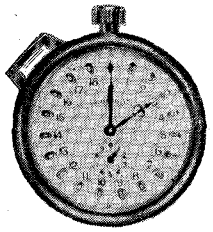

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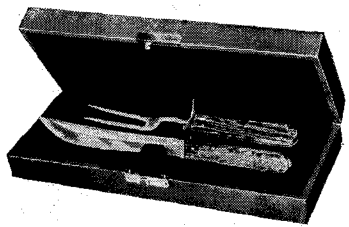

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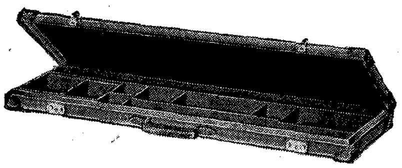

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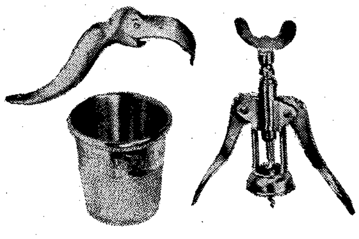

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

baritone. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

JUSSI BJOERLING—Tenor. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Saturday evening, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

PIERRE LUBOSCHUTZ AND GENIA NEMENOFF—Two pianos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday evening, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Budapest Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 21, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 16, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Kid Gavilan vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 13: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field, at 1:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 20: Columbia vs. Syracuse, at Baker Field, at 1:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1:45 P.M. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Los Angeles. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:05 P.M.) . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Dodgers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:15 P.M.)

HOCKEY—Saturday, Nov. 13: Rangers vs. Montreal. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Games start at 8:30 P.M.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 13.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 20.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

RACING—Empire City at Jamaica: Weekdays, through Monday, Nov. 15, at 1 P.M. The Butler Stakes, Nov. 13; the New Rochelle Handicap, Nov. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:20 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACE—Well, it's livelier than flagpole-sitting. (22nd Engineers' Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 9 P.M., through Saturday, Nov. 20, at 11 P.M. For tickets, call PL 7-5766.)

FOR CHILDREN

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the second of this year's series of young people's concerts. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Nov. 20, at 11.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas K. Scherman conducting a concert for young people. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday morning, Nov. 20, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5160.)

CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE—"King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturdays, Nov. 13 and 20, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

OTHER EVENTS

ARMISTICE DAY PARADE—On Thursday, Nov. 11, Army, Navy, and Coast Guard units, together with veterans' organizations, will march down Fifth Avenue from 38th Street to 23rd Street, starting at 10 A.M.

ASIA INSTITUTE—A large collection of Indonesian masks, textiles, primitive totems, and statu-

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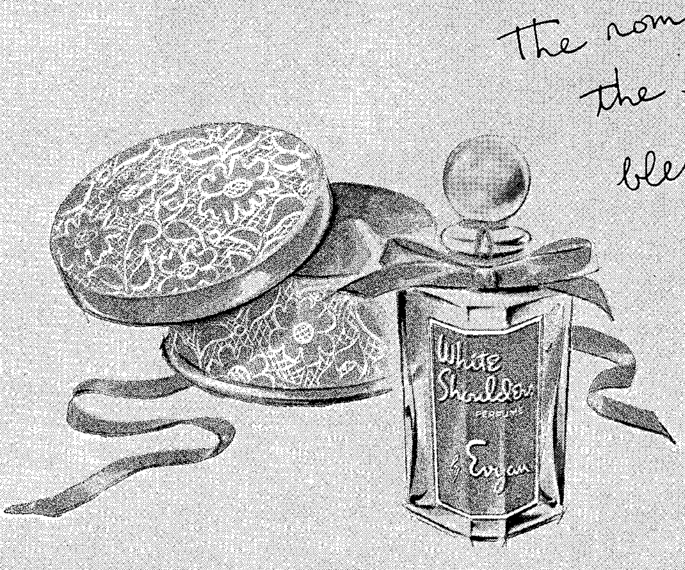
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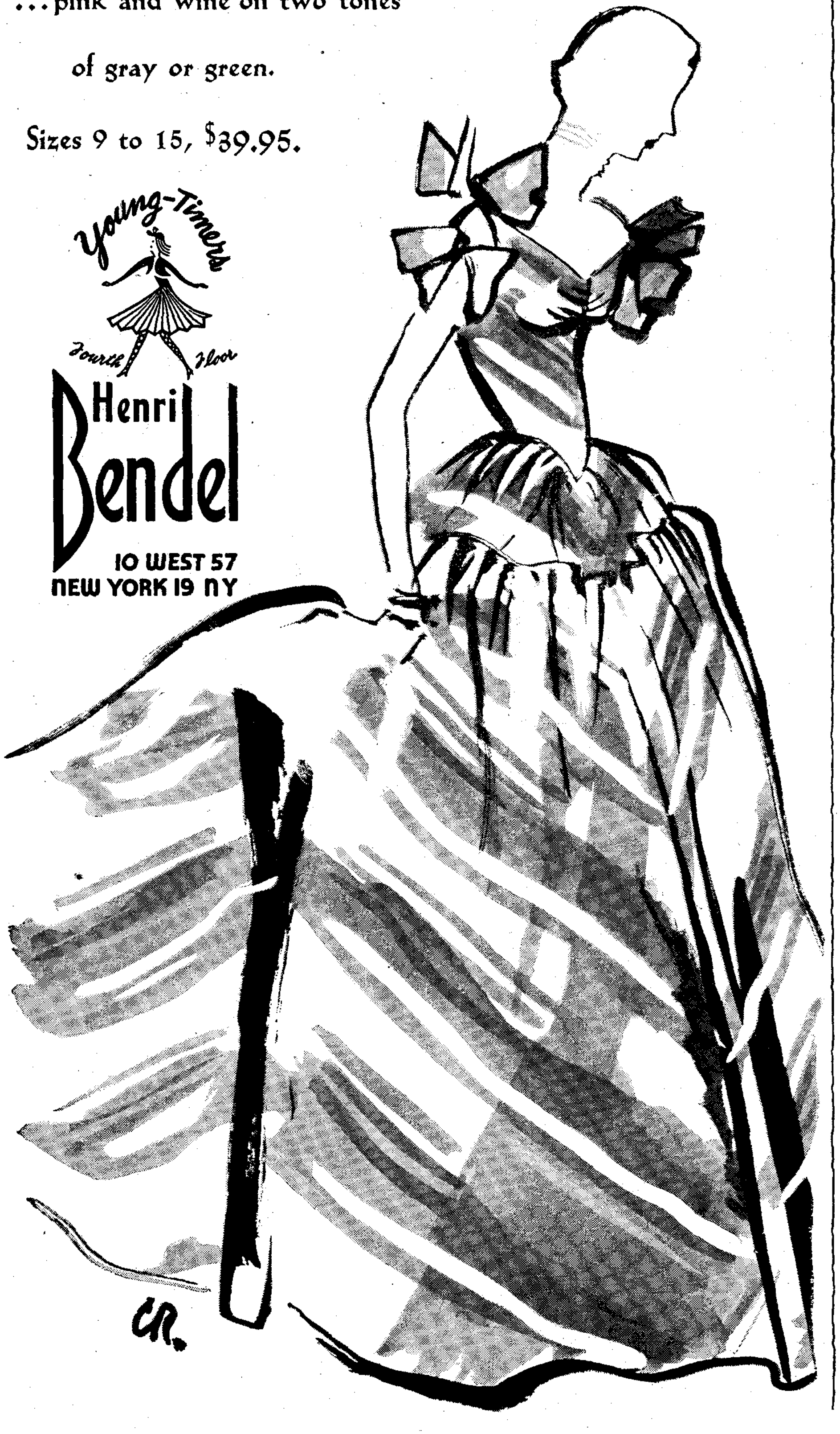

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ettes, handsome to look at, but unfortunately *diminished in effect by a lack of descriptive* notes. (7 E. 70th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

VICTORIAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND GAMES—Kate Greenaway, Robert Caldecott, Arthur Rackham, and Walter Crane delight the eye once more in this exhibit of old picture books, games, and peepshows of the nineteenth-century child. (B. C. Batsford, Ltd., 122 E. 55th St. Weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—French and English furniture and decorations, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie R. Samuels. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century American books, collected by the late Anson Phelps Stokes. (*Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday*, Nov. 11-13, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 15-16, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

(Programs, as you know, are often changed at the last minute; your newspaper should be consulted as the final authority.)

RADIO

UNITED NATIONS—Meetings of the General Assembly in Paris are broadcast Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 A.M.; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11 A.M.; and Saturdays at 10 A.M., over WNYC.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, Monday, Nov. 15, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—"A Tale of Two Cities," with Brian Aherne, presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Friday, Nov. 12, at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Claude Rains in "Valley Forge," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Nov. 14, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina," Sunday, Nov. 14, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ "Camille," with Ingrid Bergman, Friday, Nov. 12, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

SPORTS—College Football: Yale vs. Princeton, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Army vs. Pennsylvania, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:55 P.M., WMGM; Notre Dame vs. Northwestern, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30 P.M., WCBS; Columbia vs. Navy, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:20 P.M., WINS.

TELEVISION

NEWSREELS—Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT.

DRAMA—Margaret Phillips and Jocelyn Brando in "Esther," Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ "Camille," with Judith Evelyn, Sunday, Nov. 14, at 9 P.M., WNBT.

SPORTS—Boxing: Kid Gavilan vs. Tony Janiro, 10 rounds, Friday, Nov. 12, at 9:40 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ College Football: Army vs. Pennsylvania, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:50 P.M., WPIX; Yale vs. Princeton, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:45 P.M., WNBT, WABD; Columbia vs. Navy, Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:15 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Nov. 14, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Yankees vs. Dodgers, Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:15 P.M., WABD. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 13, and Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, Nov. 14, both at 8:25 P.M., WPIX.

MISCELLANY—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Drums," a Korda film, with Sabu and Raymond Massey, Friday, Nov. 12, at 8 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ "Made for Each Other," a movie with Carole Lombard and James Stewart, Sunday, Nov. 14, at 7:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon, some of his musicians, and Pearl Primus, Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 9:05 P.M., WPIX.

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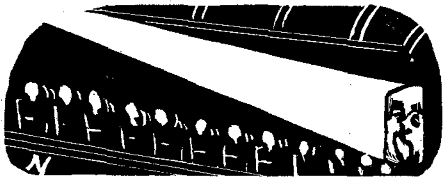


FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

César—The concluding chapter of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy about Marseille, which was made over ten years ago and still stacks up as a better film than most contemporaries. Raimu, Charpin, and Orane Démazis are excellent as the leading figures. A French picture. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

Easter Parade—Fred Astaire dancing in fine style to a number of pleasant tunes by Irving Berlin. He is assisted by Judy Garland and Ann Miller. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 12-13. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Nov. 17.)

The Emperor Waltz—A genial saunter with Bing Crosby through the court of Franz Josef, in Old Vienna. Mr. Crosby is accompanied by Joan Fontaine. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; starting Nov. 17.)

A Foreign Affair—A visiting congresswoman's difficulties in postwar Germany. Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Nov. 13-16. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 15-17. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Nov. 16.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier's adaptation of the Shakespearean tragedy, which has sufficient virtue to overcome the inevitable handicap, for the movies, of static situations. An English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday, Sunday, and Armistice Day afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

Joan of Arc—A multimillion-dollar attempt to reproduce the life and times of the Saint of Lorraine, adapted—to use the word recklessly—from the Maxwell Anderson play. Ingrid Bergman is most conspicuous in a cast of thousands, and José Ferrer is the only actor in the piece whose performance is better than mediocre. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

Johnny Belinda—A picture about a deaf-mute girl and a doctor that is rewarding because of its apt characterization. Jane Wyman's performance as the deaf-mute is exceptional. She is supported by Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Nov. 16.)

Louisiana Story—A splendid film about oil-well drilling in the South, made by Robert Flaherty, who could not turn out a bad picture if he tried. The principals, all of whom were hired on the spot by Mr. Flaherty, are absolutely first-rate. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Marriage in the Shadows—A talented German cast in a German film concerning some of the difficulties of marriage between Jew and Gentile in the Third Reich. With Ilse Steppat. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Paisan—A top-flight Italian picture, directed by Roberto Rossellini, who made "Open City." It strings together six episodes showing how the Italian people reacted to the Germans, English, and Americans during the war. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Rachel and the Stranger—A film about pioneers that relies on characterization rather than endless bloodletting and becomes, therefore, quite an interesting item. Loretta Young, William Holden, and Robert Mitchum participate. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Nov. 17.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable study of life among the devotees of the dance is a top-notch ballet based on a Hans Christian Andersen story. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. A British film. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday, Sunday, and Armistice Day afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

The Search—An examination of some of the horrifying effects of war upon the lives of children in Europe. The cast is led by a nine-year-old boy named Ivan Jandl. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Nov. 14-17.)

Sitting Pretty—A few of the more peculiar aspects of baby-sitting, with Clifton Webb and Richard Haydn. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 15-17.)

The Snake Pit—A survey of the workings of a state insane asylum, in which Olivia de Havilland gives what seems to be an authentic portrayal of a young lady whose mind has collapsed. As a sympathetic psychiatrist, Leo Genn is highly convincing. Capably directed by Anatole Litvak. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Symphonie Pastorale—A superb adaptation of the André Gide story about a pastor whose charity for a blind girl he has befriended is suddenly transformed into love. Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar are convincing in the main roles. A French picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Woman Hunt—A gangster film from modern Italy that is as diverting as those old Chicago epics used to be. The cast is headed by Vivo Gioi. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Raimu in a lively French film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 12-15.)

Beloved Enemy (1936)—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, and the Irish Rebellion. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 11.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Nov. 15-16.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 12-15.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 11.)

Life with Father (1947)—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts in a Technicolor adaptation of the play. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Nov. 14-16. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; and Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Nov. 17.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—The Anderson play, with Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 16-17.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 15.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scottish village and a flock of dogs. A British comedy, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 14-16.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Nov. 14-16.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 16.)

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"One Touch of Venus," Ava Gardner, Robert Walker.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Blood on the Moon," Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Road House," Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"You Gotta Stay Happy," Joan Fontaine, James Stewart.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Last Days of Pompeii," revival, Basil Rathbone; and "She," revival, Randolph Scott.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Sealed Verdict," Ray Milland.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE SNAKE PIT.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Unfaithfully Yours," Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Three Musketeers," Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"June Bride," Bette Davis, Robert Montgomery.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
JOAN OF ARC.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
WOMAN HUNT.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Long Is the Road" (in German, Polish, Yiddish, and English).

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
CÉSAR.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Nov. 12: "The Life and Loves of Tschaikovsky" (in German), revival.
From Nov. 13: "The Mozart Story," revival. Hans Holt.

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

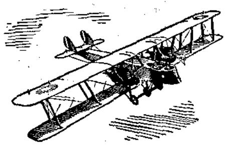
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
LOUISIANA STORY.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 2nd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Dulcimer Street," Richard Attenborough, Fay Compton.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

TOMORROW

Research is the key which unlocks the treasure houses of the future; the map which charts your living conditions years hence. And in many far-reaching fields—aircraft, rocketry, plastics, electronics, television, helicopters—Martin research is building a better future for you.



YESTERDAY

Army's first multi-engine bomber, the MB, was built by Martin in 1918. So advanced was the design that it remained the Army standard until the mid-twenties. With these Martin bombers in 1921, General "Billy" Mitchell sank the captured German battleship *Ostfriesland*, proving the potency of airpower.

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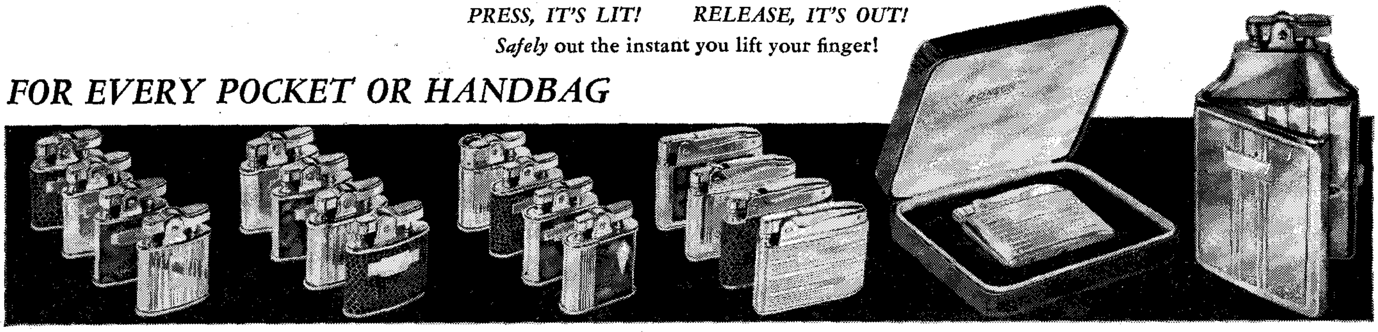

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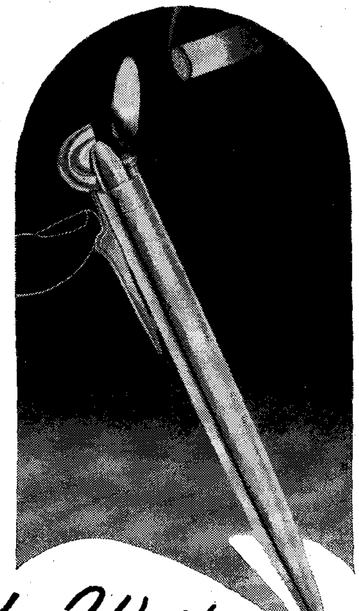

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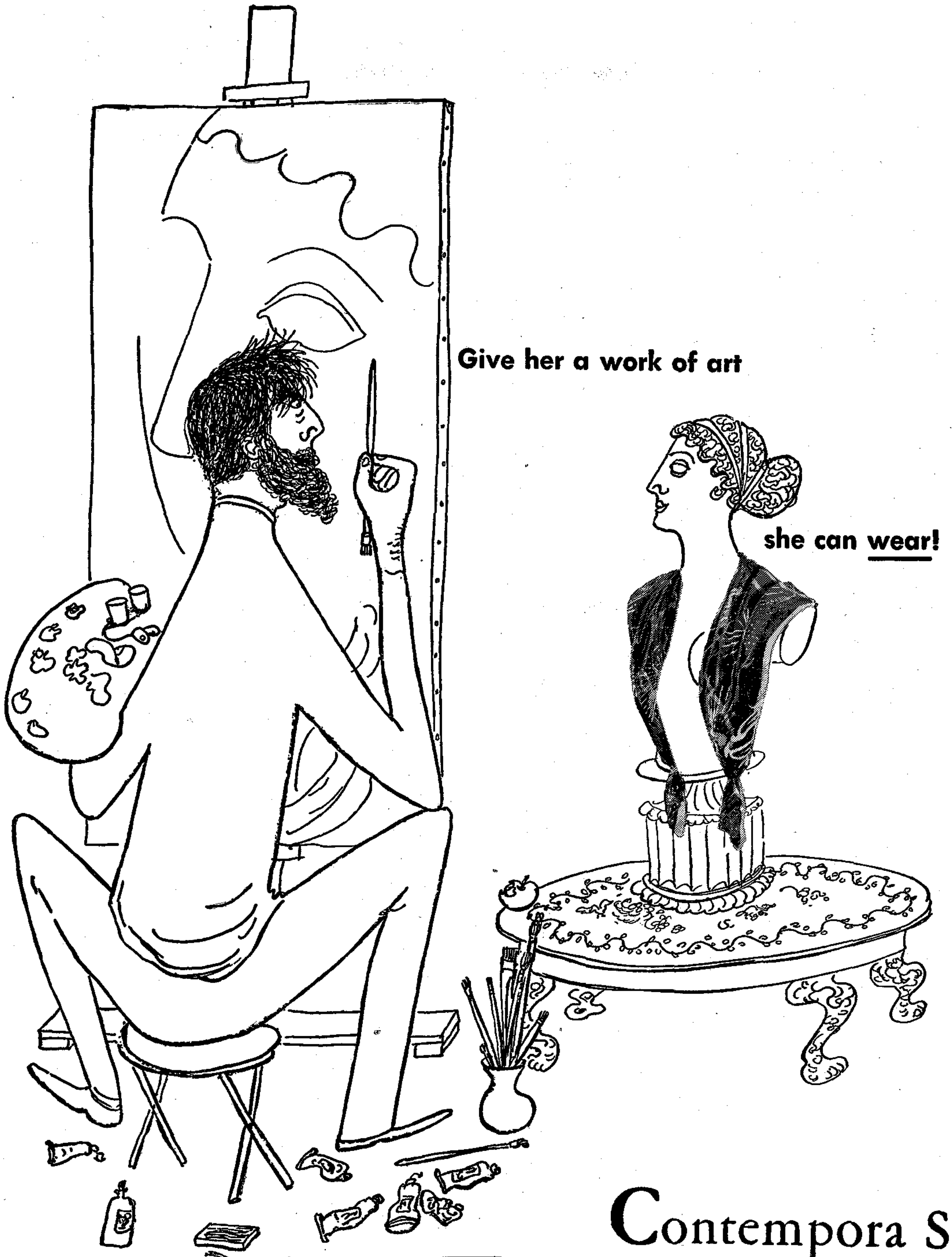
1/20 14K GOLD FILLED........................$15.00 (*plus tax*)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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE broadcast we listened to on Election Night was sponsored by Kaiser-Frazer. We have no idea how the sponsor liked the defeat of Mr. Dewey and the rout of conservatism, but we recall an announcement Mr. Kaiser made about two months ago that indicated he was getting ready for a Republican year. Kaiser announced a new "hard-top convertible," which, while appearing to be a convertible, has a top that does not let down. "We believe this car will meet the desire of those who want a sporty-looking automobile and at the same time provide the safety of the more conservative members of the American family," Mr. Kaiser declared. "We are quite happy over it."

Obviously, the hard-top convertible that doesn't convert was designed for Republicans, who are the more conservative members of the American family and who want to look sporty while riding the safe way. But a plurality of over two million votes showed that the people, on the whole, want a top that you can let down, and they are willing to take the consequences (sunburn, windburn, lacerations and contusions, and all the other things that go with an exposed position). They are quite happy over it.

WE were not surprised to observe that the stock market dropped sharply as a result of President Truman's victory. Reflecting, as it does, the portion of America that is hypersensitive and anxious—the manic group that is either unduly elated or unduly depressed—the market runs a perverse and miserable course in contraposition to the American dream. On the eve of war, it rises. On the eve of peace, it falls. We well remember a headline that appeared one day in 1945:

MARKET DECLINES
ON PEACE SCARE

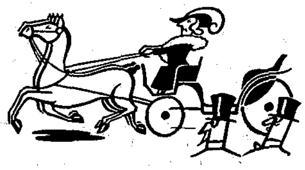
The number of persons who were scared of peace at that time was relatively small. But the market was shaking like a leaf. It showed the same cowardly streak last week when it learned that the voters of America, in a free election, had got their man. A useful weather vane, this market, always pointing straight downwind!

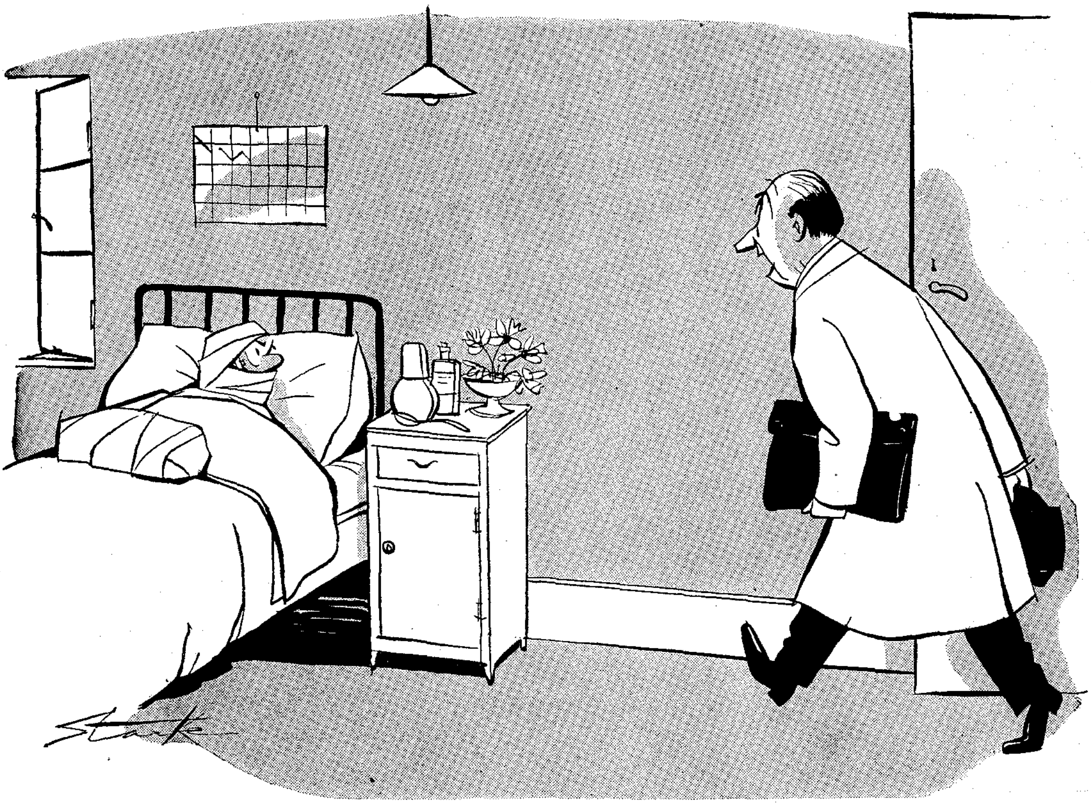
THE total collapse of the public-opinion polls shows that this country is in good health. A country that developed an airtight system of finding out in advance what was in people's minds would be uninhabitable. Luckily, we do not face any such emergency. The so-called science of poll-taking is not a science at all but mere necromancy. People are unpredictable by nature, and although you can take a nation's pulse, you can't be sure that the nation hasn't just run up a flight of stairs, and although you can take a nation's blood pressure, you can't be sure that if you came back in twenty minutes you'd get the same reading. This is a damn fine thing.

Hollywood, which long ago elevated the pollster above the writer, and which invariably takes a blood count before beginning a picture, must be examining the results of the 1948 Presidential election with particular interest. Book clubs, which listen to the pitter-patter of millions of hearts before deciding whether a book is any good, must be studying the results, too. We are proud of America for clouding up the crystal ball, for telling one thing to a poll-taker, another thing to a voting machine. This is an excellent land. And we see even more clearly why the movies have advanced so slowly in the direction of art: Not only have the producers been deliberately writing down to the public but they've been getting bad information into the bargain. Who knows? Maybe the people aren't so far below them as they think.

Friend of the Hackney

AT the Horse Show the other evening, we sought out Mrs. Loula Long Combs, a lady of sixty-seven noted for her durability, as she was preparing to drive a pair of hackneys about the arena in the lady's-phaeton class. She was in furs, wore a hat surmounted by long feathers, and was escorted by her mascot, a Boston terrier. "There's no special costume for these events," she told us, "but a good, big hat helps to add to the general movement of the rig." Mrs. Combs has been appearing at horse shows all over the country for the last fifty-two years, using as a base of operations a two-thousand-acre estate called Longview, a few miles out of Kansas City, Missouri. In the old days, she used to show saddle horses, but for a decade she's been concentrating on hackneys, and now owns more of them—about a hundred—than anybody else in the United States. Most ponies and horses in the harness class come from the Middle West, and for a while Eastern shows gave up their practice of including hackney horses in their competitions. Then Mrs. Combs and other hackney enthusiasts persuaded the officials to restore these animals to the events. "Most people," she said, "seem to have the idea that the prizes we win in the harness class are enough to offset our expenses, but, actually, first prize in a thousand-dollar stake is only three hundred dollars, and there's a fifty-dollar entrance fee to cut into that. Against





"I'm Murdock, from the insurance company, Mr. Jennings. They tell me you've hit the jackpot."

• •

such rewards, there is the expense of shipping the horses and paying the men who look after them." Eight horses and five men accompanied Mrs. Combs to this year's show. Ordinarily, Mr. Combs, who is a lumberman, as was her father, also accompanies her to Madison Square Garden, but this year the pressure of business prevented his coming.

The hackney's life, we learned, is a pleasant one. When the Garden show is over each year, Mrs. Combs' horses are shipped back to Missouri, where their shoes are removed and they are given the run of the paddocks until May. The men at Longview don't bother them at all during the whole six months, except to trim their hoofs occasionally. A good hackney is worth anywhere from $7,500 to $10,000, but really outstanding animals bring $25,000 or more. Mrs. Combs seldom sells a hackney unless he shows little promise, and she likes to retire her best performers when they are still at the top of their game. "A horse that is used to being called out for a blue ribbon becomes morose when he's reduced to taking a red or an honorable mention," she told us. A prize hackney, we learned, has to have a natural rhythm, but improvements can be effected in his gait by varying the weight of his shoes. A light shoe causes some horses to lift their feet properly, whereas with others it's heavy shoes that do it. Originally, all hackneys seen here were imported from England or Scotland, but now most of them are bred in this country. Their action is too unsettling for them to be used commonly as saddle horses, but they are frequently good jumpers and when crossed with thoroughbreds produce excellent hunters.

Mrs. Combs has been crazy over horses ever since she was in pinafores. Her father was a Kentuckian who went West and made a fortune in the lumber business in Kansas. She began to handle reins when she was four years old. Her father warned her that rough language and liquor often go with an urge to improve the breed. Mrs. Combs has never indulged in either. She made her first appearance in New York at the old Madison Square Garden, in 1912, and was at once offered a job with Barnum & Bailey. "I think they were planning to make a lady Ben-Hur out of me," she told us. Her ardent interest in horses was not cooled by the automobile. "I wonder how many of these youngsters you hear talking about speed today know how fast the Kansas City Fire Department used to work," she remarked. "Why, that department used to get its horses into harness and ready to go in one and two-fifths seconds. Another thing I hear the youngsters talking about is the awful expense of automobiles. Well, a lady's phaeton used to cost fifteen hundred dollars and a park coach four thousand. Add to that the cost of harness and horses and you *really* have something expensive." Mrs. Combs' current rigs are done in maroon trimmed with bright red. The manes of her horses are braided with red yarn. She looked as smart as Lillian Russell in her lady's phaeton the night we saw her. As she picked up the reins to drive into the ring, she said, "There's only one flaw to my style. I have to use handholds on the reins. I injured my left arm driving in a roadster class, and now it goes to sleep on me when I drive. Ah, well, nothing's perfect."

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INFLATION INTELLIGENCE: A gentleman who, while strolling in Greenwich Village after dark on Halloween, told two masked and mendicant urchins that he was sorry but the smallest thing he had on him was a twenty-dollar bill was promptly assured that they could readily make change.

Wrong Little People

FOR Election Night, we accepted an invitation from N.B.C. to sit for a while at the Operations and Control Desk of what turned out to be the longest television show in history—the WNBT-*Life* telecast of the election returns, which ran for fourteen hours and thirty-eight minutes and caused many an announcer's beard to come bristling through his pancake makeup. This was the first national election to get full television coverage, and, under the misapprehension that we couldn't afford to miss a minute of what might be a comparatively brief show, we reached Studio 8-H, in Radio City, well before nine o'clock, at which hour the telecast was scheduled to begin. We found the studio cleared of seats and crowded with some three hundred and fifty agitated announcers, directors, cameramen, typists, pages, and network vice-presidents. Waiters circled about with platters of cold roast beef. Mr. Allan Kalmus, of N.B.C., led us to the side of the studio that was reserved for television. "That's radio over there, the old-fashioned thing," he said, pointing a scornful finger. "People want to *see* the news being made these days, and, boy, are we prepared to show them! We've got three cameras in here, one of them with a long-range lens to catch us as we work; two cameras next door, for interviews with celebrities, little people, and Norman Thomas, Henry Wallace, and Jim Farley; two cameras for Dewey, at the Roosevelt; a pool of four cameras at the Biltmore we're sharing with the other networks; two cameras in our film studios, downstairs; four in Philadelphia; four in Washington; two in Baltimore; and two in Rockefeller Plaza. And gimmicks! Have we got gimmicks! For the grand finale, we've got a machine on which you just push some buttons and up comes a row of Dewey heads, then a row of elephant heads, then a row of American flags. Razzmatazz!”

Kalmus showed us to a desk around which a dozen men were seated, some wearing earphones and mouthpieces, and others gravely munching roast beef. We took a chair next to a television screen at one end of the desk and were introduced to Andrew Heiskell, publisher of *Life;* Ben Grauer, the chief announcer, who was carefully and rather frighteningly made up; and Marty Hoade and Hal Keith, a couple of technical men. Grauer left to take his place at the announcer's table and a moment later came in on the screen beside us. “Dewey, 705, 818,” he said. “Truman, 885,406.” “We go to a film of Dewey voting,” Keith said into a mouthpiece before him, “then to Norman Thomas, in 8-G. Can you alert 8-G? Is Thomas in there? Is he ready?” Grauer returned to the desk and shouted, “I need some popular votes! You come back to me next and I need some popular votes!” “Improvise,” Heiskell said. A minute later, Grauer reappeared on the screen and began gamely, “You know, we who covered the Republican and Democratic Conventions for you in Philadelphia have some very wonderful and exciting memories of our experiences . . .”

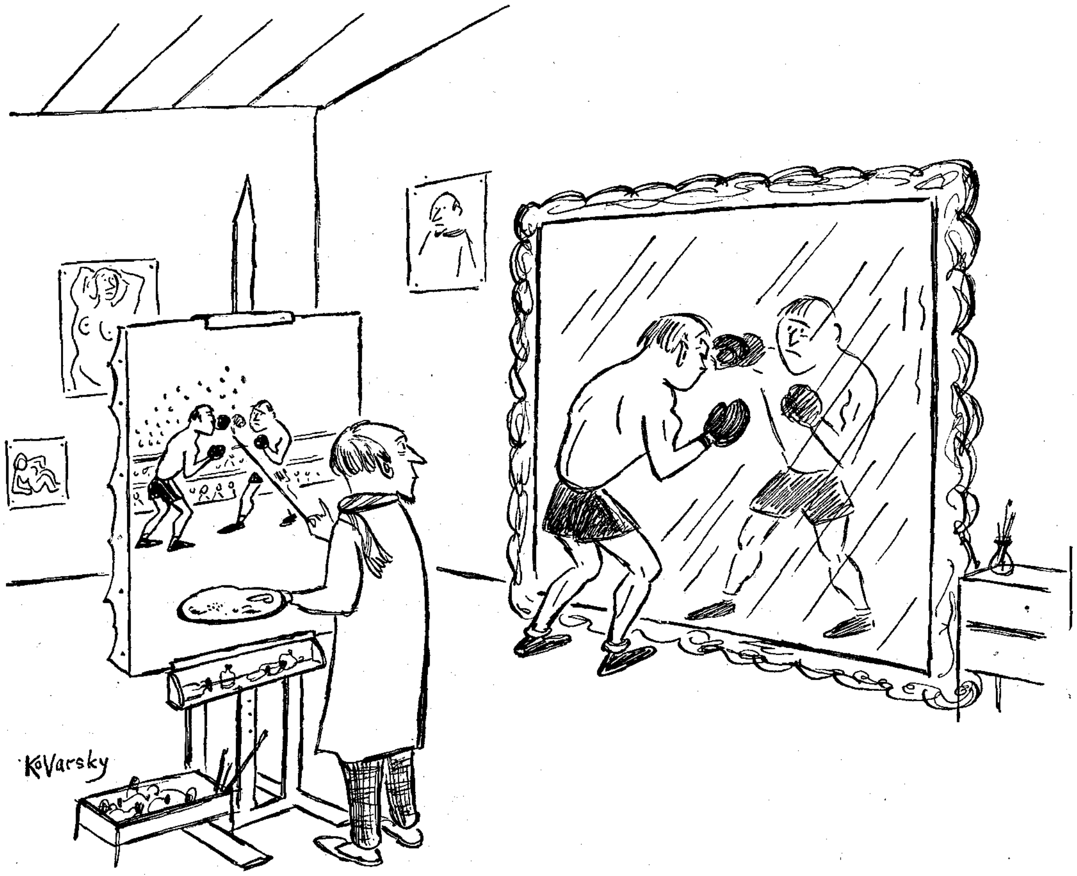
During the next couple of hours, the Operations and Control Desk brought in the Biltmore, the Roosevelt, Rockefeller Plaza, and the Statler in Washington. Whenever anything went wrong with the scheduling, Heiskell called for some shots of little people, who, we gathered, were penned up in readiness in 8-G. One of them was a fireman, who was asked whom he had voted for, replied “Truman,” and was thanked and sent away. Another was a Conover model, who confessed prettily that she hadn't voted, because she'd forgotten to register. Later, a group of giggling girls was interviewed. “I was on a sound truck all day,” one of them said. “It was simply loads of fun.” “He's got the wrong little people!” Heiskell said impatiently. “For Pete's sake, let's get some *real* little people!” “The Roosevelt is kicking our schedule to pieces,” Hoade said. “They refuse to turn on the lights! They got too many empty seats!” Grauer came by again, demanding popular votes. “These Congressional figures are beginning to look funny,” Heiskell said. He turned to a man holding a large photograph of Mrs. Earl Warren canning peaches in her kitchen. “You know whether we have any Trumans and donkey heads we can put into that machine?” Heiskell asked. The man blanched and hurried away to see. “Popular votes,” Grauer said. “I need popular votes.” “Improvise,” we heard Heiskell repeating as we gave up our place at the desk. “You'll just have to improvise.”

Inquiry

HALF a dozen sightseers were clustered before the elevator door at the top observation platform of the Empire State Building last Thursday morning, awaiting transportation back to the land of the ants. Among them was an old gentleman in a broadcloth topcoat who, when an elevator came, politely asked the operator, “Down?”

Staunch and True

ANGELO BACCARI, bandmaster at Sing Sing, and James A. McGrane, a guard at the same establishment, have composed a song entitled “United Nations,” which they hope the United Nations will get around to adopting as its official anthem when the present preoccupations of its officials have been relaxed. We had a talk with Baccari and McGrane at the office of the McGrane Music Company, of Ossining, which McGrane runs as a sideline to his prison duties. He wrote the lyrics of “United Nations.” Baccari and he have been turning out songs together since 1941, and, in a sense, “United Nations” dates from that year. “Back along then,” McGrane told us, “we wrote a little number called ‘America, We All Love You.’ It was never published, and last fall I got around to writing some new, timely lyrics. Angie touched up the music a bit, and there we were.” McGrane has sent copies of the song to Trygve Lie, the Pope, Princess Elizabeth, Earl Warren, General Eisenhower, Joe Martin, Representative John Taber,



and Warren Austin, and all of them, or their secretaries, have sent pleasant thank-you notes. Indeed, Austin went so far as to describe the song as "excellent and inspiring." The first two stanzas of "United Nations," which give a fair sample of the flavor of the whole work, go as follows:

United Nations, we greet you,
Your leaders staunch and true.
You're the hope of anxious people,
Who pledge their hearts to you.

United Nations, we need you,
All countries great and small,
For you live as friendly neighbors
And preserve the peace for all.

Many previous Baccari-McGrane compositions have been of a public, or at least institutional, nature; among them are "Wake Up, America" and "Our Uncle Sam" ("He's tall and slim, we all know him, he's a friend to ev'ry man . . ."). None have made the "Hit Parade," but one of their more romantic efforts, "I Dream of You in the Springtime," has been recorded by Cozy Records, of Davis, West Virginia, and was once played by a Salvation Army band here in town. "It was beautiful," McGrane said. "Thirty-two pieces, all brass."

McGrane has been employed at Sing Sing for nearly twenty-two years, chiefly as a receptionist at the main gate. Meeting new inmates invariably puts him in a poetic frame of mind, and he dashes off verse after verse in the course of even a busy day. Baccari has been bandmaster at Sing Sing since 1938; before that he had conducted a band in Manchester, New Hampshire. His first composition to be published was a waltz, written in 1914, entitled "The Perils of Pauline." Playing in the Sing Sing band is, we learned, a regular detail for qualified prisoners, and under Baccari's direction the band rehearses and performs three or four hours a day. It plays when the prisoners march to lunch, at baseball games, and so on, and gives occasional concerts. An unaccountable falling-off in musically gifted prisoners has restricted Baccari's efforts in recent years. The band now numbers only around forty, as compared to a highly effective seventy-two reached in 1939. "To make matters worse," Baccari said, "you get a good man, begin to count on him, and then, the first thing you know, he's paroled."

On leaving McGrane and Baccari, we got in touch with United Nations Headquarters and found that to date well over a hundred and fifty songs about the organization have been submitted there. Most of them are in English, and these generally bear titles like "The United Nations Hymn" and "The United Nations March," but there is a sprinkling of songs more elegantly named, such as "Peace for Everyone," "U.N., Hail to Thee," and "We'll Soon Be One, World." Songs in foreign tongues include "Las Naciones Unidas," "Hymne à la Paix," and "Historisches Hungerlied." One lady has submitted a song with instructions that it be "sung slowly and impressively, speaking the words very distinctly to carry the message to the heart." The U.N. people file the songs with care, in case someday a committee is appointed to select an anthem. One they will probably *not* select is a composition entitled "Sacred Hope!," the first stanza of which runs:

A group of hungry, power-lusting fools,
A gathering of brigands out for spoils,
A veritable gang of Satan's tools,
From which all human decency recoils.

Keepsake

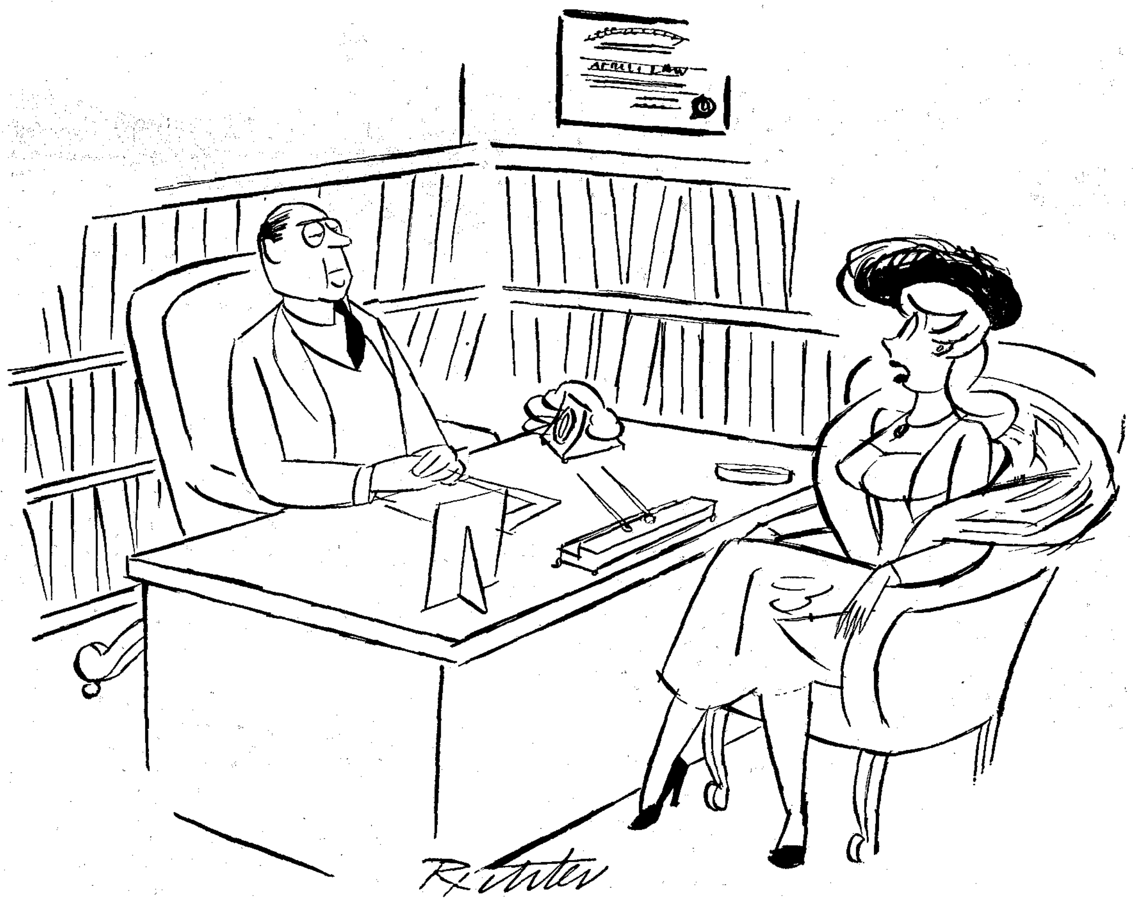
THE family of a new member of the Yale faculty who has rented the house of a professor away on a sabbatical leave have been finding notes of advice and admonition all over the premises, from the professor's wife. One of them, which was tacked to the living-room mantelpiece, reads, "Please do not disturb the ashes in the fireplace. If they seem excessive, *please* put them in the pail, but do not destroy them. They date from our first housewarming."

Hq.

WE blissfully dispatched our man Stanley to Mr. Dewey's headquarters, at the Hotel Roosevelt, on Election Night. He returned to the office next afternoon, unshaven and rumpled. He left the following memorandum and went off, and that's the last we've seen of him:

"Reached Roosevelt at 8:03. Cops, cops, cops, cops outside, cops on the stairs, cops inside. Lobby filling up with happy, buzzing citizens. Most ladies wearing orchids. Big, purple ones. Men well barbered. Aglow. Absolutely aglow. Went to rooms for press, on mezzanine. Sign by coat racks said, 'No tipping.' 'On the house tonight,' said check girl. Vast quarters for press, no stone unturned. Historic night. Room each for newsreels, radio men, photographers, wire services, television. Another room with nothing but tables and telephones. Telephones free. Pitchers of ice water all over the place. Not many press people around—too early—so made five or six phone calls. Wonderful feeling. Spotted George Sokolsky and Robert Considine outside in corridor, aglow, and realized pundits arriving, things getting under way. Nodded to Sokolsky. 'Hello, Dick,' he said. 'What a night!' Went to big ballroom, also on mezzanine. More bunting than Fourth of July. Orchestra playing quiet dinner music at one side of ballroom. Hundreds of chairs facing big election-returns board. Room getting crowded. Boys in green jackets lettered 'THE PHILIPS COMPANY—BEAUTIFUL SIGNS' putting paper numerals on hooks on big board. Returns coming in slowly. Ruddy-type man in dress suit watching returns in doorway, smoking biggest cigar in the world. Asked him how things shaping up. Blew thick cloud and said, 'Early big-city returns for Truman, natch. Wait for the grass roots, boy. Have a cigar.' Gave me second-biggest cigar in the world. Back to press rooms and made more phone calls. Press rooms getting crowded. Sokolsky center of jovial group. Spotted me and said, 'Hello, Paul!' Blew smoke at him and went to watch television sets. Gallup talking, impressive, calm, collected. Gallup replaced by Winchell, wearing hat. Real newspaperman. No nonsense tonight, no amateurs. Pearson followed Winchell on screen, also wearing hat. A Lee. Pearson predicting like crazy man. (How he know so much, anyway?)

"Back to ballroom. Filled now. Healthy crowd, well rested. Boy rushed to board with new figures. Dewey forging ahead in Kansas. Now two hundred ahead in Kansas. Cheers from crowd. Man who gave me cigar slapped my



“All I want is what every woman wants—full title to the house, the furniture, custody of the children, half of the personal property, and plenty of alimony.”

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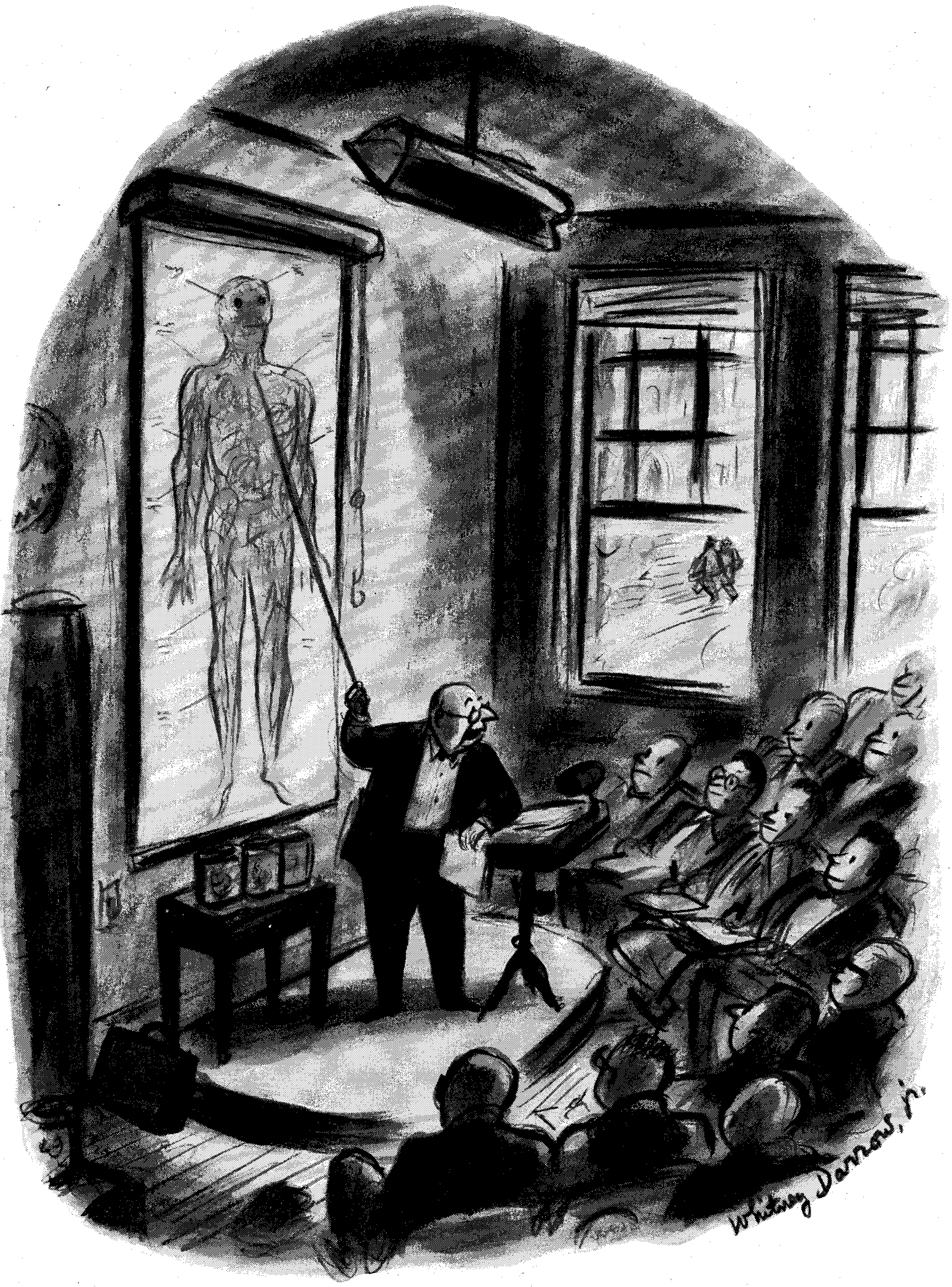
back. ‘This is it, boy!’ he said. ‘Grass roots coming in. Have a cigar.’ Took third-biggest cigar in the world. Man also handed me engraved card. ‘Special invitation to hear returns on second floor,’ he said. ‘Use it, boy.’ Used it. Found dressy group of men and women watching television sets in fine suite of rooms. Quiet group. Seemed cautious. Selected rye highball from liquor tray, took it to empty place on sofa, and picked up pile of Tuesday’s newspapers. Read Danton Walker column (‘ . . . Dewey’s first official act as President-elect will be to name a new Secretary of State . . . ’). Read John O’Donnell column (‘. . . most important problem facing the Republic in the next few days is how Dewey and Truman will work out a method of handling our foreign affairs until Jan. 20 rolls around . . .’). Read column in *Journal-American* by George Rothwell Brown (‘The President has been unable to overtake Gov. Dewey in the conclusive area of electoral votes, and these, under the Constitution, are what count . . .’). Brown had something there. Back to ballroom. Ballroom restive. Boy rushed over to blackboard with flash. Dewey ahead by 2,800 in Philadelphia. Cheers. Carbon statement from Brownell: ‘. . . so we conclude . . . that Dewey and Warren are elected.’ Sokolsky walked past, said, ‘Evening, Charles.’ Some of the glow gone. Gallup on television again. Looked older. Back to ballroom. Orchestra playing ‘When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.’ No eyes smiling. Newsreel men on balcony asked crowd to cheer wildly for news-of-victory pictures. Crowd cheered wildly on second try, settled back quietly. Man in dress suit still standing by door. Looked hurt. ‘Boy,’ he said, ‘here’s ticket for very private party in Mr. Hogan’s room. Closest friend of Governor. Use it.’ Used it. Inside, Henry J. Taylor, pundit, sitting by radio, head in hand. Nobody speaking. William Gaxton entered, smiling. Wiped it off. Hogan very serious. ‘Can’t understand it,’ he said. Told him to wait for grass roots. He seemed grateful. Lady in pink organdie and hair like curry powder said, ‘He didn’t campaign right. Too damn respectable.’ Taylor departed clasping and unclasping hands. Large gentleman in tuxedo said, ‘It’s what you call winning the hard way.’ Mild laughter. Back to ballroom. People putting on coats, consulting timetables. Boys in green jackets mostly standing around, putting up very few figures. Sat down beside man who looked like Truman. Thought maybe it *was* Truman. ‘Tom’s dying by inches,’ he said. ‘Have a cigar.’ Rumor Governor coming down to speak. Sat there two hours. No Governor. Edwin F. Jaeckel, Dewey adviser, appeared on balcony with foolish grin. Lowell Thomas walked through ballroom. Same grin. Back to press rooms. Sokolsky clamping hat on head, putting on coat. Didn’t recognize me. Sat down on couch. Dozed off.

“Slept five, six hours, somehow. Woke up to find ruddy-faced man with cigars hovering over couch. Rudd all gone, cigars all gone. ‘Dewey just conceded,’ he said. Took him around corner for cup of coffee. Always help a pal. Bought him second cup. Heard corks popping at Democratic Hq., at Biltmore, across street. Went right over. Big party in first-floor suite. Biggest party in the world. *Some* glow here. Everything free. Wonderful feeling. Fellow kept coming over with champagne, so fell in with mood of morning. Drank one to Harry, one to Bess, one to Margaret. Drank one to Tom. Drank one to the whole country. Wonderful country. Man asked me was I Jascha Heifetz. Said sure, why not? Be anybody. Have a cigar.”

Delay

THE difference between overseas Army service in war and in peace has perhaps never been more graphically illustrated than by the recent experience of the parents of a young man of twenty who has been stationed on Okinawa since the fall of 1946. Knowing that the customary tour of duty there is a two-year one, the parents had expected their son home for Christmas, but last week their hopes were crushed by a letter from him explaining that he had voluntarily put off his return. “I’m sorry about spoiling your Xmas plans,” he wrote, “but I’ve been made manager of my outfit’s football team, and if we win the Island Championship, then we go on to play Guam.”


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Now, gentlemen, for the next few periods we will occupy ourselves with a study of the structure, functions, and some of the disorders of the vital region we call the T-Zone."

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

TUBEROSES AND TIGERS

BACK in the summer of 1919, a fifteen-year-old youth at Riverside, Rhode Island, a watering place on the shores of upper Narragansett Bay, was the victim of a temporary but none the less powerful hallucination still referred to in southern New England as the "Riverside hallucination." For a space of three or four days, or until the effects of a novel called "Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn, had worn off, the boy believed himself to be a wealthy young Englishman named Paul Verdayne, who had been blasted by a searing love affair with a mysterious Russian noblewoman. His behavior during that period, while courteous and irreproachable to family and friends alike, was marked by fits of abstraction and a tendency to emit tragic, heartbroken sighs. When asked to sweep up the piazza, for instance, or bike over to the hardware store for a sheet of Tanglefoot, a shadow of pain would flit across his sensitive features and he would assent with a weary shrug. "Why not?" he would murmur, his lip curling in a bitter, mocking smile. "What else can life hold for me now?" Fortunately, his parents, who had seen him through a previous seizure in which he had identified himself with William S. Hart, were equipped to deal with his vagaries. They toned up his system with syrup of figs, burned his library card, and bought a second-hand accordion to distract him. Within a week, his distraction and that of the neighbors were so complete that the library card was hastily restored and the instrument disposed of—the latter no minor feat, as anyone knows who has ever tried to burn an accordion.

NOT long ago, in a moment of nostalgia laced with masochism, it occurred to me to expose myself again to Miss Glyn's classic and see whether the years had diluted its potency. The only vivid recollection I preserved of the story was one of a sultry enchantress lolling on a tiger skin. I realized why the image had persisted when I ultimately tracked down a copy of the book. It was illustrated with scenes from the photoplay production Samuel Goldwyn gave it in 1924, and on the dust jacket, peering seductively at me across a snarling Indian man-eater, lay Aileen Pringle, mascaraed, braided, and palpitant with sex appeal. The very first page I sampled, before settling down to a leisurely feast, yielded a sweetmeat that corroborated my boyhood memory:

"A bright fire burnt in the grate, and some palest orchid-mauve silk curtains were drawn in the lady's room when Paul entered from the terrace. And loveliest sight of all, in front of the fire, stretched at full length was his tiger—and on him—also at full length—reclined the lady, garbed in some strange clinging garment of heavy purple *crêpe*, its hem embroidered with gold, one white arm resting on the beast's head, her back supported by a pile of the velvet cushions, and a heap of rarely bound books at her side, while between her lips was a rose not redder than they—an almost scarlet rose." It was very small wonder that when I originally read this passage, my breathing became shallow and I felt as if the Berea College choir were grouped in the base of my skull singing gems from Amy Woodford-Finden. Even the author seems to have had some fleeting compunction after writing it, for she went on hastily, "It was not what one would expect to find in a sedate Swiss hotel." If it thus affected Paul, you can guess what the impact was on Riverside, where our notion of barbaric splendor was a dish of fried eels.

"Three Weeks" touched off such a hullabaloo in England that, on its publication here, Miss Glyn wrote an exasperated preface for American readers, enjoining them to consider the spiritual rather than the fleshly aspects of her romance. "The minds of some human beings," she declared scornfully, "are as moles, grubbing in the earth for worms. . . . To such 'Three Weeks' will be but a sensual record of passion." The real story, however, she explained, was the purifying effect upon a callow young Englishman of his gambol with a heroine whom Miss Glyn likened to a tiger (a simile she milked pretty exhaustively before the whistle blew) and described as "a great splendid nature, full of the passionate realization of primitive instincts, immensely cultivated, polished, blasé." She concluded her message with a request I am sure every novelist has longed to make at one time or another, and would if only he had the courage: "And to all who read, I say—at least be just! and do not skip. No line is written without its having a bearing on the next, and in its small scope helping to make the presentment of these two human beings vivid and clear." I took the entreaty so much to heart that every last asterisk of "Three Weeks" was literally engraved on my brain, which, after two hundred and ninety pulsating pages, must have borne a striking resemblance to an old bath sponge peppered with buckshot.

The situation that obtains at the opening of Miss Glyn's fable, in all honesty, does not rank among the dizzier flights of the human imagination, but, in the vulgate of Vine Street, it's a springboard, and what the hell. Paul Verdayne, twenty-two years old, devastatingly handsome, and filthy with the stuff, has been dispatched by his elders on a tour of the Continent to cure his infatuation for a vicar's daughter. Nature, it appears, has been rather more bountiful to Paul's body and purse than to his intellect; above the ears, speaking bluntly, the boy is strictly tapioca. As the curtain rises on what is to be the most electrifying episode of his life, he is discovered moodily dining at a hotel in Lucerne and cursing his destiny. Suddenly, there comes to his nostrils the scent of tuberoses, and a lady materializes at the next table. At first, her exquisite beauty and sensuous elegance are lost on him; then, as she proceeds to sup on caviar, a blue trout, *selle d'agneau au lait*, a nectarine, and Imperial Tokay, he perceives he is face to face with a thoroughbred, and the old, familiar mixture of fire and ice begins stirring in his veins. Without any sign that she has noticed his presence, she glides out, overwhelming the young man with her figure: " 'She must have the smallest possible bones,' Paul said to himself, 'because it looks all curvy and soft, and yet she is as slender as a gazelle.' " On a diet like the foregoing, I wouldn't give odds the lady would stay gazelle-slender perpetually, but perhaps her metabolism was as unusual as her charm. In any case, there is, as everyone is aware, a standard procedure for those smitten by mysterious sirens smelling of tuberoses; namely, to smoke a cigar pensively on the terrace, soothe one's fevered senses, and await developments. Paul faithfully adheres to the convention, and at length the lady, presumably having nullified gastritis with a fast Pepto-Bismol, slithers out onto her balcony and casts him a languishing glance. From that point on, it is *sauve-qui-peut*, and prudent readers will do well to hold "Three Weeks" at arm's length, unless they want to be cut by flying adjectives.

In the ensuing forty-eight hours, Mme. Zalenska, as Paul ascertains her name to be from the register, plays a hole-and-corner game with her caballero, ogling him from behind beech trees, undulating past him in hotel corridors, and generally raising the deuce with his aplomb. Finally, when she has reduced him to the consistency of jellied consommé, she summons him to her suite for a short midnight powwow. The décor is properly titillating and, inevitably, includes Miss Glyn's favorite carnivore: "The lights were low and shaded, and a great couch filled one side of the room beyond the fireplace. Such a couch! covered with a tiger skin and piled with pillows, all shades of rich purple velvet and silk, embroidered with silver and gold—unlike any pillows he had ever seen before, even to their shapes." Paul, in his pitiable innocence, assumes he has been called to render some neighborly service, like installing a new Welsbach mantle or cobbling Zalenska's shoes. Actually, she wishes to warn him how lethal she is:

" 'Look at me,' she said, and she bent forward over him—a gliding feline movement infinitely sinuous and attractive. . . . Her eyes in their narrowed lids gleamed at him, seeming to penetrate into his very soul. . . . Suddenly she sprang up, one of those fine movements of hers, full of cat-like grace. 'Paul,' she said . . . and she spoke rather fast. 'You are so young, so young—and I shall hurt you—probably. Won't you go now—while there is yet time? Away from Lucerne, back to Paris—even back to England. Anywhere away from me.' " Had Paul, at this juncture, slipped into his reefer and whistled for a fiacre, it might have saved both him and me considerable anguish, but Miss Glyn's royalties certainly would have been stricken with anemia. He therefore gallantly confides his heart into the lady's custody, snatches up an armful of tuberoses, and retires to the terrace to stride up and down until dawn, soothing his fevered senses. This is technically known in Publishers' Row as a tease play, or the punch retarded, a stratagem designed to keep the savages guessing.

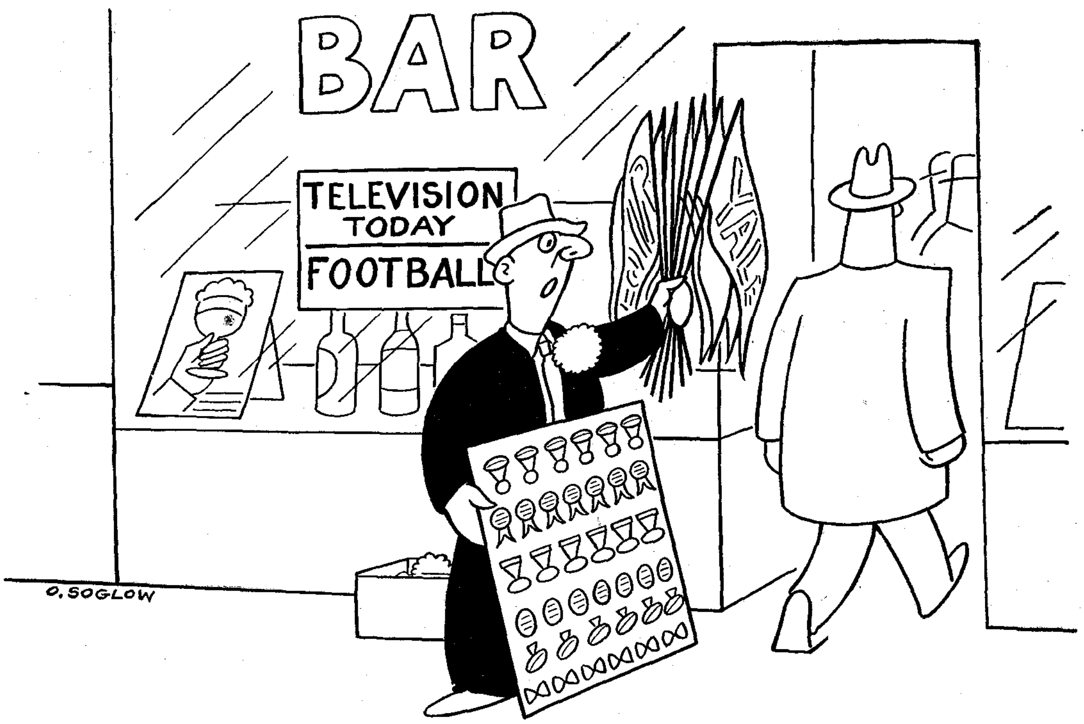
In a brief pastoral interlude next day, idling about the lake in a luxurious motor launch heaped with even stranger pillows and dialogue, Mme. Zalenska's mood is alternately maternal and bombastic. "I wish to be foolish today, Paul," she says (a program she achieves with signal success), "and see your eyes dance, and watch the light on your curls." His ardor becomes well-nigh unendurable when, before teatime, she bends over him with the tantalizing comment "Great blue eyes! So pretty, so pretty!," and he hoarsely begs her for instruction in the art of love. Her orotund answer sets the placid bosom of the lake rippling: "Yes, I will teach you! Teach you a number of things. Together we will put on the hat of darkness and go down into Hades. We shall taste the apples of the Hesperides—we will rob Mercure of his sandals—and Gyges of his ring." Just as the steam is bubbling in Paul's gauges, however, Mme. Zalenska laughingly twists out of his grasp, and another sequence ends with the poor *schlemiel* patrolling his beat on the terrace. Whatever deficiencies of logic the author may display on occasion, she surely cannot be accused of hurrying her climax.

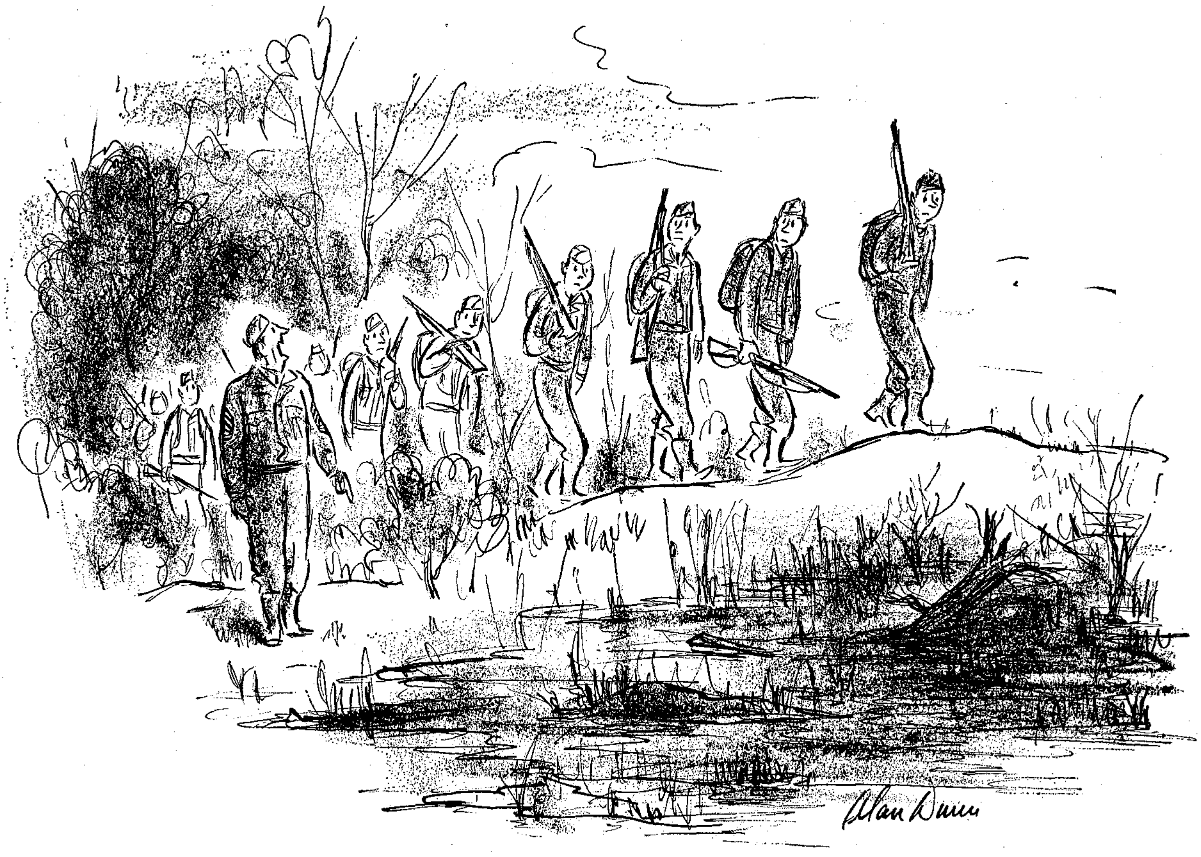
The spark that ignites the tinder, oddly enough, is a gift Paul purchases for his affinity—one of those characteristic souvenirs that litter sedate Swiss hotels, a tiger skin. "It was not even dear as tigers go, and his parents had given him ample money for any follies." Sprawled out on it, strange greenish flames radiating from her pupils, Mme. Zalenska goads the boy to the brink of neurasthenia by withholding the tuition she promised and proposing in its stead a literary debauch. " 'Paul,' she cooed plaintively, 'tomorrow I shall be reasonable again, perhaps, and human, but today I am capricious and wayward, and mustn't be teased. I want to read about Cupid and Psyche from this wonderful *Golden Ass* of Apuleius—just a simple tale for a wet day—and you and—me!' " By then, though, the lad in his own stumble-foot fashion has evolved a more piquant formula for passing a rainy day, and, with a prodigious amount of whinnying, purring, gurgling, and squealing, the education of Paul Verdayne swings into its initial phase.

How high a voltage the protagonists generate in the two remaining weeks of their affair, I cannot state with precision; the dial on my galvanometer burst shortly afterward, during a scene where they are shown cradled in a hotel on the Bürgenstock, exchanging baby talk and feeding each other great, luscious red strawberries. At Venice, to which they migrate for no stringent reason except that the author wanted to ring in a vignette of Mme. Zalenska biting Paul's ear lobes in a gondola, there is an account of their pleasure dome that deserves attention:

"The whole place had been converted into a bower of roses. The walls were entirely covered with them. A great couch of deepest red ones was at one side, fixed in such masses as to be quite resisting and firm. From the roof chains of roses hung, concealing small lights—while from above the screen of lilac-bushes in full bloom the moon in all her glory mingled with the rose-shaded lamps and cast a glamour and unreality over the whole. . . . The dinner was laid on a table in the centre, and the table was covered with tuberoses and stephanotis, surrounding the cupid fountain of perfume."

And now the plot, hitherto snowed under by suchlike verdant *Katzenjammer*, refuses any longer to be denied. Awakening one noonday from his finals, which he has evidently passed *summa cum laude*, Paul finds a





"Down here, men, down here! You must learn to take advantage of the terrain."

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farewell note from his coach, setting forth that they must part forever, inasmuch as sinister forces in her background endanger both their lives. There have been sketchy intimations earlier that Mme. Zalenska is some sort of empress on a toot, or at least a margravine, and Paul has observed several dubious Muscovites tailing them around St. Mark's but, in his exaltation, has dismissed them as phantoms induced by overwork. The realization that he is henceforth cut off from postgraduate study exerts its traditional effect, and he goes down like a poled ox. By the time Sir Charles, his father, has arrived bearing cold compresses and beef tea, Paul lies between life and death, madly raving with brain fever. His convalescence, of course, follows the mandatory pattern—the Adriatic cruise aboard a convenient yacht, the Byronic soliloquies in the moonlight, and, back in England, the solitary rambles on the moors with the devoted rough-coated terrier. As time assuages his grief, a new Paul reënters British society, older, fluent, worldly-wise. He prepares to stand for Parliament, scores a brilliant social success: "He began to be known as someone worth listening to by men, and women hung on his words. . . . And then his complete indifference to them piqued and allured them still more. Always polite and chivalrous, but as aloof as a mountain top." I don't want to sound vindictive, but can you imagine asking a man like that to scoot over to the hardware store for ten cents' worth of fly rolls? That's the kind of thing I was up against on Narragansett Bay thirty years ago.

The rest of "Three Weeks" is soon told, although not soon enough, frankly, by Miss Glyn, who consumes fifty marshmallow-filled pages to accomplish what she might have in two. After an endless amount of palaver, she discloses that Paul's and Zalenska's seminar has resulted in a bonny little cub and that, for all their pledges of devotion, the lovers are never reunited. The latter oversight is excused by as nimble a washup as you will find anywhere in the post-Victorian novel: "Everyone knows the story which at the time convulsed Europe. How a certain evil-living King, after a wild orgie of mad drunkenness, rode out with two boon companions to the villa of his Queen, and there, forcing an entrance, ran a dagger through her heart before her faithful servants could protect her. And most people were glad, too, that this brute paid the penalty of his crime by his own death—his worthless life choked out of him by the Queen's devoted Kalmuck groom." This salubrious house cleaning elevates the tot to the throne, and as the book ends, Paul kneels in the royal chapel before the boy, quivering with paternal pride and chauvinism: "The tiny upright figure in its blue velvet suit, heavily trimmed with sable, standing there proudly. A fair, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired English child . . . And as he gazed at his little son, while the organ pealed out a Te Deum and the sweet choir sang, a great rush of tenderness filled Paul's heart, and melted forever the icebergs of grief and pain."

A FEW hours after finishing "Three Weeks," there came to me out of the blue a superb concept for a romantic novel, upon which I have been laboring like a demon ever since. In essence, it is the story of an incredibly handsome and wealthy youth of forty-four whose wife and children, dismayed by his infatuation for servant-girl literature, pack him off to Switzerland. There he meets and falls in love with a ravishing twenty-three-year-old girl, half tigress and half publisher. The tigress in her fascinates him at the same time that the publisher revolts him, and out of this ambivalence, so to speak, grows the conflict. . . . But why am I telling you all this? I can see you're really not listening. —S. J. PERELMAN

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CARD OF THANKS

A spaniel's ears hang low, hang low;
They mop the sidewalk as they go.
Instead of burrs and beggar's-lice,
They pick up things not half so nice.

Spaniels deserve our special thanks
For mopping floors in shops and banks.
Resourceful, energetic, keen,
They keep the city neat and clean.

Spaniels should be exempt from tax
And be supplied with Johnson's wax.

—E. B. W.

THE CHAMPION OF BADEN

HE walked into the American barracks in Heidelberg one day, a small, thin, middle-aged man with hair the color and softness of corn silk, which every now and then he brushed away from his grave blue-gray eyes. His face was pale and smooth, with a touch of delicacy about the jaw. If you had been told that he was a teacher, you would have pictured him guiding the hand of some little girl at a drawing board, or seated beside a child at a piano. But he was a teacher of arms and close combat—of jujitsu; of the bayonet; of the murderous *Korbschläger,* used in student duels; of the foil, épée, and sabre. His card, which he presented to Sergeant Willis with a formal little bow, read, "*Professor Josef Stilleke, Eisenlohrstrasse 1, Heidelberg, Baden. Fechtmeister.*" And in the lower right-hand corner, in tiny raised capitals, it said, "*Champion von Baden.*"

From the very start, there was an antipathy between Willis and the German. Willis was an excellent swordsman, one of the best I have ever seen. Although he was not a bragger, he had once told me in a moment of confidence that just before the war he had won the Maryland Three-Weapon Fencing Championship. Since the beginning of the American occupation of Germany, he had been giving fencing instruction to the officers and men of the Seventh Army Headquarters in the barracks at Heidelberg. The response among the headquarters personnel had been so gratifying that when he was notified that he was soon to be sent home, he set about trying to find a civilian fencing master to take his place. Professor Josef Stilleke, Champion of Baden, was the man he found.

I can still see the two men facing each other over Stilleke's card. Willis, measuring the German's slight frame with his eyes, said incredulously, "You are a fencing master?" And Stilleke, with another bow, replied in English, "I teach combat with anything made of steel."

Willis was a large man, with a chest that made two of Stilleke's. In spite of his size, he was quick on his feet and everything he did with his hands showed deftness and fine control. Although he was a fair man, his temper was mercurial and it was not wise to cross him in one of his moods. At such times, his head would go back aggressively, and his jaw, always tinged with blue, even when freshly shaven, would take on an unyielding look. Four or five of us were present during the interview, for Willis and I shared a room with several other noncoms, and I'm sure the rest were as surprised as I was to note the uncompromising carriage of Willis's head and the severity of his tone. I had no idea why he instantly disliked Stilleke, for I saw nothing in his behavior but formal politeness and the respect—outward, at least—evidenced by all Germans before their American conquerors.

"Very well," said Willis finally, with a shrug. He went on to explain what he wanted. About forty men were taking instruction, three nights a week, in the long garret of the barracks. Stilleke, if found suitable for the job, would be expected to give them personal instruction in the weapon of their individual choice and, in addition, supervise their practice combat. He would arrive at seven in the evening, and stay until ten. He could change his clothes in our room and use our showers. Willis told Stilleke he would speak to Lieutenant Grayson, of Special Services, and get him a pass to the barracks, and would also get him permission to take his meals at the mess set up in town for the civilian employees of the American Army. The monthly salary Willis suggested was, by postwar German standards, quite liberal.

If Stilleke felt any elation at his good fortune, he gave no sign. His pale face was imperturbable as he said, "I think I should like to try." Willis said, almost brutally, "I must be satisfied with you first."

The two left for the fencing room upstairs. Sergeant Musset, who was sitting at the center table polishing his brass, grunted, "Regular cat-and-dog affair." He then went into a long explanation of chemical affinities and opposites, to which the rest of us only half listened. He was interrupted by the arrival of Corporal Smith, who had just been to the post office to pick up a package of delicacies from home. When he asked, "Where's Willis?" Musset chuckled and answered, "He's upstairs murdering a German."

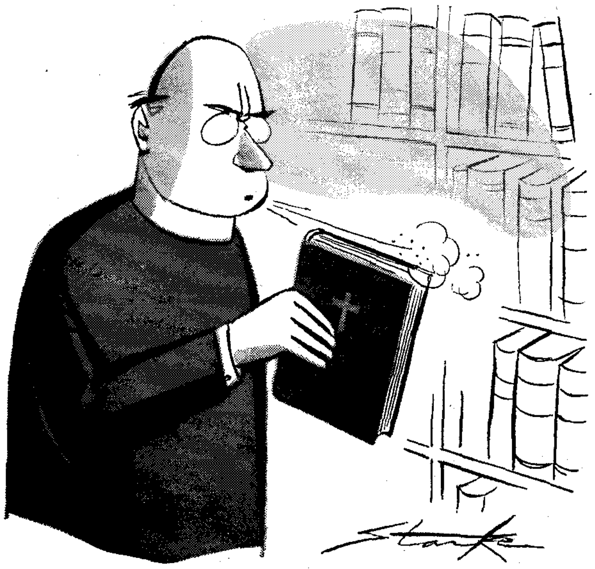
It was a poor joke. We were startled, however, about ten minutes later when the door was shoved open and Willis came in in his white fencing jacket, holding Stilleke around the waist. The German's head was lolling forward on his chest and his face was drained of the little color it had had. "Don't just stand there!" Willis said. "Give me a hand!"

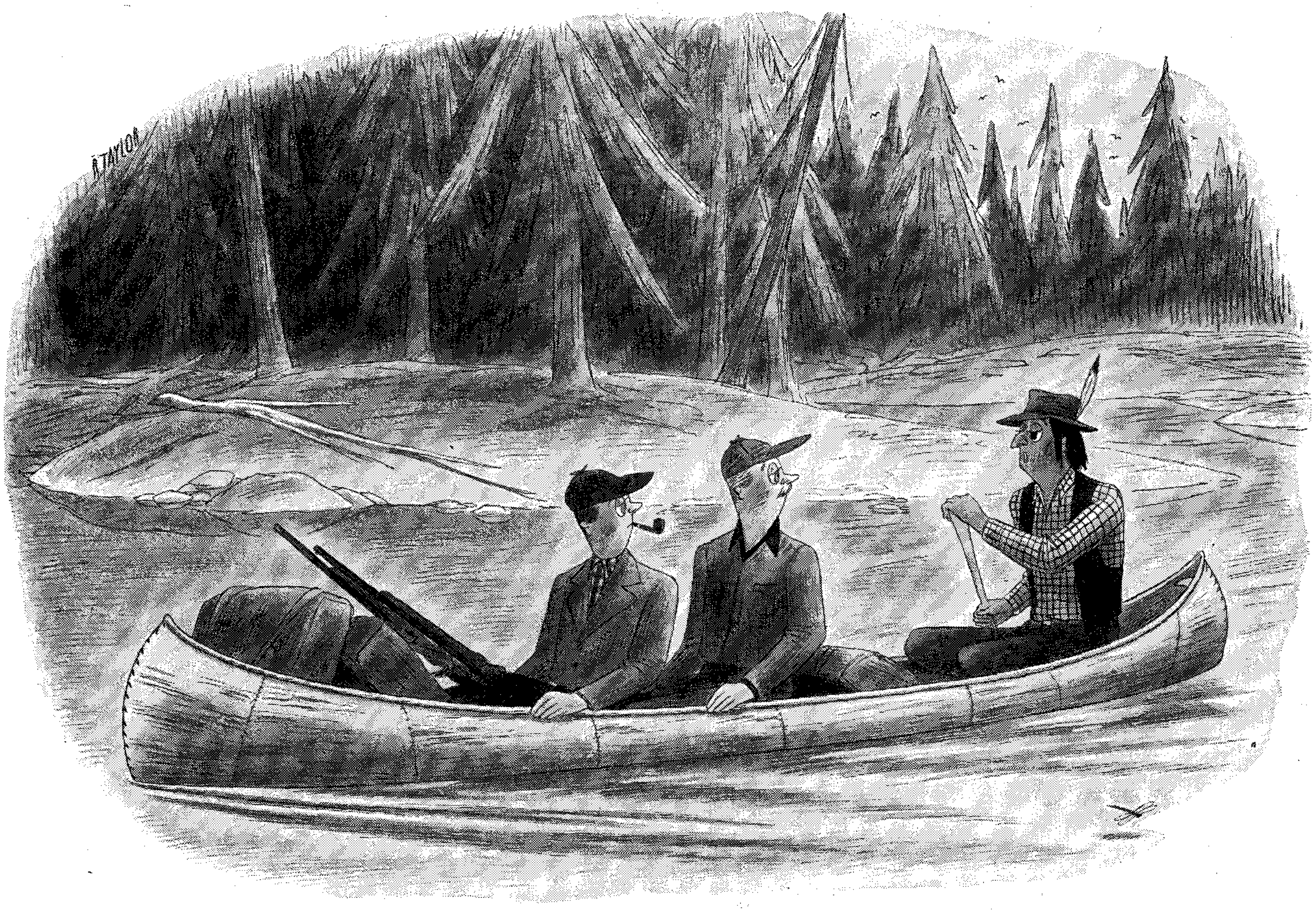
A couple of us laid Stilleke on a cot and loosened his clothing. His body felt curiously light and wasted. "Fainted," Willis said. We stood around awkwardly, watching the recumbent figure. Except for a slight trembling of the lower lip, his face was relaxed and almost boyish. Tiny blue veins were visible in his closed eyelids.

In a little while, Stilleke came to and sat up. He seemed ashamed of his weakness. With a protectiveness that was as unexpected as it was tender, Musset shoved the others aside and helped Stilleke to the table. There he opened Smith's food package, took out a jar of devilled ham, and spread some thickly on a slice of bread. "Eat that," he said, handing it to Stilleke. From somewhere in his duffelbag, Smith produced a precious can of beer and, without a word, set it on the table. I found some chocolate.

As the German ate, some color returned to his cheeks. We sat around and pretended not to watch him, talking casually of our own interests. It was Willis who offered him a cigarette when he had finished. He took it gratefully and smoked it to the last quarter inch. When he rose to go, he turned with hesitation to Willis, who was lighting his pipe. Without looking up, Willis said, "I guess we can use you, Stilleke. Be back Monday evening at seven, and bring your equipment. Corporal," he said to me, blowing out his match, "you'd better accompany him past the guard. Next time, we'll have a pass for him."

Stilleke bowed, and I followed





"I don't know this route very well any more. The last few years, I've been flying in."

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him out of the room. In the hall, he had another spell of weakness and leaned against the wall, refusing my help with a motion of his hand. I spoke to him in German, but he didn't seem to hear me. What I said must have made an impression on him, however, for when we had gone outside and the coolness of the air had refreshed him, he asked me in German whether I was one of the men taking fencing instruction. When I told him I was, he said, "He is very good, that Sergeant Willis. Has he not won some championship?"

"I believe he is Champion of Maryland," I replied.

"Maryland?" he said. "Is that larger than Baden?"

"It's about twice as large, I believe."

He was silent for a moment. "You know," he said at length, almost shyly, "after I fainted, I did not expect Sergeant Willis to take me. A German would not have done so."

"You must have made a good impression with your fencing," I said.

"*Ach, nein,*" he said, shaking his head unhappily. "I was very bad."

Before I left him, he thanked me for escorting him and made me promise that I would help him find English equivalents for fencing terms, which he knew only in his native language.

"I HAVE to admit he's a real swordsman," Willis was saying when I returned to the barracks. "I've never met anybody so fast. If he were in condition, he might have beaten me. He's just the man we're looking for. If only he didn't have that damned German superior attitude!"

"What attitude?" I asked.

Willis stared at me. "Didn't you notice it? It was written all over him. He looked like one of those captured German generals who twirl their monocles and click their heels when they surrender."

"Look, Sergeant," I said. "I don't see it that way at all. Did you want him to crawl at your feet because you had a job for him? He wanted that job desperately, but he was too proud to show it. He was starving, but he stood in front of you and said, 'I think I should like to try,' as though it didn't really make any difference. Personally, I admire him for it."

"Who wants him to crawl?" said Willis angrily. "These damned Germans who love their big American brothers make me sick. A few months ago, they'd have murdered us cheerfully, and now they tell us they're glad we liberated them from their Nazi masters. If he'd been like that, I'd have kicked him out. But I don't want any Nordic superiority from him, either."

"Give the man a chance," I said.

"I hired him, didn't I? And as long as he behaves himself, we'll get along. But if he doesn't stop being so damned superior, he's going to get hurt."

Overwhelmed by the vast number of German civilians who, under one pretext or another, were crowding into the civilian employees' mess, the officer in charge refused to accept any new applicants, and Willis's persuasion on Stilleke's behalf proved ineffectual. When Willis told me about it, he added gloomily, "I don't know what I'll do. I don't want him fainting again. Maybe I'll feed him myself."

I didn't take Willis seriously, but Monday evening, after chow, he conferred briefly with the mess sergeant and came away with a paper bag of food, which he laid out on the table in our room. Musset watched him silently, but Smith asked in amazement where he had got it.

"Simple," Willis answered. "The

class is full, but the mess sergeant wants to learn how to use a sabre."

When Stilleke rapped at the door and was told to enter, he stopped short at the sight of the table, and a tiny spot of color showed in his cheeks. But he mastered himself quickly and said to Willis, with his little bow, "Good evening, Mr. Sergeant."

Willis answered civilly enough, but without friendliness. Pointing to the table, he said, "This is for you. When you've finished, get dressed and come upstairs. I'll be waiting." Turning to Smith and me, he added, "Coming?" We preceded him out the door, where he stopped and said to Musset, "You'll stay, Roger?"

If Stilleke understood that Willis didn't trust him enough to leave him alone in the barracks, he gave no sign. We left him with Sergeant Musset and went up to the fencing room, and they followed a short while later.

In his fencing jacket and with a foil in his hand, the little German took on a new personality. Willis introduced him to the group as a whole and then announced that he and Stilleke would put on a short exhibition before starting the drills. Stilleke fell on guard in a perfect classic position. His movements were tiny and precise, with no waste. His hand never moved more than a few inches from side to side, but his point seemed to be alive and to sense the openings before darting out to score.

In contrast, Willis was energetic and forceful. When his feints were deftly turned aside, he summoned his great strength and leaped in with irresistible lunges and beats to force through Stilleke's guard. In moments of careful sparring, Stilleke's sensitive fingers gave him the advantage, but when Willis attacked, the German's guard seemed to collapse beneath his superior force, and Willis scored. It was really a fine exhibition of swordsmanship, and the men applauded when they had finished.

The evening's lessons began, and Stilleke's somewhat halting English proved to be quite adequate to them. Several times, he came to me to ask the English equivalent of a German word, but in general the men understood him well enough, and seemed willing to accept him as Willis's replacement.

IN the four weeks before Willis left for home, the little German took me into his confidence. His air of stiff formality, which he never abandoned in the presence of Willis, disappeared when we were alone, to reveal a shy friendliness. Perhaps my speaking German had something to do with it, or perhaps it was because I was genuinely interested in his problems, reflecting, as they did, the problems of all the people of postwar Germany. Little by little, his story came out. As a small boy, he had become interested in hand-to-hand combat and had pursued a course of self-training that was the more rigorous because he had always been slight. He had done everything he could think of to train his body to respond to his will, from staying underwater for fully three minutes to maintaining his body in various contorted positions for as long as his outraged muscles would permit. In the German Army, he had taught all forms of close combat. To the officers, he had taught the use of the sword, and to the rank and file, jujitsu and combat with bayonets and knives. "Always they were surprised," he said with a smile. "I would give some big farmer a long knife and face him barehanded while the others watched. I would order him to kill me. Always it would end with him on the ground and me with his own knife at his throat."

When I commented on his small stature, he said, "Size means nothing. Control and timing are everything. Look, I will show you. Try to lift me off the floor."

"That's easy," I said, and seized him around the waist. I tugged as hard as I could and didn't budge him; he seemed rooted to the floor. I relaxed my grip, and suddenly the room swirled around me and I found myself suspended in midair over his head. He set me down gently, as though I were a doll, and smiled at my discomfiture. "It is very difficult to explain," he said. "When you use your arms, your shoulders are your pivots. With me, it is here," he went on, pointing to his solar plexus. "That is all I can tell you. It took me years to discover the secret and to train myself to use it."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Ask Sergeant Willis," he replied. "He uses it himself, perhaps unconsciously. I knew it the moment I saw him."

Stilleke told me that he had suspected early that Germany would lose the war. "I was at Stalingrad," he said. "One day, Goebbels came and made a speech to us. He told us we could not lose, that we were superior to the enemy in both manpower and matériel. He said we had plenty of everything—food, equipment, ammunition. It was a good speech, but I had noticed that our artillery was firing for only a few minutes every day. I knew then that it was over."

How was life in postwar Germany?

"Very bad. But what can we expect? We lost the war. We must take it like men and not complain needlessly."

"And do better next time?" I asked maliciously.

He was silent a moment, and when he spoke, his voice was grave. "Do not misunderstand me. I am a German

WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE DOCTOR GOES

OR, IT'S TOMORROW THAN YOU THINK

Oh, hand me down my old cigar with its Havana wrapper and its filling of cubeb,
Fill the little brown jug with bismuth and paregoric, and the pottle and cannikin
 with soda and rhubeb,
Lend me a ninety-nine-piece orchestra tutored by Koussevitzky
(I don't want the ownership of it, I just want the usevitsky),
Bring me a firkin of Arkansas orators to sing me oratorios,
Remove these calf-clad Spenglers and Prousts and replace them with paper-
 covered Wodehouses and Gaboriaus,
Wrap up and return these secretarial prunes and prisms,
Let me have about me bosoms without isms.
Life and I are not convivial,
Life is real, life is earnest, while I only think I am real and know I am trivial.
In this imponderable world I lose no opportunity
To ponder on picayunity.
I would spend either a round amount or a flat amount
To know whether a puma is only tantamount to a catamount, or paramount
 to a catamount.
It is honey in my cup
When I read of a sprinter sprinting the hundred in ten seconds flat to think,
 Golly, suppose he stood up!
I guess I am not really reprehensible,
Just dispensable.

—Ogden Nash

and love my country as you love yours. But I have never had these crazy dreams of world conquest. This is the second time I go hungry after a war. I want no more of it.”

Occasionally, I gave Stilleke a pack of cigarettes or a bar of chocolate. He always hesitated before he took them, and looked at me searchingly, as if he were trying to understand my motive. “I am too proud,” he confessed to me once. “It is not good to be so proud.” Once, he mentioned his mother, but seemed reluctant to talk about her. After a good deal of prodding, I learned that she was a chronic invalid and required his constant attention. Although he never told me, I suspected that he handed most of his ration cards over to her. I still have a short note, written in a crabbed German script, thanking me for some chocolate I had sent her. Only once did he ask me for anything, and then it was for permission to salvage the bits of soap left soaking on the floor of the shower room. “It is such a waste,” he said apologetically, “and there is none to be had anywhere.”

Stilleke often spoke to me of Willis, and one day he asked me outright why Willis disliked him. When, after some hesitation, I told him the reason, he cried out bitterly, “What does he expect? I no longer have a country, but I am still a man. What have I to be proud of except my own personal integrity and skill? I am not a dog to lick the hand that beats me. Would he have me come to him and say, ‘Please, Mr. American, kick me and then feed me’?”

I told him Willis would have despised him if he had. I explained that Willis was generally considered fair-minded but that he couldn’t help resenting the feeling of superiority he sensed in Stilleke. As for myself, I had done my best to convince him that he was mistaken.

“You are very kind,” Stilleke said, and added softly, “I must confess that he was not entirely wrong. Please do not tell him this. When I first saw him, I was aware of hostility within myself. He seemed so strong and well fed, and I had not eaten for two days. He looked at me the same way the farmers used to before I threw them down and took their knives away.”

Several days later, Stilleke asked, “Do you think I do not know why Willis feeds me?” and before I could answer he said, “He wants to show me that he can defeat me even when I have my full strength. He wants to prove that the Champion of Maryland can beat the Champion of Baden.”

NG
TELLER
REA

“I should think the bank would set up some sort of special reserve fund for customers who overdraw.”

• •

“That’s the trouble with you Germans,” I said in annoyance. “You simply can’t understand disinterested generosity. You yourself said that a German would not have hired you after you fainted.”

Stilleke laid his hand on my arm. “Please do not be angry. I am not talking about Americans in general. We Germans are constantly amazed at how generous you Americans are. We are not used to it, for we are not generous ourselves. But this with Sergeant Willis is something different. Three times a week, he goes to your kitchen and gets a large quantity of food for me. These are the only times I have enough to eat, and in two weeks I have regained six pounds and am much stronger. But even while he is doing this generous thing for me, his face shows his dislike. Why does he do it if he dislikes me? And why does he insist every time, after the men are gone, that I stay and fence with him? Is it not to prove that he can beat me?”

It was true that after each practice session Willis remained behind alone with Stilleke. The click of their blades and the thud of Willis’s thunderous attack penetrated even to the showers, and the men who inquired about the odd noises were told with a smile, “Sergeant Willis is murdering a German.”

“You will see,” said Stilleke. “Before he goes, he will offer to match his championship against mine, so that he can boast that he is Champion of Baden.” His smile became crooked and sad as he said quietly, “I will not let him take it. It is all I have left.”

I spoke to Willis about his private sessions with the German and he seemed curiously unwilling to discuss them. Maybe Stilleke is right, I thought. When I brought the matter up again, Willis said shortly, “What are you worried about? I’m not going to hurt your precious German.”

“Look here, Sergeant,” I said. “There are a lot of ways to hurt a man. Don’t forget that Stilleke is not in shape.”

“Mind your own business, Corporal,” Willis said, and walked out of the room.

A moment later, he was back. “I’m sorry I spoke to you like that,” he said, “but you made me mad. The way you talk, you’d think he was a cripple. The man’s a professional athlete, and if he was starving when he first came here, why, I’ve been feeding him, haven’t I? What more do you want? I’ve been

Documentation

"What do you say to Diana?"

• •

beating him right along, and if I can do it again just before I go, when he's had a few weeks of good food under his belt, then maybe he'll get that arrogant look out of his eyes."

I'm afraid I betrayed Stilleke's confidence then. I told Willis how the little German felt about their relationship. Willis listened attentively, and frowned when I had finished. "I didn't realize he attached so much importance to his championship," he said finally. "Just the same, it's not such a bad idea, matching our titles against each other. I never thought of that."

"You wouldn't do it now, would you?"

"Why not?" he said. "It was his idea, wasn't it?"

SERGEANT WILLIS was scheduled to leave Heidelberg on a Saturday. On the preceding Wednesday evening, I happened to be alone in the room when Stilleke came in. Willis had laid out the table, as usual, and then gone up to the fencing room. On Stilleke's chest was a star-shaped gold medal, embossed with green enamel. Around two crossed swords were engraved the words "*Meisterschaft von Baden.*" The little German said, "Sergeant Willis asked me to bring it along today. He said he wanted to see it." Stilleke seemed tired and out of sorts, and for the first time since I had known him he sat down without awaiting an invitation, but he did not begin to eat. Instead, he asked, "He is leaving Saturday?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You will see. Tonight he will ask me to put up my title this Friday."

"You could refuse, you know."

He regarded me grimly. There was something flat and final about his tone as he answered, "I have never refused a challenge."

Sergeant Musset came into the room and said they were waiting for us upstairs. At Stilleke's insistence, I went up ahead, and he and Musset joined us a few minutes later.

On Friday, it was just my luck to get guard duty. I had to report at four in the afternoon. Before I left, I watched Willis pack his bags for the next day, leaving out only the fencing clothes he would wear that evening. There was something golden and shiny on his cot, and I walked over and picked it up. It was a medal, attached to a black-and-yellow ribbon. On the front, there was a laurel wreath, twined around two swords and a mask, and the legend "Maryland Three-Weapon Fencing Championship." On the back was engraved, "Charles Willis, First."

"Well?" said Willis, his head going back in that aggressive way of his.

"I suppose you're determined to go through with it," I said.

"Aren't you on guard duty?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "But I wish I could be there to see it."

"Walk your post in a military manner," he said, folding a shirt. "Is your rifle nice and clean?"

"All right," I said. "But I hope he beats you."

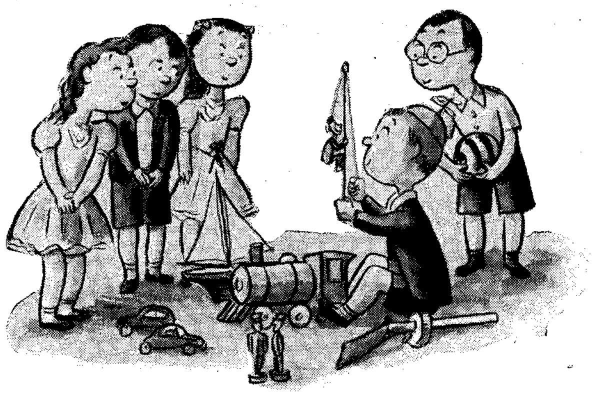
ALL that evening, I wondered about the outcome of the match. The hours wore away slowly. The next morning, after my tour of duty, I managed to get back to the barracks just in time to see Willis being driven off in a jeep. At my shout, he spoke to the driver and the vehicle stopped. "Be quick," Willis said. "I have six minutes to get to the assembly area."

I regarded the star-shaped green-and-gold medal pinned to his jacket. "So you took it away from him," I said.

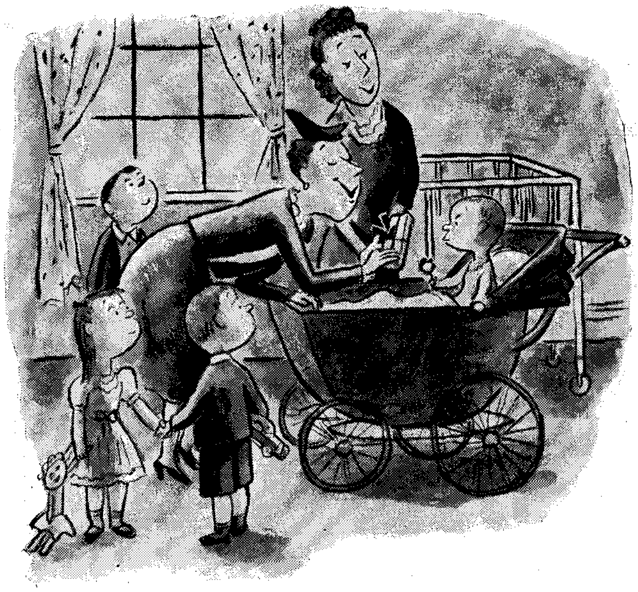
"No, Corporal," he said. "He gave it to me."

Willis cut short my next question impatiently. "I don't have time to explain," he said. "Listen, I want you to do something for me. I've left some cigarettes and things for Stilleke with Musset, and I've fixed things with the

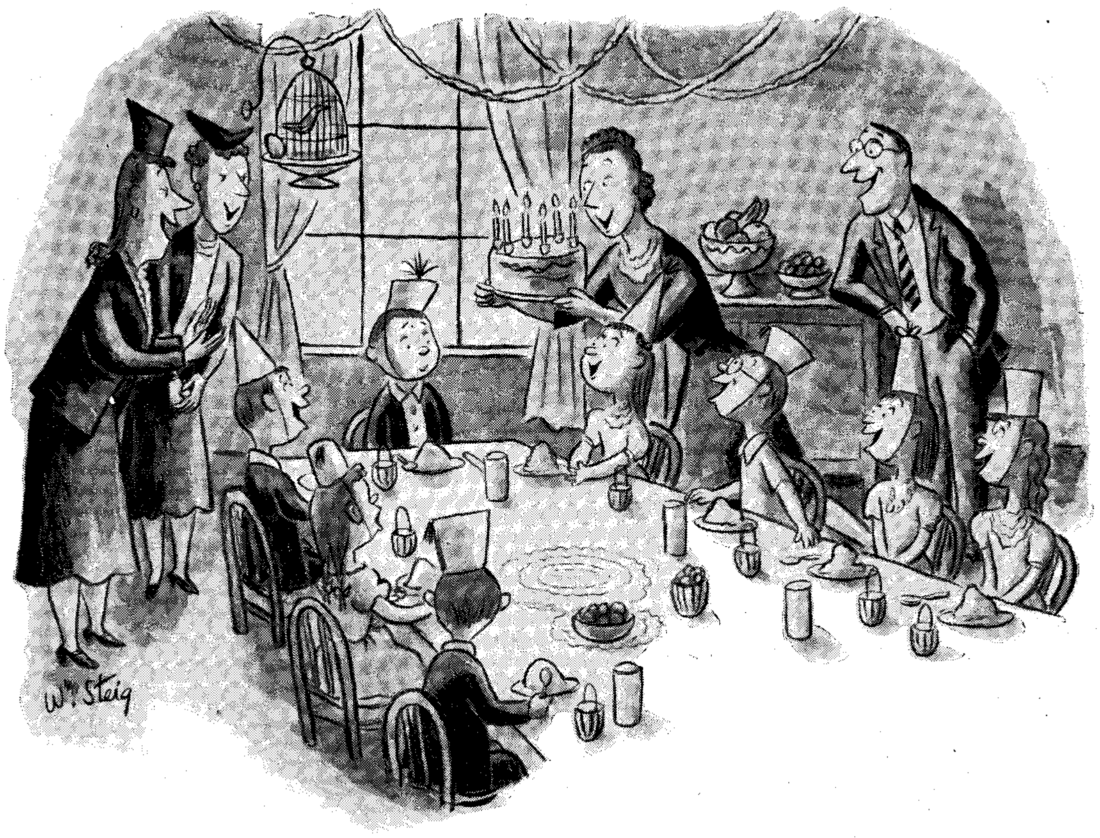
BIRTHDAY PARTY



Fascinating toy



Thoughtful lady—something for little brother, too.



"Happy birthday to you . . ."

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mess sergeant. If you'll stop by the mess hall before each fencing session, he'll give you some supper for him. Goodbye, Corporal. See you in America!"

I watched the jeep disappear and then went up to the room. Sergeant Musset was writing a letter. He looked at me with amusement. "Did you ever lead a horse to water?" he asked.

"Never mind the riddles," I said. "What happened?"

"All right," he said. "I'll ask you another. How often do they clean out the trash can in the washroom?"

"Every Friday night. What—"

"Let's suppose," Musset said, "that on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings of this week a man wrapped up his supper in a paper bag and threw it in the trash can. Wouldn't they still be there Friday night?"

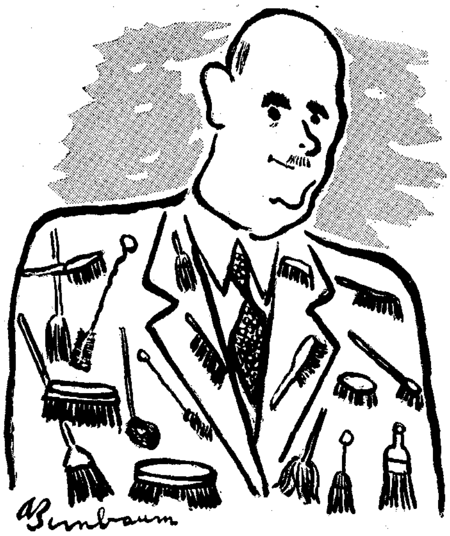
I stared at him. "I don't get it," I said.

"Look," he said. "All this week, Stilleke didn't eat the supper Willis got for him. He wrapped it in a bag and explained to me that he preferred to eat after the practice. It sounded all right to me until last night, but then, while those two lunatics were putting on their battle upstairs, I went into the washroom. A man was there emptying the trash can, and he found three paper bags of food in it. As soon as I realized that the German had been starving himself, I went upstairs to the fencing room and interrupted the match. Stilleke was pale as death, and he sat on the floor with his head between his knees while I told Willis about the food. You should have seen Willis's face. In spite of his weakened condition, the German had managed to even the score, four to four, with the last point coming up. Willis asked him why he'd thrown the food away, and Stilleke got to his feet and said Willis could damn well slaughter him without fattening him up first and that he was ready for the last point. Willis was so mad that I thought he was going to knock him down, but then he looked at Stilleke again, standing there like a sick rooster ready to fight, and he laughed and put his arm around Stilleke and helped him downstairs. Instead of fighting the last point, they sat here drinking brandy until curfew. They ended up by swapping medals, and Stilleke was so drunk that Willis had to help him get home."

—Robert Lewis

PROFILES

MAY I JUST STEP INSIDE?



Alfred Carl Fuller

ACCORDING to most of the fifteen thousand people connected with it, the Fuller Brush Company is a big, happy family in which seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the founder, Alfred Carl Fuller, is not gloomy all day. The head of America's best-known brush family is an even-tempered, agreeable, outsize man of metaphysical inclinations who is known to the majority of his brood, affectionately and appropriately, as Dad. "I suppose everybody calls me that because I am the father of the company," he said recently. "At least, I am the founder. At any rate, it's the general appellation." As the original Fuller Brush man, Dad Fuller, now board chairman of the company bearing his name, pioneered the genial foot-in-the-door sales technique that has become as familiar as dust to the country's housewives and as reliable as mother-in-law jokes to its humorists. This year, Dad's ubiquitous progeny will make approximately fifty million house-to-house calls and dispose of around twenty-five million dollars' worth of brushes, combs, brooms, mops (wet and dry), and other prosaic but profitable merchandise. During the same period, gag writers will add approximately five hundred Fuller-Brush-man jokes to the already swollen inventory. Dad has heard almost every one that has been produced so far. "I don't know that I have any special favorites," he said a while ago. "In fact, I can't say that I even remember very many of them. I do recall one that Fred Allen got off. He said, 'Edison gave us the electric light, Marconi gave us the wireless, and Fuller gave us the brush.' That may not be just the way he said it, but it went something like that."

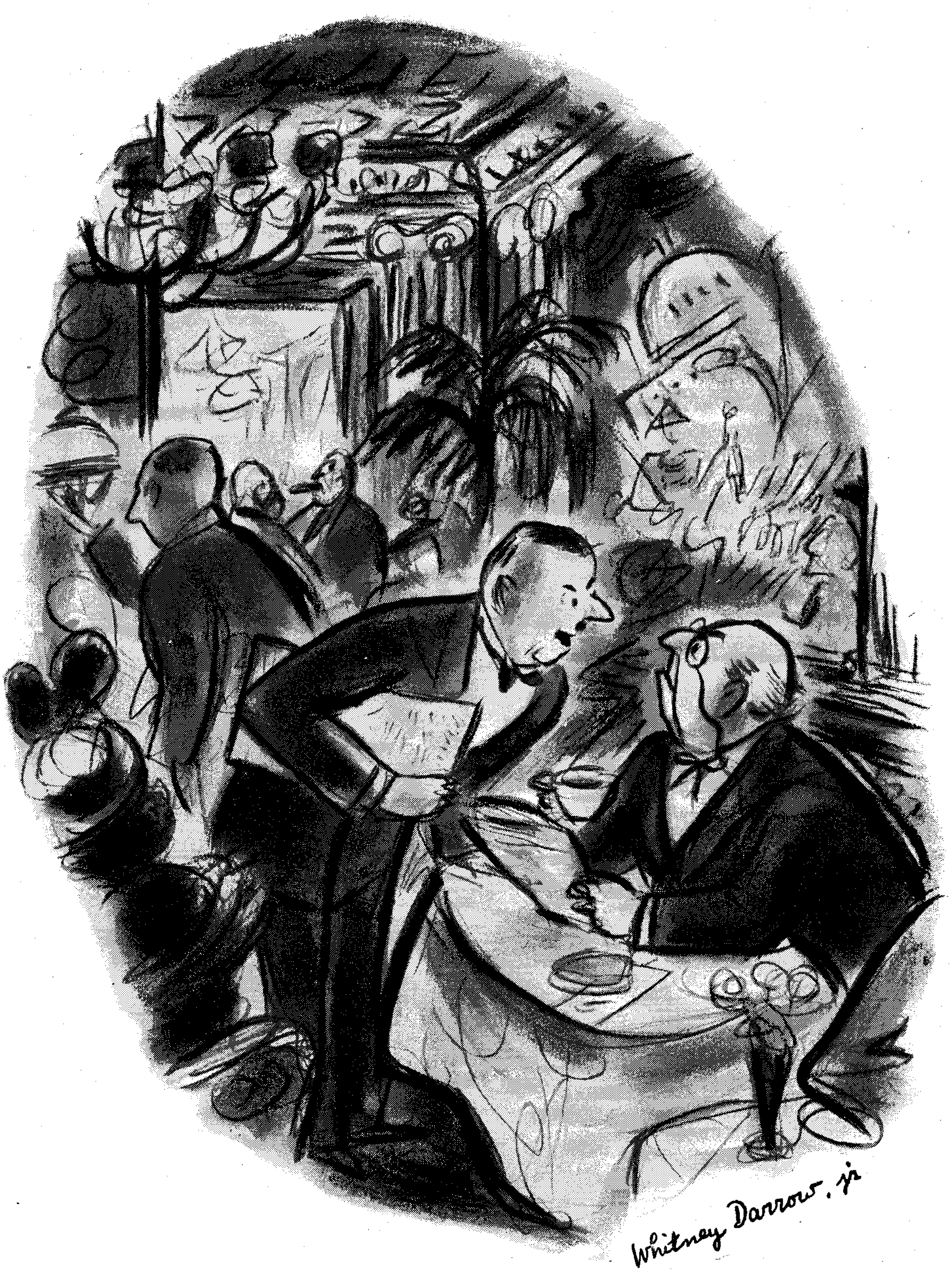
The truth is that, although other people in the company find much of the expanding body of wit about brush men hilarious, Dad doesn't take much interest in Fuller jokes. It is not because of lack of merit in the material. Dad's attitude is not due to a disapproval of humor at the company's expense, either. He thinks that Fuller jokes are legitimate and that they have probably helped to establish the Fuller Brush man as a familiar and likable figure. He doesn't laugh at the jokes, but then, though he is celebrated on the premises as a dry wit, he seldom laughs at anything. He confines his expression of mirth to a smile or, at most, a chuckle. Several years ago, *Fortune* printed a photograph of him that is still a source of wonderment to his wife. Dad's head is thrown back, his mouth is open, and he is emitting a guffaw. "It's the most unnatural picture I've ever seen," Mrs. Fuller says. Though Dad is not risible, neither is he dour. His disposition is equable and his manner is warm, rather shy, and courteous. Because of his modest nature, he gives his associates the major share of the credit for the success of the business. In Hartford, where he has lived for the last forty-two years and where his company has its headquarters, he is considered a solid and generous citizen. "Indeed," the Hartford *Times* remarked editorially a few months ago, "when Hartford views the civic and philanthropic activities of Mr. Fuller, it might well conclude that it scarcely could do without him."

Dad Fuller, now sixty-three, has accumulated a few millions during his career and has lost most of his hair. He looks like a strapping farmer, which he once was. He stands six feet two and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. His arms are long, his hands are big, and his shoulders are massive. He doesn't take an undue interest in clothes, but because he has a hard time finding anything ready-to-wear that fits, he has his suits and shirts made for him in New York. His ears protrude, his nose is bulbous at the tip, and he keeps his gray mustache clipped so close that it looks like little more than five-o'clock shadow. His voice is surprisingly thin. He talks softly, with earnestness but not much animation, and when he is conversing his eyes seem to fix themselves on a distant object. He is static rather than dynamic, and it is hard to imagine him being able to get rid of any of his products, with the possible exception of the Handy Brush, which is customarily presented to housewives as a gift.

FOR a man whose name has become a symbol of American salesmanship, Dad Fuller possesses remarkably few of the temperamental qualifications that are supposed to bring success in the selling game. Though he is curious about people and has a good many friends, he is not gregarious. "I like seclusion," he says. "I like to get away and contemplate." He doesn't follow baseball, football, horse racing, or prizefighting, and he doesn't drink, smoke, gamble, or use profanity. He is not prudish, however. Once in a while, at company sales meetings, he will sociably take a drink, usually a little Scotch with lots of soda, and he keeps a supply of liquor in his home. His wife, a personable, thoughtful woman who smokes and drinks moderately, is named Primrose and is called Prim by her friends. The Fullers live in a fourteen-room house of English Colonial design in a pleasant residential section of West Hartford, a suburb of Hartford. The house is comfortably but not luxuriously furnished, and is staffed with only a cook and a maid. In the living room are large oils of Dad and Mrs. Fuller, done from photographs by an artist who dropped dead a week after completing them. Mrs. Fuller reads a great deal and frequently brings to her husband's attention articles that she thinks will appeal to him. He is a Christian Scientist and reads mostly Christian Science literature. He was attracted to Christian Science twenty years ago and has been ardently studying it ever since. "It is my biggest interest, outside of business," he has said. "It is a very profound and, in my opinion, a very satisfying study from the metaphysical standpoint." He attends all the Sunday services as well as the Wednesday-evening meetings of the Second Church of Christ Scientist in Hartford, has served on numerous church committees, and begins each day, wherever he is, by reading the whole of the lesson for the week, which takes him half an hour. Like many other devout Christian Scientists, he deprecates his faithfulness in following the tenets of his church. "It is not too easy to follow the teachings implicitly and still rub elbows with the world," he says. "However, I seldom resort to materia medica." He feels that his study of Christian Science has been of enormous benefit to him and his business. "If I were to say what I actually feel about it, I would sound like a fanatic," he said a while ago. "It is not in the nature of our teaching to talk loudly, but I will say this: The day of miracles has not passed."

The metaphysical tradition established by Dad Fuller is being carried on by the elder of his two sons, Howard, who took over as president of the company in 1943, when Dad became chairman of the board. Howard is thirty-five. He is tall, husky, and well tailored, has black hair, and wears heavy black horn-rimmed spectacles. He is not a Christian Scientist, nor does he belong to any other church. He smokes cigarettes, drinks Scotch and rum, and is able, articulate, and companionable. Howard came into the firm in 1936 and was assigned to selling brushes to the housewives of New Rochelle. Before that, he had spent a year at Harvard and three years at Duke, learned to fly and received a pilot's license, and married a girl he had met during a summer vacation in Nova Scotia. They now have three children. Like his father, Howard is a serious executive, has a sound grasp of the brush business (he was vice-president in charge of production for seven years and holds a patent on a complicated brush-making machine), and takes a great interest in his work. "There's romance in bristles," he remarked to a visitor recently. Nevertheless, he takes an equal, or perhaps even keener, interest in the study of philosophy, which has occupied much of his leisure time for the last several years. He concentrates on the works of Hume, Kant, and Schopenhauer, and though he minimizes his attainments as a metaphysician, many of his friends are impressed by his knowledge. "Howard is definitely the cerebral type," one of them says of him respectfully. The president of the Fuller Brush Company has of late also been bearing down on the theory of relativity, which fascinates him, and has been dipping into Kafka. Dad approves of Howard's wide-ranging philosophical search and takes considerable comfort in the fact that after he is gone, the company will still have at its head a man who is as well versed in matters of the mind and spirit as in bristles and fibres.

In contrast to the philosophic and spiritual atmosphere of the topmost level of the company, the climate of the second executive stratum is somewhat practical and material. On this plane, it is even possible, at times, to hear appreciative references to such things as rye and bourbon. "The boss knows that occasionally some of us take a drink, but he doesn't mind," one of the firm's officials said not long ago. He added, however, that the men who come in close contact with Dad have, because of their



"Did you enjoy the sole, Senator? Off the record, of course."

monumental respect for him, an inflexible rule against allowing any beverage stronger than Coca-Cola in the plant. Furthermore, if some circumstance, such as the entertainment of a business acquaintance, obliges them to have a drink or two at lunch, they usually don't return to the office in the afternoon if they know that Dad is there. They are sure that he would not indicate displeasure should he smell alcohol on their breath, but they think that his feelings would be hurt. The Fuller executives may have a tender regard for the sensibilities of the founder but they are not given to sentimentality. They are tough, hardheaded, straight-talking businessmen. They work hard and they relax hard. They are as shrewd and unemotional in their offices as they are around a poker table. Their incomes are substantial, and they live well. Most of them are sports fans and take in all the major prizefights, and the group of them has a season box at the Yankee Stadium.

Two of the firm's three vice-presidents—Frank Adams and Wallace Campbell—started with the company at, or near, the bottom. Twenty-eight years ago, Dad, who had been keeping the company books himself, rather haphazardly, hired Adams on a temporary basis to set up an up-to-date accounting system. He remained with the firm, and is now its general manager. Campbell paid his way through Syracuse University by working part time as a Fuller Brush man. When he graduated, in 1916, he had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. "I got a bid from the college to stay on as an instructor in economics," Campbell says. "I told them I couldn't afford to. Hell, I was making twice as much as the head of the Economics Department was." Campbell was installed in the office as Dad's assistant. He now handles the company's relations with labor (which are good) and with trade associations, has charge of its purchasing, and handles other outside contacts, especially in Washington, where he is known as a wheelhorse of the Republican Party. The third vice-president and the youngest member of the executive group is Dad's second son, Avard, who is in charge of sales. Avard is thirty-one, married, the father of two children, and an ardent model-railroad enthusiast. Like his brother, he is not a Christian Scientist and belongs to no church. The newest addition to the upper ranks is the advertising manager, Jack Allen, who is forty-five and joined the company soon after the war. He had spent fifty months in the Navy, forty-six of them at sea, and wound up a commander. Though most members of the Fuller field organization speak of the founder as "Dad," the top officials are more apt to call him "the boss" or "the big boy." His chief lieutenants often feel obliged to talk him out of certain measures that they consider excessively benevolent. "I've spent the better part of my business life keeping the boss from giving the company away," one of them said a few weeks ago.

FULLER probably first indicated his innate business ability in his boyhood, when, using money he earned picking strawberries, he paid his younger brother to keep his shoes polished. Alfred had no objection to handling a shoebrush himself, but he considered it uneconomical to spend time wielding one when he could devote it to more profitable work in the berry patch. He was born in 1885, the eleventh of twelve children, on a farm near Grand Pré, in Nova Scotia. His forebears, a couple of whom, he has discovered, came from England on the Mayflower, settled in the Connecticut River valley, around East Haddam. In 1761, a great-great-great-grandfather of his moved to Nova Scotia, where he had received a Crown Grant of land, about a hundred acres of which were later inherited by the future brush man's father. Like many other leaders of American industry, Fuller got his formal education in a little country schoolhouse. It ended with the seventh grade. He was the second youngest of the family's eight boys, and he knew that he would not inherit the farm, so at the age of eighteen he packed his bag and set out for Boston, where two of his brothers and two married sisters lived.

It is considered a rather rich joke around the Fuller company that Dad was fired from his first three jobs. Soon after arriving in Boston, in 1903, he took the advice of his brother Harvey, a motorman for the Boston Elevated Railway Company, and applied for similar employment on the company's streetcar lines. As Alfred was a big, robust youth, he had no trouble passing himself off as a man of twenty-one, the minimum age for employment, and was taken on as a conductor, first as a spare and later as a regular, on the surface line to Cambridge. He was paid twelve dol-

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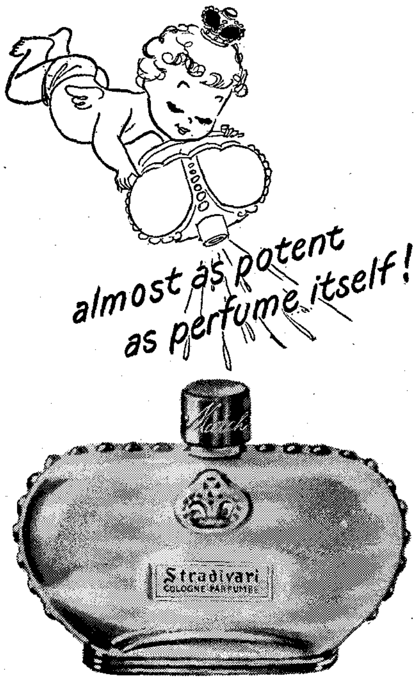
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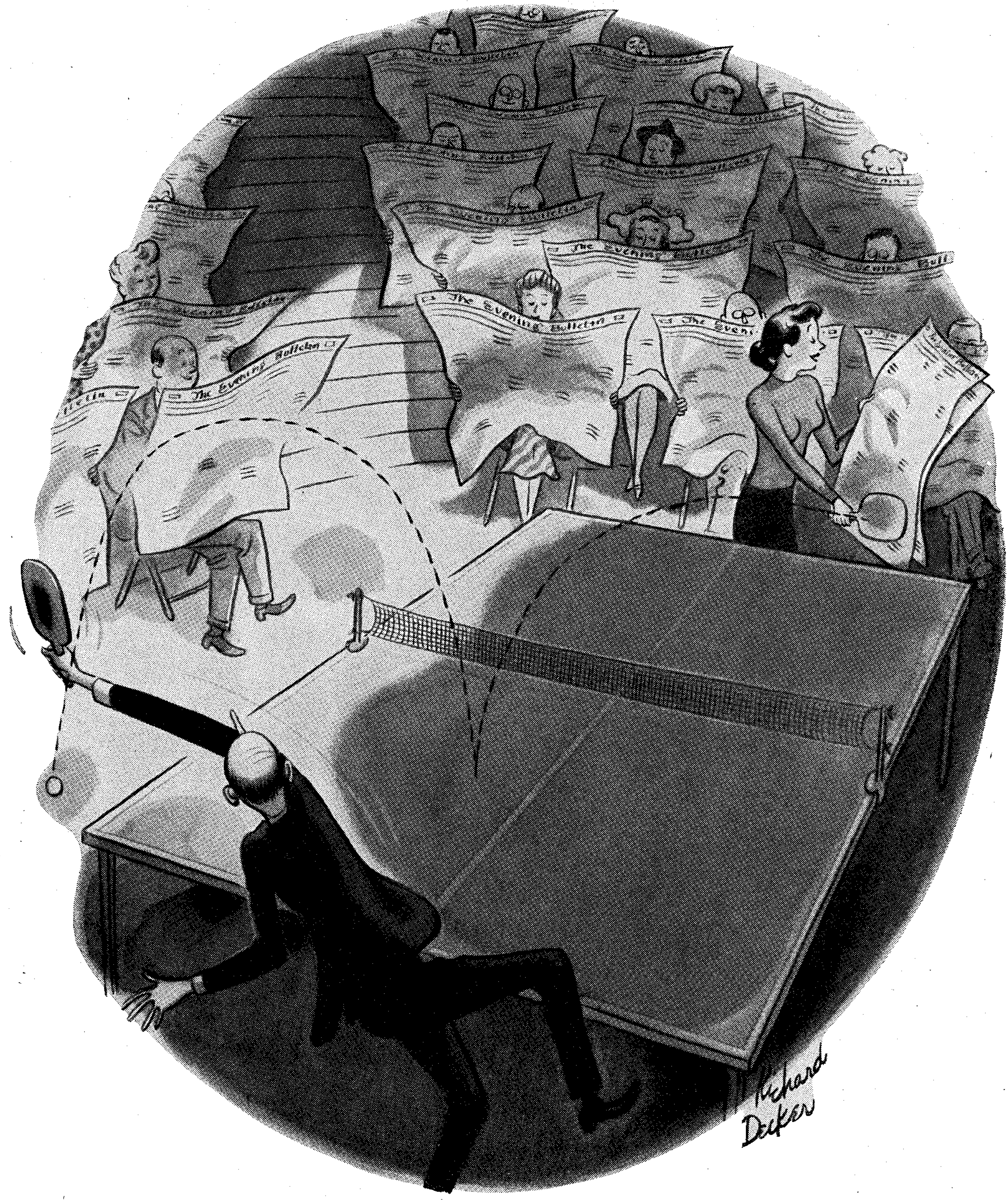
lars a week. "It was a pretty good job for a fellow from the country," he says. "It gave me a chance to meet people and get the rough edges knocked off." When he reported for work one morning, after eighteen months as a conductor, he impulsively decided to try his hand at being a motorman. He climbed into one of the cars with the intention of moving it out of the carbarn, but he lost control of the car, which went through the yards, ran off the tracks, and was badly damaged. Fuller was not hurt, but he was immediately dismissed. By answering an ad, he landed a job as a gardener and handyman on a suburban estate belonging to a wealthy widow named Mrs. Ball. His chores included the daily currycombing of Mrs. Ball's favorite driving horse, a large white beast named Major, who was then shedding copiously. Fuller neglected to brush the animal one day, and Mrs. Ball returned from her afternoon drive covered with Major's hair. Fuller was fired again. His brother Robert, who was running a delivery service in Boston, gave him the job of driving an express wagon. "It was a type of work for which I was unsuited and in which I took no particular interest," he says. "My exodus was by mutual consent and relief." He often adds, "I then decided to go into business for myself, so I could exert some control over the duration of my employment."

It was on January 7, 1905, that Fuller became a door-to-door brush salesman, for the Somerville Brush & Mop Co., a small direct-selling organization with headquarters in the Boston suburb of Somerville. Another of the Fuller brothers, Dwight, had started this company, but in 1903, when he had developed tuberculosis, he had sold the firm and moved West. Alfred, through his brother, had made the acquaintance of one of the Somerville salesmen, a hustler by the name of Staples, who encouraged him to have a go at the brush game. "Staples gave me some pointers," Dad says, "and then I took that sample case, with twenty or twenty-five brushes in it, and went out to Roxbury. I made a sale on my second call. That same day, I sold one brush without even knowing what it was used for. I knew it was called a radiator brush, but that didn't mean anything to me, as I hadn't been brought up in a steam-heated house. I just took it out of the sample case and said, 'Now, this is our radiator brush.' The woman manifested an immediate interest in it. She said, 'That's something I've been looking for,' and went over to a radiator and started brushing between the flanges. In that way, I found out the purpose of the brush." Fuller found brush-selling congenial. "I began without much preparation and had no special qualifications, as far as I knew," he says, "but I discovered I could sell those brushes."

Fuller worked for the Somerville Brush & Mop Co. a year. "I made more money selling brushes than at anything else I had tried," he has said. "It also gave me a certain freedom, which I liked." At the end of the year, Fuller had three hundred and seventy-five dollars in a savings bank. "I had a talk with my brother Robert about going into business for myself," he recalls. "Robert said that if I did, I would probably just lose my savings. I remember what I said to him. I said, 'Well, any product that can be made as cheaply as those twisted-wire brushes and can be sold as easily as they can must be a pretty good thing.' I remember telling him that, although I didn't realize at the time the significance of what I was saying." Paying no heed to brother Robert's bearish remarks, Fuller resigned his job, designed a small, hand-operated wire-twisting apparatus, which was built for him in a machine shop for fifteen dollars, bought sixty-five dollars' worth of fibres, wire, and other materials, and got permission from one of his married sisters in Boston to set up a workshop in the basement of her house. He made brushes by night and sold them by day. He manufactured bath, clothes, hand, floor, and several other brushes, and had little trouble selling them. After covering Boston for three or four months, Fuller, who has always liked to travel, got on a train with his sample case one spring morning in 1906 and went to Hartford. He found the territory attractive, from the viewpoint of both sales and scenery, and decided to move there. He rented a shed for eleven dollars a month and formed what, in an aberrant moment, he called the Capitol Brush Company. Six years later, he learned that another brush company had been using that name before he adopted it. He changed the name of his firm to Fuller, thus making one of the historic moves in the annals of American business.

In an exhibition case on the second floor of the present Fuller plant there are displayed Dad's wire-twisting machine and other engrossing memorabilia of his early business years. The exhibits indicate, among other things, that Dad's prices were right. One of his first order forms, yellow with age, lists the prices of a dozen items, such as "Sink brush


The Evening Bulletin
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Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)

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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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BEATRICE LILLIE JACK HALEY
IN THE NEW MUSICAL SMASH
Inside U.S.A.
Lyrics & Music by HOWARD DIETZ & ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
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Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
SEATS NOW FOR NEXT 16 WEEKS
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MAX GORDON
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The LAUGH HIT
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NO PERFORMANCE MONDAY
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small wonder
"THE NEW HIT MUSICAL! DELIGHTFUL! AS NEW YORKY AS NEW YORK!"
—WALTER WINCHELL
CORONET, W. 49. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

.07," "Flesh brush .37," and "Hat brush .17." An expense ledger for 1907 shows, among others, the following disbursements, entered in Dad's own hand:

March 5	Stamps	.10
March 12	One Wrench	.20
March 16	Express (chgs) on Handles	.60

A wrinkled bankbook reveals that Fuller's balance in the City Bank of Hartford on October 10, 1908, was $72.79. By July of the following year, the balance had grown to $523.76, and Fuller had married, moved to larger business quarters, on Main Street, and hired a young man, at six dollars a week, to help him make brushes. Soon after, he hired another young man, Philip Colturi, who is still with the company, as head of the materials-preparation department. In the early days, Colturi says, Dad went out selling every morning, returned to his factory in the afternoon, slipped into a pair of overalls, and spent the rest of the day trimming and finishing brushes. One morning, Colturi and another young employee decided to have a little fun with Fuller. They sprinkled sneeze powder into several of the brushes he was going to trim in the afternoon. Fuller suffered the anticipated consequences of the joke, but, Colturi says, he smiled and blew his nose, remarked "That's a good one on me," and went on trimming. "The reason he is successful," Colturi comments trenchantly, "is that he is all business."

After canvassing Hartford for a couple of years, Fuller began travelling through New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, spending half his time selling and the rest recruiting salesmen. He found most of them by putting ads in the newspapers of the towns he was covering. In 1910, four years after

Leland Hayward
presents
Mister Roberts
A play by
THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
(Based on the novel by Thomas Heggen)
Directed by Joshua Logan
NEW YORK CITY • ALVIN THEATRE
Starring HENRY FONDA
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ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
CHICAGO • ERLANGER THEATRE
with RICHARD CARLSON
JAMES RENNIE • ROBERT BURTON • MURRAY HAMILTON

"A SOLID HIT."—Life Magazine
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
BROADWAY Thea., B'way at 53rd St.
Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

"ANNIE REMAINS THE ACE."—Winchell
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
ETHEL MERMAN
in The World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with MILTON WATSON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

OSCAR SERLIN presents Clarence Day's
Life with Mother
A New Play by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

New Stages, Inc. presents JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S
The RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
CORT THEATRE • 48th St. E. of B'way • CI 5-4289
Evgs. 8:45. Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:45

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IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
NEW YORK • BARRYMORE THEATRE
JESSICA TANDY
Marlon Brando • Kim Hunter • Karl Malden
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
UTA HAGEN • ANTHONY QUINN
Russell Hardie • Mary Welch

"Broadway's Newest Sweetheart!" —WINCHELL
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
LOVE LIFE
A New Musical
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER Music by KURT WEILL
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
with
NANETTE FABRAY RAY MIDDLETON
Settings: Boris Aronson. Costumes: Lucinda Ballard
46th STREET Theatre
W. of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD!" Hawkins, World-Telegram
RAY BOLGER in THE MUSICAL LAUGH HIT
"Where's Charley?"
ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way LA 4-4664
Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

JOHN C. WILSON presents
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
in NOEL COWARD'S Comedy
"PRIVATE LIVES"
with
DONALD COOK
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St. West of B'way
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees WED. and SAT., 2:40

"FOUR ORCHIDS"—Walter Winchell
GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • PEGGY ASHCROFT • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
A NEW PLAY
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
with LEUEEN MACGRATH
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A MUSICAL IN A MILLION" —GARLAND, Journal American
MAGDALENA
Starring IRRA PETINA • JOHN RAITT
DOROTHY SARNOFF • HUGO HAAS
Music by HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS
ZIEGFELD Theatre, 54th and 6th Ave.
EVGS. 8:30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

starting his business, he had twenty-five men working in the field, his factory force had grown to six, and he was selling twenty thousand dollars' worth of brushes a year. The turning point in his business career came, he believes, in 1911. He put an ad for agents in the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. One response was a circular from *Everybody's*, a national magazine, asking him to put an advertisement in the periodical. "The circular had testimonials from many satisfied users," he says. "It was very glowing, and the price sounded reasonable. I decided to risk ten dollars. I sent them a four-line ad for their classified-advertising department. I can't remember exactly how it read, but it was something like 'Agents wanted for a new line of brushes covering all household needs. Can give territory. Apply Capitol Brush Company, Main Street, Hartford.' The ad didn't come out until six weeks later. I'd forgotten about it." Within a week after its appearance, Fuller received forty-five inquiries from men who expressed an interest in selling brushes, and within a month he had hundreds. "I had no office force, and at first I didn't see how I could answer all those letters," Dad says. "It made a problem." He hired a secretary, Ruby Perkins (who, following what seems to be a tradition, is still with the firm, as assistant treasurer), bought a second-hand duplicating machine, and ran off form letters, which he sent to the aspiring agents. He offered to assign exclusive territory and to supply a sample case, brushes, and descriptive literature about the twenty-five items in his line for six dollars. Three months after answering the first inquiry, he had close to a hundred men selling his brushes all over the country, and in a year he was doing as much business in one month as he had done formerly in twelve. "That little ad," he says, "changed the whole thing from a one-man effort to a company operating nationwide." In 1913, when Fuller was twenty-eight, he incorporated the business, which he capitalized at fifty thousand dollars—twenty thousand in cash and physical assets and thirty thousand in good will—and elected himself president, treasurer, and a director.

Today, thirty-five years later, Dad Fuller is at the top of the brush heap. Sitting in his spacious, oak-panelled office, which is decorated with restful oil paintings, he heads a vast organization that sells brushes to more than twenty million families in the United States and Canada annually. Of his company's gross income this year, which

folks who like
SELL'S LIVER PÂTÉ
(that's practically everybody!)
are going overboard for
SELL'S CORNED BEEF LOAF
luscious solid meat... for quick hot meals
for sandwiches
or just sliced—with potato salad...
SELL'S LIVER PÂTÉ
SELL'S CORNED BEEF LOAF
they're SIMPLY DELICIOUS!
your grocer has them
GET SOME TODAY!

"A VIBRANT WORK OF ART." —ATKINSON, TIMES
MARGO JONES presents
Summer and Smoke
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MUSIC BOX, 45 St., West of B'way
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persian lamb and broadtail

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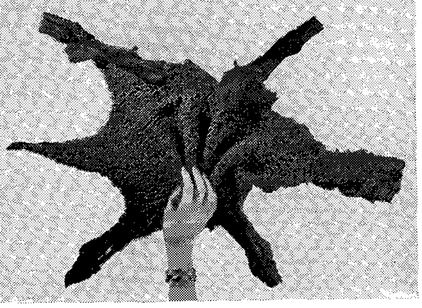


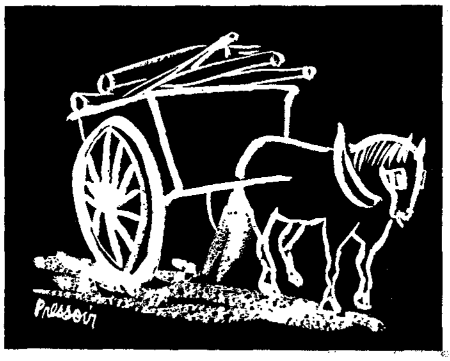
is expected to be around thirty million dollars, twenty-five million will come from the door-to-door sales. The rest will be turned in by the company's industrial division, which manufactures ninety per cent of the brushes used in vacuum cleaners made in this country, and seven hundred types of brushes for such jobs as polishing apples, cleaning sausage casings, and scrubbing buses and railway cars; and by the company's machine division, a machine shop that once manufactured only brush-making equipment but that now also manufactures aircraft parts and machinery for the making of textiles and nuts and bolts. Dad is proud of his products, of his executives—almost every one of whom started out, as he did, carrying a sample case—and of his factory and manufacturing methods, but he admires most of all the men who ring the doorbells and sell five-sixths of the company's goods. "Our success," he says, "hooks right up foursquare with the efforts of those men who go out to spread the gospel of Fuller brushes."

THERE are now seventy-six hundred Fuller gospel-spreaders in this country and seven hundred in Canada. The company never calls a man who sells Fuller brushes a salesman. He is always a dealer, a term that is intended to indicate that he is an independent businessman. "A dealer is just as independent as a man running a business on Main Street," Howard Fuller has said. "He buys wholesale from us and sells retail to the customer. We sign an agreement with him for a year, and give him a certain territory. We call it a block. It usually has two thousand homes, or around ten thousand people. The area, of course, varies with the region." A prospective dealer must deposit between one and three hundred dollars with the company and promise to pay, at the rate of three dollars a week, for the forty-five-dollar sample case, which, fully stocked, weighs twenty-one pounds. After signing the agreement, he is taken out for a day or two by one of the company's five hundred and thirty-four field managers, who makes calls with the recruit and shows him the ropes. From then on, he is on his own. The company pays him no wages or expenses and guarantees him no profits. He can work as much or as little as he likes, but he is encouraged not to be a loafer by his field manager, who gets a two-per-cent commission on his sales. Each of the field managers, most of whom also sell door-to-door, in a block within their own territory, has from two to a dozen dealers in his charge. On the level above the field managers are a hundred and eleven branch managers, who are paid a salary plus a percentage on sales, and at the top of the field hierarchy are eight district supervisors, whose incomes, from salaries and bonuses, range between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand dollars a year. The company supplies its dealers with a list of "suggested" retail prices, which the brush men are not obliged to follow but usually do. The average markup from the wholesale prices is thirty-three and a third per cent.

The composite Fuller Brush man, according to intelligence gathered lately by the company, is forty, makes seventy dollars a week, has a high-school education, has been married twelve and a half years, is the father of two children, and lives in a five-and-a-half-room dwelling. Before becoming a brush man, he sold something else or was a clerk. He owns a Chevrolet, a Ford, or a Plymouth, which is seven years old and has been driven fifty-two thousand miles. He uses his car in his work and drives it eight hundred miles a month. He owns two radios and will buy a television set when he can get a good one for around two hundred dollars. His favorite radio performer at the moment is Red Skelton—the star of a current movie called "The Fuller Brush Man," which he considers a sidesplitter—but he thinks that Jack Benny and Bob Hope are almost as funny. He reads mainly magazines and prefers, in the order given, the *Reader's Digest*, *Life*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. His recreations are fishing, gardening, hunting, and going to baseball games. His most serious occupational hazard is the dog. He is growled at a couple of times a week and is bitten, usually on the hand, once in every four years.

Getting in the front door is the Fuller Brush man's No. 1 problem. Calling on twenty-five prospects in a day is par, and he figures his chances of crossing a threshold and making a sale at about one in three. His most successful and best-known device for gaining entrée is the free sample, which, he explains on the threshold, he is eager to present to the prospect—and may he just step inside for a moment so he can get it out of his sample case? He has noted which way the door swings and has placed the case at the proper side of the entrance to make a hasty invasion possible. The free sample is usually an inexpensive vegetable brush, which Fuller men call the Handy Brush, or, among themselves, just the Handy. The dealer buys his Handies from the company at three cents apiece; last year, it sold seven and a half million of them. Having opened his case to extract the free sample, the dealer wastes no time before getting into a demonstration of his wares. His sales routine generally follows a series of steps known in the Fuller family as the Big Five, which consists of telling the prospect: (1) the name of a brush; (2) how to use it; (3) what it's made of; (4) the price; and (5) why it's worth that much. The complete line consists of a hundred and thirty-five items (he carries only about twenty-five, and sells the rest from an illustrated catalogue), including brushes, brooms, and mops, as well as combs; floor wax; furniture, glass, metal, and leather polish; moth crystals; a carpet sweeper; toothbrush holders; and other household items. The retail prices range from ten cents, for the Handy Brush, to twelve dollars, for a shaving brush made of badger hair. The dealer always shows first his best-selling items, the top three of which are hairbrushes, toothbrushes, and wet mops, and if he sees that he isn't going to make a sale, he limits his call to about fifteen minutes. Occasionally, in line of duty, a Fuller Brush man becomes involved in an exciting episode, such as serving as a babysitter or talking himself out of a traffic ticket by slipping the cop a couple of Handy Brushes, but thrills are not numerous. Only two out of every seven dealers find the work sufficiently interesting and lucrative to make a career of it. Because of the high turnover, the company has to recruit five thousand brush men a year. "The very nature of this business creates turnover," Dad said thoughtfully the other day. "At best, house-to-house selling is not easy. In fact, it is rather fatiguing."

WHEN Dad drives up in his new black Cadillac sedan to the company's factory and offices, which occupy one building, on Main Street near the Hartford city line, he sees a huge and



FINE ENGLISH SHOES...
HAND-LASTED BY SKILLED CRAFTSMEN
ESPECIALLY FOR BROOKS BROTHERS

Fully representative of the fine merchandise that is offered to Brooks customers, our Shoe Department has these fine English shoes in a variety of styles including black or brown calfskin oxfords, tan grain semi-brogues and full wing-tip brogues, and tan Cordovan wing-tip brogues.

Brooks' English Shoes, $18 *to* $25

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CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

DELICATE—DELICIOUS
THE FRESH FRAGILE LOOK
OF IMPORTED CHANTILLY
FLUTED AND TIERED OVER
YARN DYED RAYON TAFFETA.
BLACK, MIDNIGHT BLUE
OR BROWN, DARK AGAINST
PALE SHOULDERS. 10-16. **98.95**

Jane engel
Madison at 79th New York 21

immaculate three-story red brick structure that has the earnest appearance of a high school. The driveway, where he parks his car, is practically spotless, and the lawn and shrubbery are kept carefully trimmed. The lobby is as neat as a pin. It has Venetian blinds, which are dusted daily by a porter using the No. 324 Venetian Blind Brush, made of goat and pony hair. There, behind a highly polished desk, sits the receptionist, a kindly-looking, silver-haired man whose name, says a plaque on his desk, is Baskerville. He seems as prosperous and contented as the man in the insurance advertisements who has retired on two hundred a month and gone fishing. On the wall behind Baskerville is a large aerial photograph of the plant. Close at hand are two objects that indicate other interests of the company's head men: at one corner of the reception desk is a metal rack containing free Christian Science literature, and in a glass case against one of the walls is a scale model of a fifty-seven-foot sloop belonging to Howard Fuller, who is nearly as enthusiastic about sailing as he is about metaphysics. With himself as skipper, his boat, Gesture, won the Bermuda Ocean Race in 1946. This year, it finished fifth. Howard belongs to five yacht clubs, and to the Cat Cay, a deep-sea-fishing club, in the Bahamas. He usually manages to get down there with his family in the spring for a bit of fishing.

Though the lobby has a restful air, one finds no feeling of lassitude in the factory, which employs a thousand hands. There is nothing very unusual about the manufacture of Fuller brushes. They are made mostly by machine. They contain eighty-seven varieties of bristle, fibre, and hair, including pig bristles from China; horsehair from Argentina, Brazil, and Australia; and badger and goat hair from all over the world. Seventy-three per cent of the products bearing the Fuller trademark are manufactured in the Hartford factory; by the Mohawk Brush Company, in Albany, all of whose capital stock is owned by the Fuller company; and by the Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., of Hamilton, Ontario. The rest, including toothbrushes, floor wax, and household cleaning fluids, are made expressly for Fuller by other firms. "In a small way," Howard says, "we are in much the same position as the A. & P. or the mail-order houses. If we can get something manufactured more efficiently outside, that's where it's made." Both Dad and Howard, according to their associates, have always

HOLIDAY HEARTHCOAT
WARM AS A GOOD WISH.
OF WOOL, BLAZE-BRIGHT
AGAINST A COLLAR OF
BLACK VELVETEEN. RED,
ROYAL, OR KELLY IN SIZES
10 TO 18. SHORT, **19.95**
AS SHOWN, **$25**

Write, phone RH 4-0300

Jane engel
Madison at 79th New York 21

been bears for quality. Twenty years ago, Dad ran across a broom made by a little Vermont firm called the Edlund Broom Company. He considered it a mighty fine broom and asked his engineers if they could make one as good to sell at the same price. Frankly, no, they said, after giving the question a great deal of thought. Dad thereupon boarded a train for Vermont and made a deal to buy the Edlund company's entire output. He bought the company a few years later and moved all its equipment into the Hartford factory.

The Fuller factory is open shop, but ninety-eight per cent of its employees belong to the Brush Workers' Local 18919, of the Federal Labor Union, A.F.L., which is a catch-all union similar to John L. Lewis's District 50. The company recommends joining the union. "We made up our minds a long time ago," Vice-President Wallace Campbell says, "that if we were going to have a union, we wanted a strong one. We've had a written contract since 1943. We've never had a strike or a slowdown, and production per man is higher now than it was before the war." During the war, the company made brushes for the cleaning of guns, from .22s to howitzers, and turned out forty million of them. Factory employees, sixty per cent of whom are men, work five days a week, from seven until four, have fifty minutes for lunch, and get a ten-minute rest period every hour. The people in the factory, as well as the office workers, of whom there are two hundred and eighteen, can buy meat-and-potato lunches in the company cafeteria for forty-two cents. All employees are given paid-up hospitalization and life insurance, and at Christmas each one gets a bonus, which in recent years has been ten per cent of his annual earnings. In addition, Fuller employees all receive *Fulla-Chatta*, the weekly house organ. Every employee holds a membership in the Fuller Club, which entitles him and his family to make use of Fuller Park, a twenty-two-acre tract across the street from the factory. Dad bought the property several years ago, remodelled a Victorian residence on it into a clubhouse (which has a bar in the basement), built a nine-hole golf course big enough for pitching and putting practice, and installed baseball diamonds, grills, picnic tables, and other recreational facilities. Once a year, he is guest of honor at a dinner in the club.

Since the war, Dad has tapered off his business activities, turning over the routine of management to Howard, who works closely with Vice-President

A GRAND YULETIDE GIFT FOR THOSE OF REFINED TASTE

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Announcing a new & interesting Cook-Book entitled

"Let's Talk Turkey"

BY F. MEREDITH DIETZ

Adventures and Secret Recipes of

THE WHITE TURKEY INN

A WORK of unusual Merit composed of the fine Recipes of The White Turkey Inn and many other New England Dishes of long-renown that have brought Fame to American Cookery. Excellently Illustrated with many colorful Scenes and Artist's Decorations —all done on Papers and Types likened to that of the 18th Century by August Dietz & Son and his Son on their presses in Richmond, Virginia.

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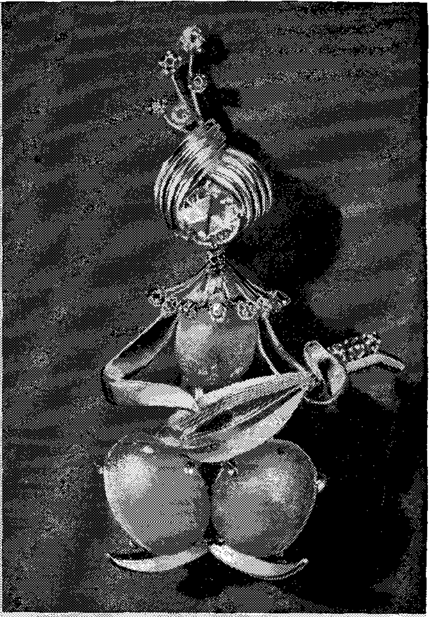
THE INN, DANBURY, CONN. RE-OPENS MAY 1ST



Admired by Lovers of the Beautiful

Have you seen our "Jewel of a Rajah"—our own clip creation inspired by the romance of Taj Mahal? The head is a rose-cut diamond, the body and limbs are three large emeralds, while the princely collar and turban are adorned with rubies and diamonds.

$800. subject to Fed. Tax.

This and many other gorgeous creations—designed after the highest traditions of French art in our own workshop—are now on exhibition. There *is* no better value.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

The world's foremost designers of precious jewelry

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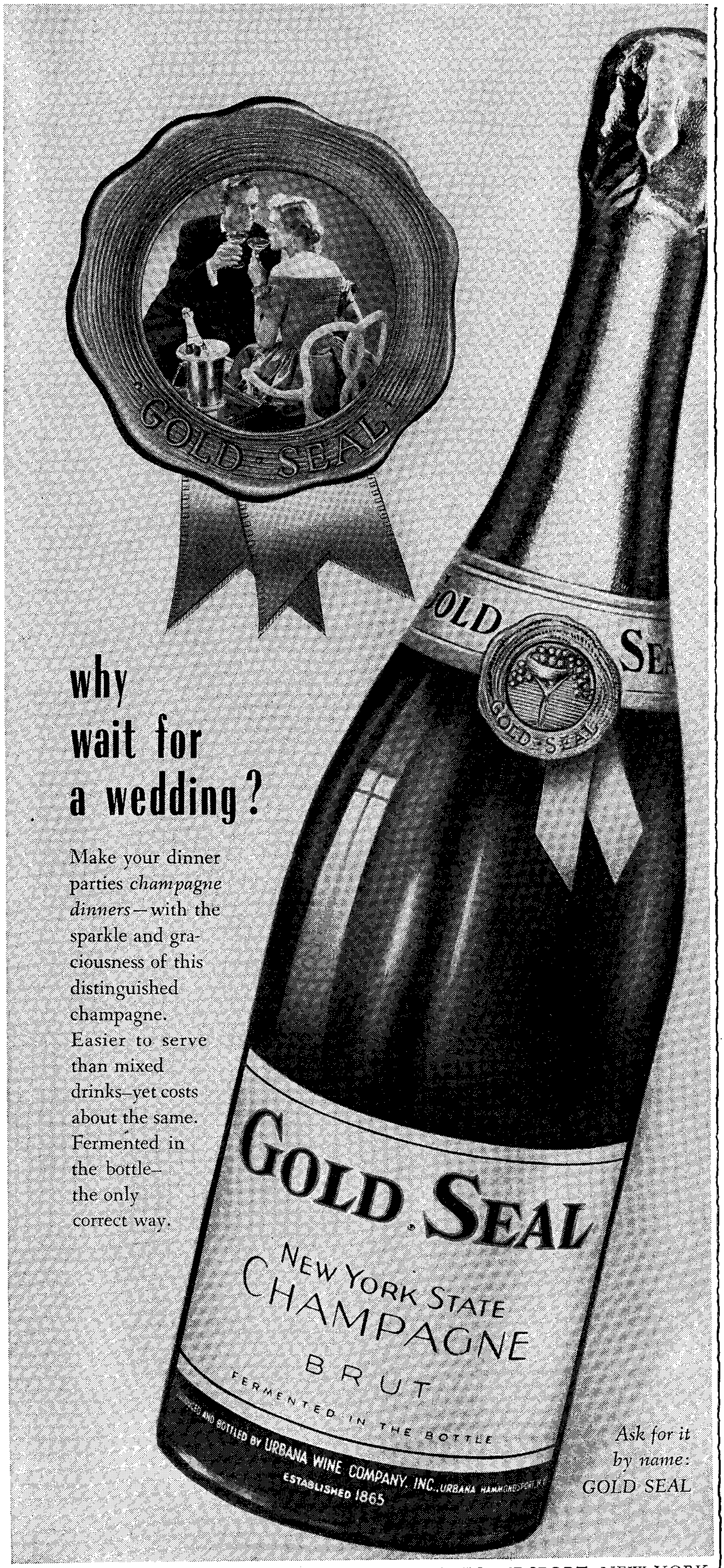


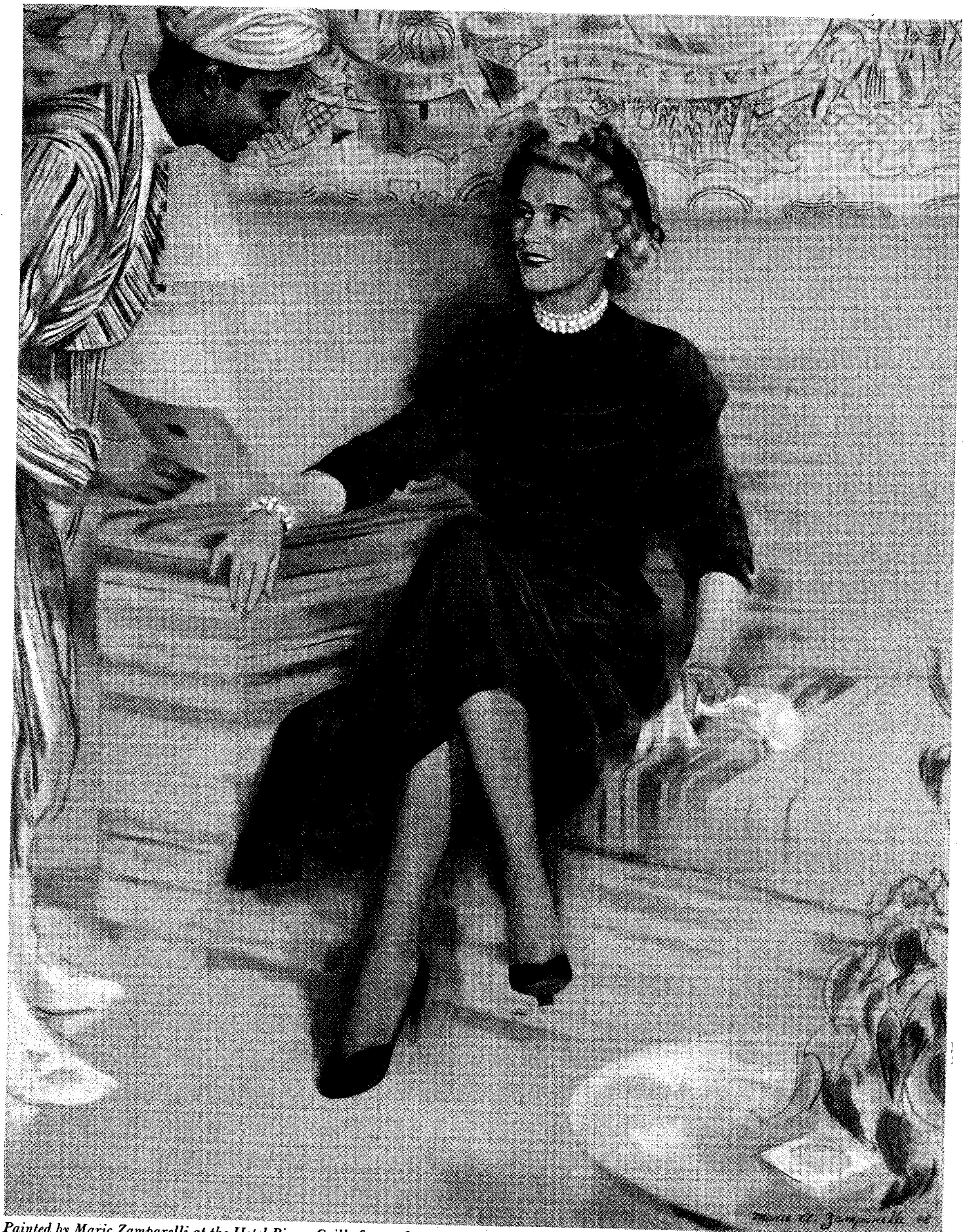
why wait for a wedding?

Make your dinner parties *champagne dinners*—with the sparkle and graciousness of this distinguished champagne. Easier to serve than mixed drinks—yet costs about the same. Fermented in the bottle—the only correct way.

Ask for it by name:
GOLD SEAL

URBANA WINE COMPANY, INC., URBANA, HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

Frank Adams. Howard has set up a sales force of women, who are called Fullerettes, to sell from door to door a line of popular-priced cosmetics called Débutante and manufactured by Daggett & Ramsdell. The recruiting of this staff started late this past summer. Around forty-five hundred Fullerettes are now ringing doorbells, in thirty-eight states. The company's venture into cosmetics was Howard's idea. Dad approves of it, but his heart belongs to brushes. He likes to get out in the field and discuss bristles and sales problems with the brush men. "That gives me an opportunity to ask questions and feel the pulse of the merchandising work," he says. He makes frequent pulse-feeling trips around the country, and when he returns, he dictates a mountain of memos to his sales, research, and manufacturing executives. Whether he is travelling on business or pleasure, Dad uses the larger of two planes owned by the company. It is a big, handsomely fitted-out job that seats ten and has a radio telephone. Dad and his wife spend two months in Nova Scotia every summer, and they go to California for part of the winter. They stay at the Beverly Hills Hotel and play considerable golf—Dad shoots in the eighties—and bridge. His bridge game is distinguished by its adventurous bidding. When in Hartford, he puts in at least a seven-hour day at the office. As chairman of the board, he presides at meetings of the directors, of whom there are twelve. Seven of them, including Dad, Howard, and Avard, are officers of the company. The company has outstanding two hundred and five thousand shares of stock, of which, Dad says, "well over fifty per cent" is held by members of the Fuller family or in trust for them. Most of the rest is owned by other employees of the company. In

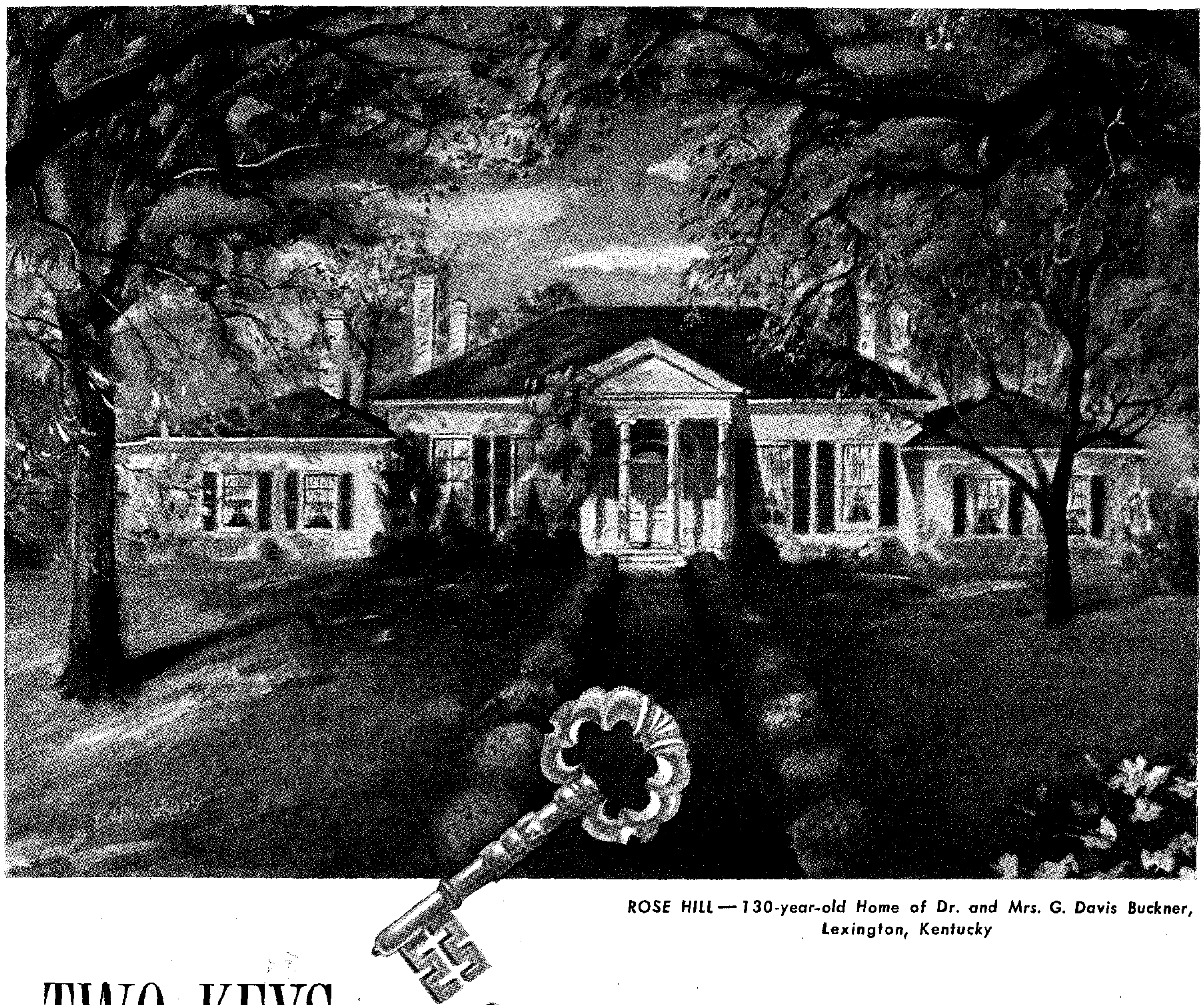


Painted by Maric Zamparelli at the Hotel Pierre Grille foyer • Costume by Omar Kiam of Ben Reig

Piquant

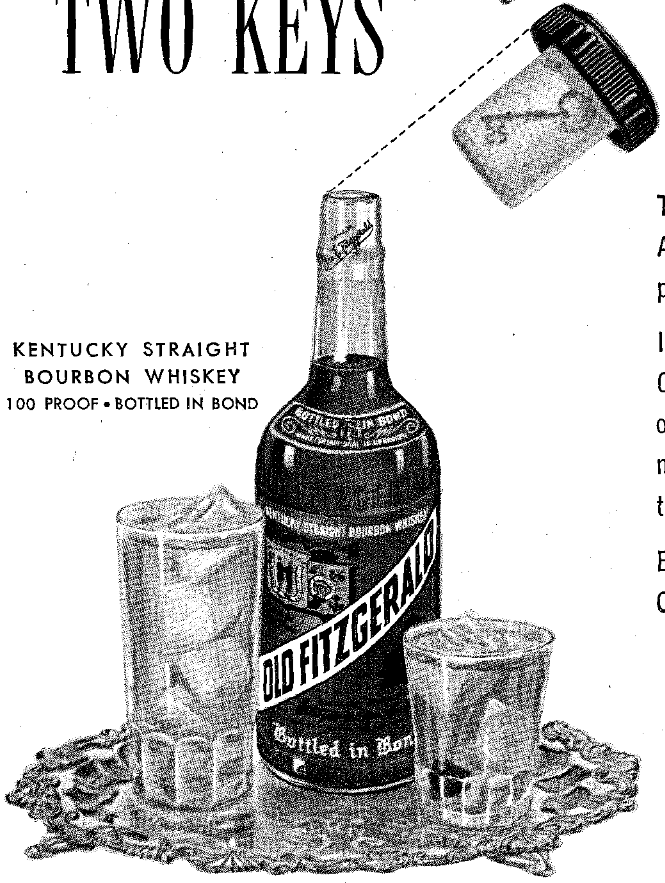
* * * * expressive of the lively charm
in the perfect blend of Nolde's Black Walnut stocking color
* * * * worn with spice and black brown costume colors.

Nolde Nylons . . . are available in six proportioned leg sizes.



ROSE HILL — 130-year-old Home of Dr. and Mrs. G. Davis Buckner, Lexington, Kentucky

TWO KEYS TO KENTUCKY HOSPITALITY



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND

The gracious hospitality of Kentucky is yours at the turn of a key. And your appreciation of a gracious whiskey, keyed to Kentucky hospitality, follows at the turn of a cork.

In the State which knows Bourbon best, Kentuckians' preference for OLD FITZGERALD rests on four key facts—slowly distilled on a century-old sour mash formula—naturally aged in the traditional Kentucky manner—always the same old fashioned bouquet and nut-sweet flavor—the only whiskey produced in this independent, native-owned distillery.

Enjoy the bonded bourbon Kentuckians prefer. From shelf or bar, select OLD FITZGERALD today.

OLD FASHIONED... *but still in style*

OLD FITZGERALD

Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. Louisville, Ky.

late years, Dad has transferred much of his stock to his two sons and five grandchildren. His holdings now amount to approximately thirty thousand shares. "I don't have need for a lot of money," he remarked recently. "Besides, I draw a good salary." This he describes as "substantially under a hundred thousand a year."

Now that Dad has more time for the contemplative life, he likes to speculate on the efficacy of individual efforts when directed toward noble ends. He believes that the collective ills of the world are caused by the individual ills of the people in it and that only a universal spiritual reawakening will improve the prospects for peace and happiness on earth. "I sometimes feel that those men who go out and sell our brushes are the kind of men who may lead the way," he says.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

•

On March 26, 1947, he received another letter from the office of the Postmaster General, as follows:

MR. MELVIN W. SHRADER,
Sutter, Ill.

DEAR MR. SHRADER: It is a pleasure to notify you of your appointment as postmaster of the above-named fourth-class office. You are without authority to enter upon your new duties until your commission has been issued. This will be done when you have had the enclosed bond and oath of office properly executed and returned to the First Assistant Postmaster General. The enclosed Form 905, oath of office, must be executed by the person you appoint your assistant, after you receive your commission. This form should be carefully filed in your office.

I congratulate you . . .—*Congressional Record.*

We congratulate you, too, if you can get yourself out of *that* snarl.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

There are millions of Bergman idolizers and their excessive adulation sometimes distresses her. "In Stockholm I go everywhere alone," she says. "They recognize me but no one pays any attention."

—*Coronet.*

Ingrid Bergman arrived in Stockholm October 5 by airplane from London and was met by vast throngs at Bromma airport. At a press reception at the Grand Hotel later in the day she was subjected to an unprecedented camera barrage, which made her exclaim that "this is much worse than in America." She intends to spend a couple of weeks in Sweden, and expressed the hope that she might be able to sightsee like any ordinary tourist, but said she doubted this would be possible. "I like it very much in the United States," she told newsmen. "I like the Americans. They leave you alone, and nobody pays any attention to you."—*American-Swedish News Exchange.*

Guerlain's BRIGHT RED lipstick

Wear scintillating BRIGHT RED for sparkling highlight to the season's fashion elegance. Newest of nine colors in Guerlain's smooth, silken new-formula lipstick, $1.50; refill, $1.00. Plus tax. Sold World-Wide at Fine Shops.

Guerlain
parfumeur
maison fondée en 1828

Lustrous cotton broadcloth scalloped over frills of wide French val lace. Pink, blue, maize. Sizes 1 to 3, 12.95; 3 to 6x, 14.95. Available at Marshall Field & Company in Chicago.

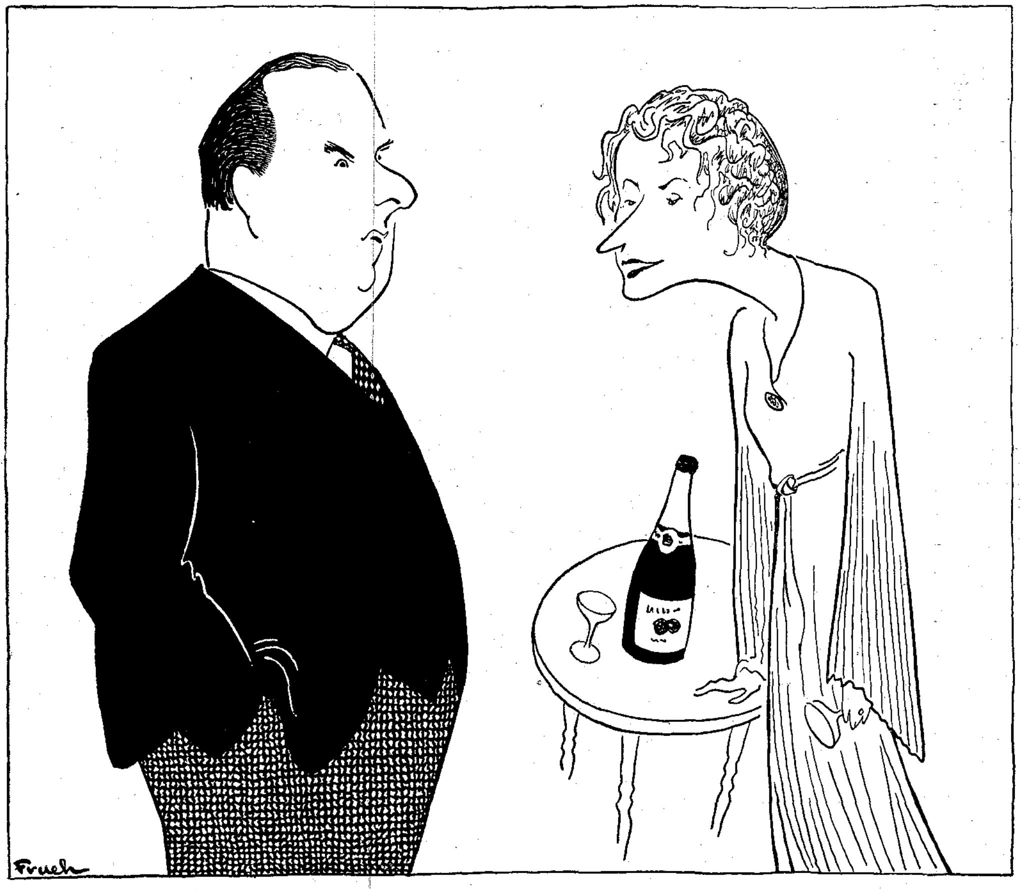
THE THEATRE

TOUSSAINT AND UNCLE TOM

IN "Set My People Free," presented by the Theatre Guild at the Hudson, Dorothy Heyward has given us one really impressive character. This is a Negro named Denmark Vesey, who, according to a note in the program, actually had his part in the history of the South. The facts, as far as they seem to be known, are that he was the son of an African king, and that he was kidnapped and brought to America by slave traders in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when he was fourteen. About twenty years later, he bought his freedom and then, in 1822, made himself the head of an abortive conspiracy to free the slaves in Charleston by murdering their masters. A conscientious student of the Bible, he came to think of himself as a black Moses, divinely appointed to lead his people out of bondage, but he was still practical enough to hide his identity from all but a handful of his followers and to keep the very existence of the plot, which involved nine thousand men, unsuspected by the whites for a matter of three months. Nevertheless, in spite of these precautions, his plans were betrayed and he was caught and hanged.

Whatever the real Denmark may have been like, Mrs. Heyward's hero, obsessed with his dreams of freedom and revenge, is a proud and immensely formidable man, and it is easy to believe that his disciples could accept him as a prophet and his essentially harebrained plot (he planned to take the slaves by ship to Santo Domingo after the massacre) as a holy crusade. Denmark, however, is nothing so simple as a pure fanatic. The author shows him not only as an often tormented leader, doubting his own bloody course, but also, in his relations with a woman whom the conditions of slavery prevented him from marrying, as a sensitive and deeply suffering man. Altogether, he is a completely credible figure, and, thanks to a magnificent performance by Juano Hernandez, the scenes in which he dominates the stage are stirring and fiercely alive.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Heyward has been obliged to invent a good deal of material to bring Denmark's story into the shape of a play, and her work here, I'm afraid, is generally disappointing and sometimes actually preposterous. Her principal creation is another Negro, whose name on the program is George Wilson, though it would probably be simpler just to think of him as Uncle Tom. George (or Tom) is what his indulgent master calls "a good nigger," the head slave in a household that might also have been modelled on Harriet Beecher Stowe's book, even to the inclusion of an unmistakable Little Eva. Because of his position in this family and his religious prowess (he even knows that God endorsed slavery in Leviticus 25), George is an influential man in Charleston, and the conspirators decide to enlist him for their massacre, though he has made it clear to them several times that he wants no truck with killing white folks, and it was obvious to me very early in the evening that he would betray them in the end. The comparison between Denmark, the absolute revolutionary and terrorist, and George, the divided and impotent man of good will, is, of course, a valid and interesting dramatic theme, but I can't help feeling that in writing her second role so nearly in terms of caricature (an effect, incidentally, materially assisted by the costumer, who has rigged George up like the Frog Footman, and by Canada Lee, who plays him in much the same spirit), Mrs. Heyward has almost eliminated any sense of conflict and so very seriously weakened her play. Since all the white characters and most of the colored ones are likewise dangerously close to this comic identification with Mrs. Stowe's famous originals (in addition to Tom and Eva, you get a wonderfully lifelike



"EDWARD, MY SON"

The tipsy lady in this picture is Peggy Ashcroft; her glossy companion is Robert Morley, as the husband who is responsible for getting her that way. Mr. Morley is also co-author, with Noel Langley, of the play at the Martin Beck.

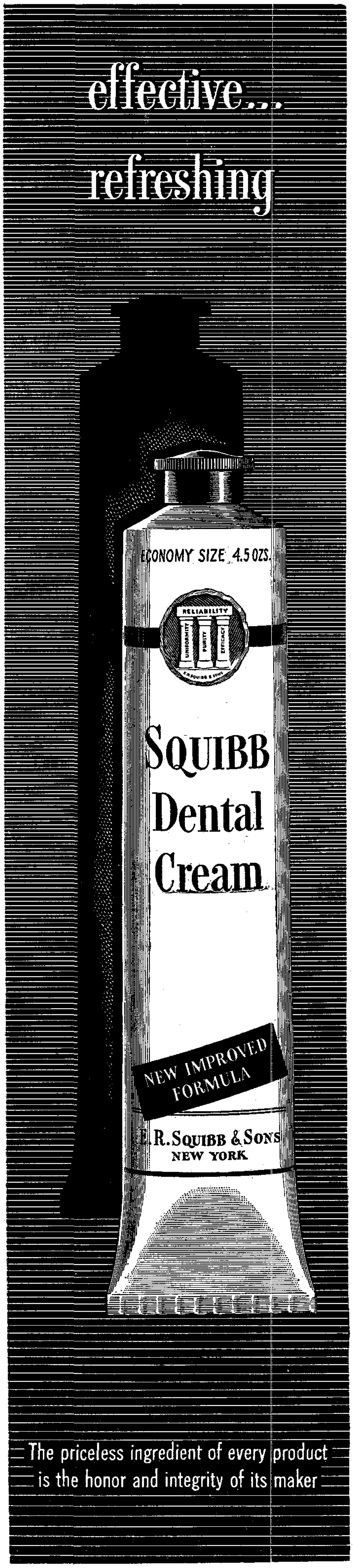
When you're in the spotlight...
Sir John Schenley
Sir John Schenley

When you're in the spotlight
and you're *judged* by your hospitality,
there is only one choice...Sir John Schenley
richest of American whiskies

P.S. **PERFECT GIFT SUGGESTION**... Sir John Schenley is also available in a handsome, square decanter... personalized with golden initials—and packaged in a beautiful gift carton. Ask your dealer about this "gift of the year".

A Schenley
Mark of Merit
Whiskey

America's Richest *Blended Whiskey* 86 Proof. 62½% Grain Neutral Spirits. © 1948, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.


effective... refreshing

ECONOMY SIZE 4.5 OZS.

RELIABILITY UNIFORMITY PURITY EFFICACY

SQUIBB Dental Cream

NEW IMPROVED FORMULA

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS NEW YORK

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

Legree, an adequate St. Clare, and, in the first scene, at least a passable Topsy), I suspect that your enjoyment of the really excellent things in "Set My People Free" will be strongly tempered with exasperation that the rest should be so hackneyed and uninspired.

While Mr. Hernandez is certainly the outstanding member of the cast, there are fine performances by Mildred Joanne Smith, as the slave girl who marries George, though she loves Denmark; Leigh Whipper, as a demoniac conjure man; and Frank Wilson, as a Negro bishop, preaching a remarkably bloodthirsty gospel. The others either have such conventionally drawn parts that they haven't much opportunity to distinguish themselves or appear only as unidentifiable figures in the crowd scenes, in which, it seemed to me, their director let their religious and political frenzies get a little out of hand. Ralph Alswang has designed six sets, of which one, representing the interior of a planter's mansion, and another, showing a desolate island off the Carolina coast, struck me as especially admirable.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Radio commercials furnish gems of humor which can be converted with ingenuity into original jokes or submitted as gags for magazines.

Consider the disc jockey who often substitutes colorful adjectives for the word 'dollar' in his fleece-lined advertising. Picture this: "A farmer hears the announcer huckstering 'Get this beautiful fur coat today for only 500 potatoes.' Now visualize a sun-tanned farmer rushing into a clothing establishment with a sack of 500 spuds and demanding in his sandpaper voice a fur coat for his wife." Subtle humor—the type New Yorker and Esquire demand.—*Writers' Markets & Methods.*

And with good reason, too.

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SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

(SCALPELS AWEIGH DIVISION)

[*From an article in Mind Digest*]

The type of music suitable for an anesthetic must receive serious consideration. In general, in cases of severe physical pain, music in a fast tempo is indicated. It has been found that dental pain yields nicely to loud, lively music. When two pronounced sensations are struggling to get the upper hand, the one possessed of pleasing rhythmic make-up generally is successful in gaining a foothold. Thus, for the operating room and the dental chair, the following musical compositions have been found very effective: Toreador's Song from Carmen, Anchors Aweigh, The Stein Song, The Stars and Stripes Forever, Parade of the Wooden Soldiers, William Tell Overture, and Flight of the Bumblebee.

GIFT OF THE YEAR for a photographer

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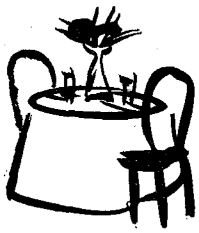
Good Man to Have Around



ONE of the two main attractions at Le Directoire, a large, frosty-looking room chiefly ornamented with outsize white electric-light globes, is that now-familiar stage that slides glacially down from the rear wall and settles into place just before the start of each show. The other is a recent addition—Abe Burrows, a tall, bespectacled, bald, heavily built, and reasonably young man. He is an interesting and funny newcomer to the local scene. His material, except for a couple of song titles in questionable taste, is excellent and will probably be broken up into small bits and wolfed down by other comedians in no time. He is a relative amateur as a performer, but he has worked at close range with enough professionals to have picked up some of their tricks of timing and delivery. The result is ingratiating. The things he has given himself to say (he writes his own stuff) are as brash as the utterances of any of his colleagues, and his manner of saying them—in a tumbling mixture of rough self-assertion and rapidly interposed self-effacement—in no way distinguishes him from them, but his choice of targets and the sly intelligence that whirls out of his humor mark him as a man of wit, sometimes giving him the stature of a satirist. In "Tokyo Rose," for example, he ridicules not only the songwriters' relish for "topical-type" songs but the American habit of reducing difficult problems to a sentimental common denominator. A garrulous fellow, he chats amiably about his professional experiences, reels off a few titles of uncompleted songs, sings a wonderful "sea-type chantey" with an accordionist backing him up, sits down at a piano to accompany himself in a long and immensely funny travelogue entitled "Waukesha Natural Bridge," gets up to talk some more, and so on.

Unlike most night-club performers, who make a point of their furious energy and tirelessness, Burrows quite plainly gets winded as he goes along, and when he finally quits, after about half an hour, you have the warm notion that he's delivered up just about everything he has to give. I liked all his songs, which included, besides the ones already

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from Helen
xxx

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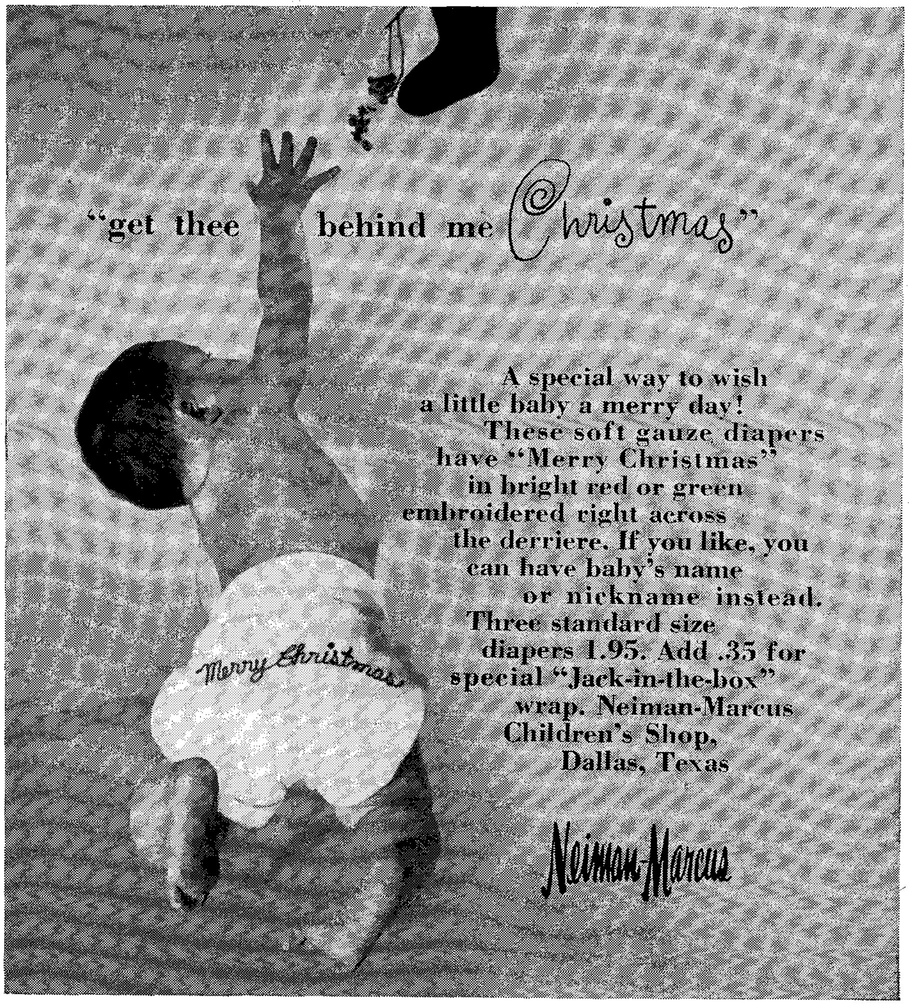

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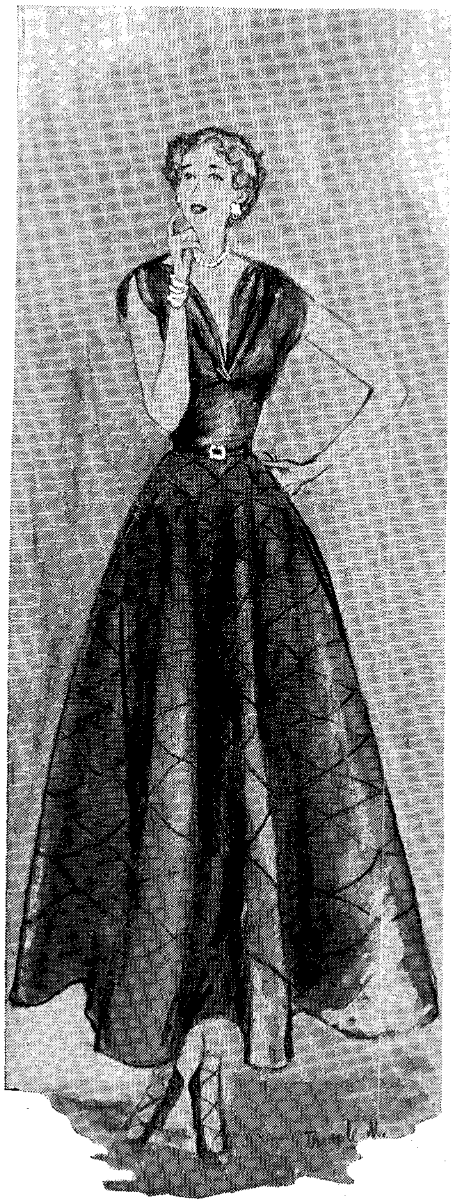

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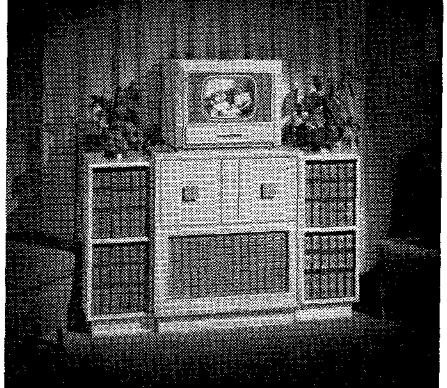
mentioned, a parody of a French crooner and a splendid imitation of a concert baritone expansively singing a robust, mock-English folksong. His prevailing good humor and the feeling that he gives of being terribly embarrassed at having been caught on a stage reminded me strongly of Robert Benchley. That's practically the best thing I can say about any man.

SINCE singers seem to be furnishing the greater part of our night-club entertainment these days, I suppose it's a good thing that the styles of many of them are wildly dissimilar. Alice Tyrrell, for example, a young blonde at the Chat Noir, is a singing comedienne with an extremely versatile voice who is being exhibited locally for the first time. The Chat Noir, I'd better explain, is the new name for the former Café Continental, in the St. Moritz. The ceiling has been repainted a bilious pink, and the walls and pillars are covered with quilted black plastic, which gives the room a slightly funereal appearance. The old shortcoming—a shallow stage, badly situated for visibility from the sides of the room—remains. Three acts, with rest periods between, are rotated throughout the evening. Miss Tyrrell's best contribution, it seems to me, is a routine detailing her search for a job in motion pictures. She delivers it brightly and in the course of it exercises her impressively flexible voice in comic imitations, though never in overt burlesques, of Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, and Lily Pons. The high point of all this is her plunge into the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé." I thought the two other acts were a bit tiring.

NAN WYNN is at the Maisonette, a small room in the basement of the St. Regis. The murals, picturing diminutive figures on pedestals dotting a flat landscape under lots of blue sky, were obviously meant to lend a suggestion of spaciousness to the place, and they do, to some extent, but they also establish an atmosphere that is serene almost to the point of lifelessness. During most of the evening, a few musicians wear out the usual show tunes, making way at intervals for a remarkably casual woman organist, who plays with a thumping bass. At midnight, Miss Wynn comes on to give a rather arch account of herself in a good selection of songs. She's a handsome girl, but some of her mannerisms seem to conflict with each other; too often, just when she's going along nicely in, say, "Love for Sale," she stops the song to stretch out a certain word or phrase



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as if she were pulling taffy. I was most affected by a lilting and apt musical setting for a poem of Dorothy Parker's called "The Choice."

IT is pretty hard, after hearing Abe Burrows satirize a French crooner, to take Charles Trenet, the French crooner currently appearing in the Persian Room, very seriously. He hasn't much of a voice, and his charm—consisting of a well-scrubbed look, a few idiotic facial expressions, and a little felt hat—flickers weakly until it goes out, near the middle of each number. He has a scooping baritone that rushes up to notes with something of the effect of a loose piano string being abruptly tightened to pitch. His songs, which he mostly wrote himself, are, with a couple of exceptions (notably the attractive "La Mer"), either plain love songs or frolicsome things about affectionate imbeciles. Leo Reisman's orchestra is also on hand in the Persian Room, and the squat bulk of the band leader, who stands behind Trenet with an owlish look, creates an interesting contrast to the wispiness of the singer.

I found the determined charm of the dance team of Marge and Gower Champion rather wearying, too. Nevertheless, their routines, particularly one about vaudeville, presented just before Trenet comes on, are thoughtful, and they are an exceedingly nimble pair. Both Reisman's band and Mark Monte's Continentals, the relief outfit, are admirable to dance to, and the room itself, as you are doubtless aware, is one of the most happily designed in town.

NELLIE LUTCHER, who is near the end of her present engagement at Café Society Downtown, bangs a

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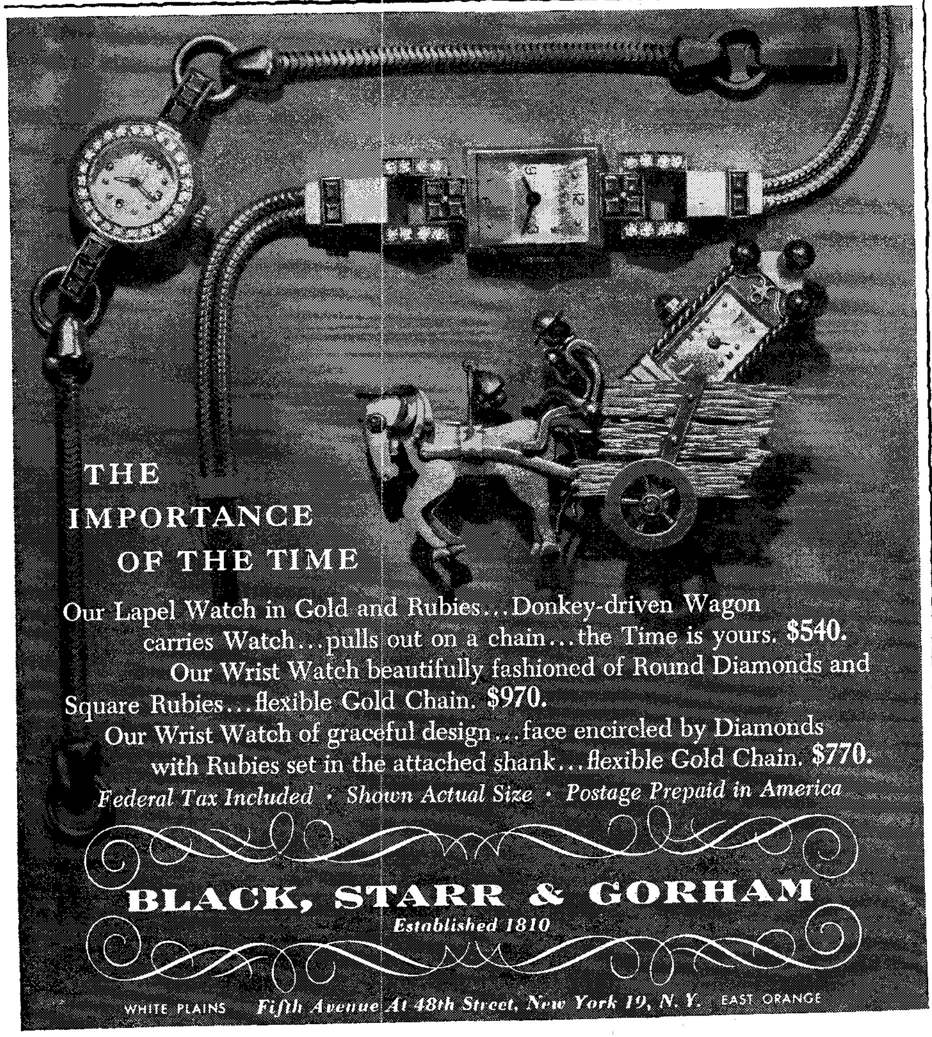

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piano with sure skill and sings sentimental old songs and fast new ones, some of which she has composed, in a grotesque voice. She has a superb sense of rhythm, and there is a wonderful unity in her playing and singing, but her constant alternation of two vocal timbres—one loud and harsh and the other soft and birdlike—grows monotonous after a while. When she is doing a fine runaway song, such as "Hurry on Down," she is delightful; her failing is purely vocal, and, amazingly resourceful though she is in her use of her voice, it can be heard with pleasure only in small doses, but these are entirely agreeable to take. Cliff Jackson is still the relief pianist, and Dave Martin runs the four-piece jazz ensemble. I must not overlook the prop boy, a tremendously agile youth, dressed, on the evening I was there, in a powder-blue suit set off by a bright-red tie. He swings the baby grand on and off the floor with the abandon of a juggler, connects and disconnects the microphone, sweeps the chair from under Miss Lutcher at the very second she shifts her weight to her feet, operates the lights, and occasionally gives the band the downbeat. He does all these things like a dancer, and clearly he will take over the entire floor show one night. —D. W.

•

PURELY SABBATH

Purely Sabbath, fairly Sunday,
Golden, goldenmost un-Monday.
God doth wink His topaz eye,
Twinkle with His lidded sky,
Wave His whiskered trees about,
And Sunday shout, and Sunday shout.

And Sunday shout, and Sunday shout,
With His cloud tails hanging out.
Holy Sabbath, wholly blest,
God doth spend it thus undrest,
Resting with His Sabbath palms
Touching earth with heavenly calms,
Touching earth with heavenly calms.

—JESSAMYN WEST

•

Dewey and Warren won the Presidential election yesterday.

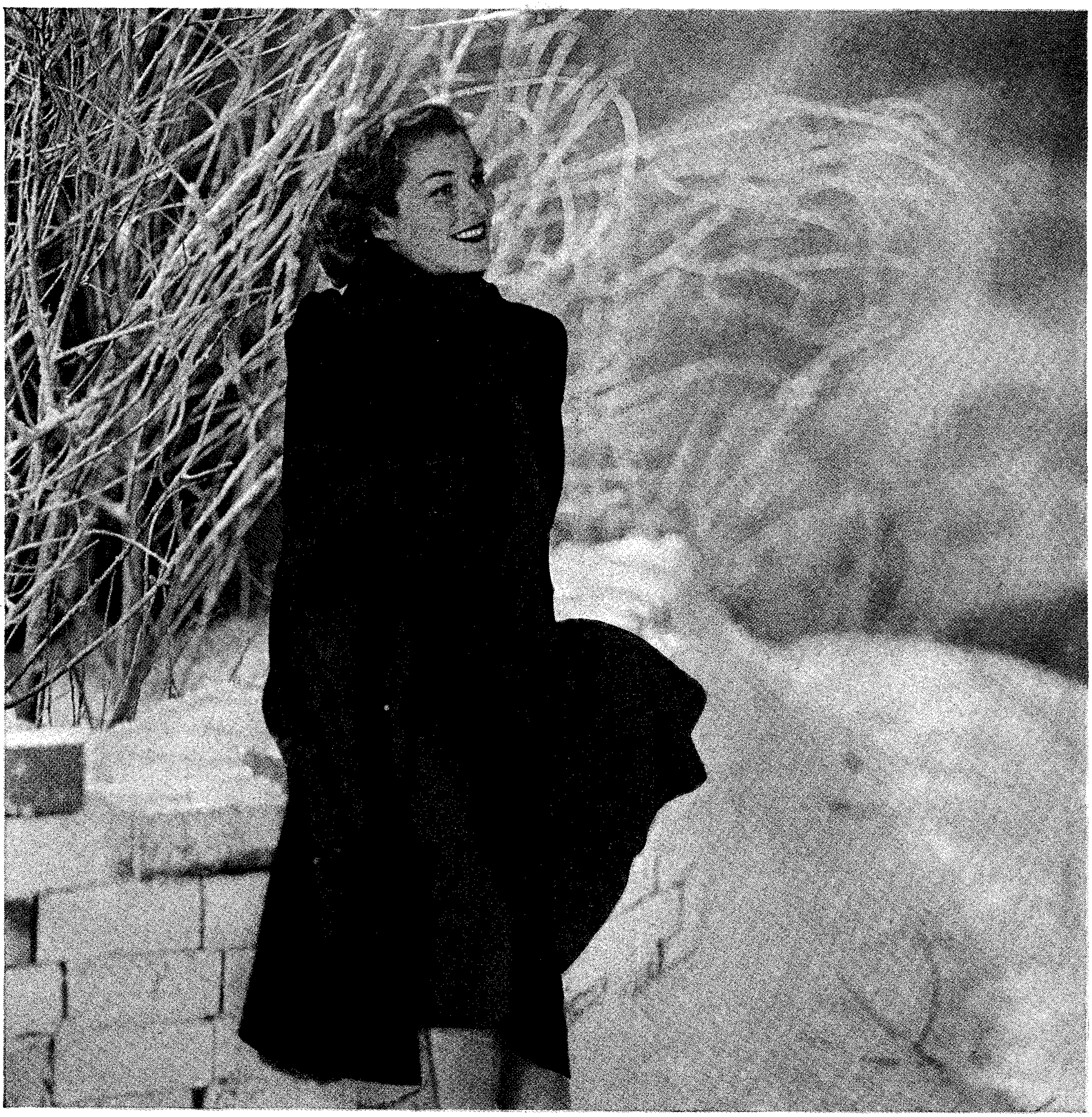
The Republican ticket prevailed by a large margin of electoral votes.

The indications on the face of incomplete returns were that Dewey and Warren received about 325 electoral votes and Truman and Barkley about 166....

At 12:45 a.m., Herbert Brownell, manager of the Dewey campaign, said that "Dewey will 000ry and Ywillbbe5the

—*Chicago Tribune, November 3rd.*

Catch him, somebody!



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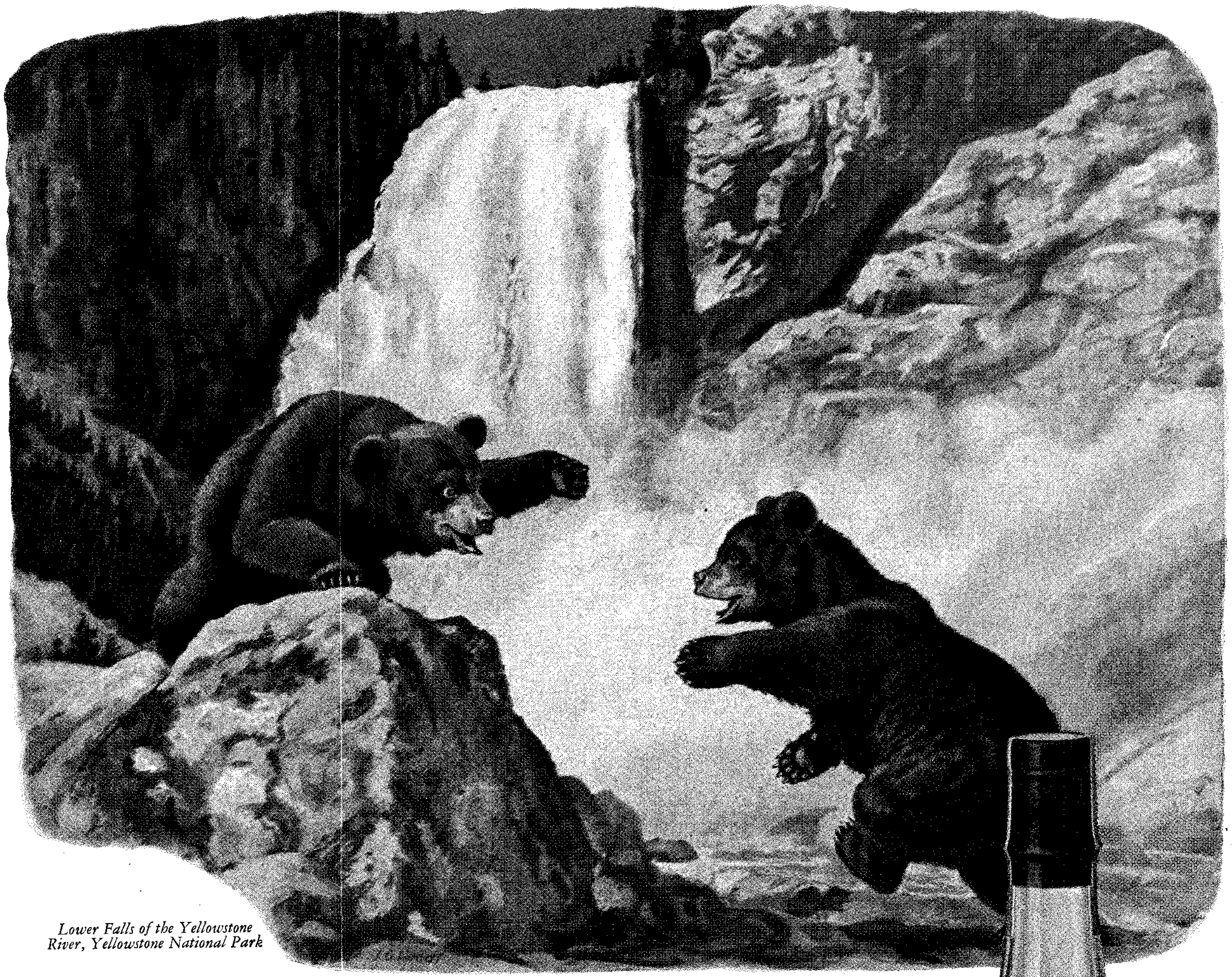

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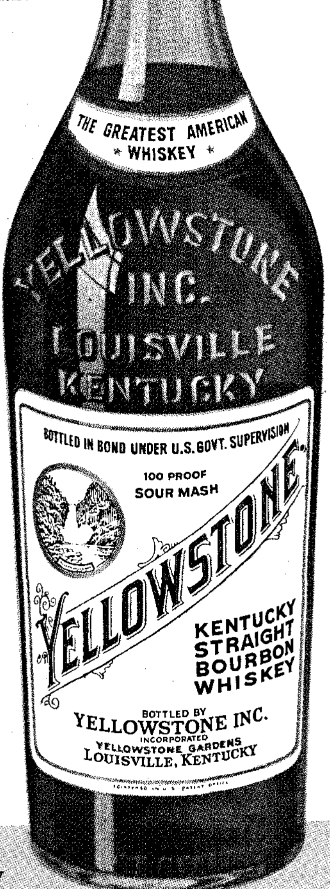
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A RAILWAY STATION—EVERY TIME

FOR the past three years, I have been on a six to eight weeks' lecture tour each year, and I have enjoyed it. My friends and family greet me on my return with a commiseration that embarrasses me because it is wholly unwarranted. Travelling, they say, must be so hard—all those trains and the waits between. Travelling on trains is my favorite activity, and I include in that the waits between.

On the other hand, I get little pleasure from airplane travel. This is because, from the moment of boarding a plane, I take over responsibility for it. The pilot's unawareness that I am sharing his burden doesn't divert me for an instant from the things we have to do—get us off the ground, keep us in the air, follow the allotted course, maintain a sharp lookout for weather changes and a keen ear for any offbeat in the rhythm of the motors, and, finally, bring us down, holding back against too swift a descent, to an accurate and gentle association with a narrow runway. Also, I have the conviction, which I do not expect science to justify, that if I hold my breath, I am lighter, and therefore easier for the plane to sustain.

I ask nothing of myself when travelling by rail. From the moment I enter a railway station and hand my bags to a redcap, I yield up all sense of personal responsibility for any part of the trip and step into a dreamy detachment from the world around me. This detachment has caused me, occasionally, to dream my way onto a wrong train or past a station where a lecture engagement and a reception committee are waiting. But the bursts of hysterical energy that these errors occasion are relatively infrequent. My prevailing status is one of somnolent and benevolent calm.

Not only does the pleasure of riding on trains equal for me, in all honesty, my enjoyment of the places visited, but railway stations are for me delightful places in which to spend almost any amount of time.

One year, my lecture schedule was such that I spent a considerable portion of the night at least once—and sometimes two and three times—a week in the Albany station. I do not know the city of Albany at all. I have, in fact, never set foot upon its streets, but I know vividly the New York Central depot there, from train sheds to newsstands to benches to restaurant and back. Not once but a dozen times I have sat on a stool at the counter in the restaurant, eating bacon and eggs, drinking a glass of beer, and reading a pocket detective story purchased at the newsstand, and heard the train announcer call the stations on the route of a certain train about to depart from Albany for points west.

The first time I heard this particular train called, I paid little attention until a familiar name sharply penetrated my ear, as a familiar name always penetrates, and made me start, with a quick catch of breath. Muncie was the name. Muncie, Indiana, is the town where I was born. And I realized suddenly, That's the Knickerbocker, which comes into the Big Four depot in the morning. That's the very train I used to meet when it brought my father home from New York with a surprise for me from Schwarz's.

After that, I always listened at the counter for the announcement, and wondered how it would be if I moved on out to the platform, got on the train, and arrived the next morning in Muncie instead of the place where my lecture was scheduled. But I never did.

I know the station in St. Louis, too. It is much brighter and bigger than the one in Albany. It is, in fact, as big—as we might say in Indiana—"as all getout," and it is very brightly lighted. The Albany station is dusky. The St. Louis station has, also, a great many newsstands and shops. So has the Columbus station. In Cincinnati, there is a picture theatre in the station.

A station does not have to be large and have shops or a motion-picture theatre, or even a newsstand, in it to please me. If it is so small and out of the way that it doesn't have a newsstand, it is, in winter, almost sure to be heated by a large coal stove in the middle of the room, and heated to such a degree that the outside of the stove is a blush pink and the room temperature around eighty-five. I would consider eighty-five-degree heat excessive in my own house, but in a railway-station waiting room I find it delicious.

I like to look drowsily at the stove. I like to watch the brakeman come through the room and spit on the stove

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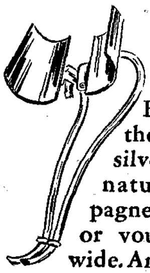

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as he passes. We both enjoy hearing the spit sizzle and watching it bubble. I am roused from this happy apathy only by other travellers, who incomprehensibly prefer a cooler atmosphere. They walk briskly up and down the platform, pushing their heads up and their chests out. They seem to me to be not very bright, hanging on to that old cliché about fresh air's being bracing and good for you. I could tolerate these sheep, though I pity them, if they could get to their silly practices by any means other than the door, but each time one tramps out or in, he admits a rush of cold air that rouses me to momentary wakefulness.

ONCE, on a January night, I was deposited in the station at Neosho, Missouri, to wait for a Frisco train to St. Louis. The taxi-driver who had brought me from Joplin had been congenial to the point of real compatibility. In the first place, he had taken for granted that I would ride up in front with him and, immediately after settling me there, had asked if I had to have any fresh air. On my assurance that I did not, he had wound up the windows tight, turned on the heater full blast, and the radio. We had not felt it necessary to talk, and we had enjoyed the trip. We told each other so while he stacked my bags around me in the station.

There were two benches in the Neosho waiting room. When I came in, a tall man was stretched out full length on one of them, asleep. On the other bench, a woman sat at one end, a man in the middle. I paid little attention to either of them as I settled down at the other end of the bench, put my feet up on one of my suitcases, tucked my hands into the sleeves of my coat, and drew my head down into my coat collar. I looked at the stove. It was blush pink, and a dirty yellow cat lay almost against its fender. The cat lay on its back, its front paws curled, one dropped across the other, and it purred loud enough to sound like a neighbor's lawnmower on a shimmering hot July afternoon in Indiana.

I was just settling down to a comfortable doze when the stove popped and the man sitting in the middle of the bench jumped up and tramped over toward the door. I suspected then that he was one of the brisk ones. And, sure enough, he pushed the door open all the way and started out on the taking-deep-breaths-pushing-out-the-chest program. The cold air whirled in around the room. The cat turned over, got up, stretched, walked over to the bench on which the man was sleeping, and lay

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Address. . . . .

down again. The woman at the other end of my bench spoke. "I'd rather get home at two o'clock in the morning than wait like this," she said. "I'd rather do it—every time."

I was roused now anyway, so I pushed my head up out of my coat collar and saw that she was small and plump, had white hair, and was wearing a very pale-blue hat at a sprightly angle, and a gray squirrel coat. She had pulled the coat out from under her, so as not to "sit out" the fur, and it spread up and around her like the back of an old-fashioned peacock chair. I asked her if she had been waiting long.

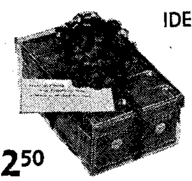
"Five hours in this station," she said. This exceeded any sitting of mine, and she was aware of my respectful surprise. "I had such a time getting here," she explained, "that I didn't even want to risk going uptown for a bite to eat, for fear I'd miss my connections. And now it seems I could have taken a train that went through here an hour ago, only I would have got home at two o'clock in the morning. The ticket agent didn't even tell me about it until it was too late. He said he didn't think I'd want to be getting in at that hour. But, like I said to him, I'd rather get home at two o'clock in the morning than wait—every time."

It was a soothing recitation, and the sound of it was difficult to untangle from the cat's purring. I allowed my head to slip down into my coat collar again and half listened while she told about buses she had travelled on, and visiting her brother in Pawhuska, Oklahoma (in a house that had a gas heater in every room, which didn't seem healthy to her and he didn't look any too well, either. The kids were kind of sickly, too. And when she'd got ready to leave Pawhuska, everybody in the town had told her a different route to take to get back home, until she was so mixed up that by the time she got to this station, she didn't feel like moving any farther. Though if she'd known she could have caught the other train, she certainly wouldn't be sitting here, because she'd rather get home at two o'clock—every time . . .).

I drifted out of hearing, and when I came back, she was talking about violas. This roused me a little, because I would not have guessed her to be particularly interested in music or musical instruments. "I collect them," she was saying. "I must have forty or fifty of them right now in the bedroom." I thought she must be very fond of them to have them around her so intimately.

"Buster," she said, "that's my dog—

SPICE SET



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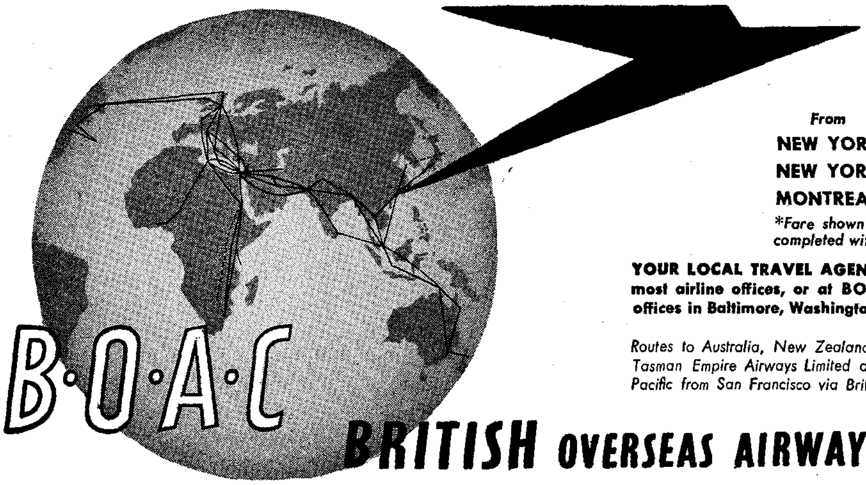

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he's part bull terrier—gets real jealous of me spending so much time puttering around my violas. I wouldn't let him in the room with them. He's so clumsy he might knock into them. He lays at the top of the stairway outside the door and pouts. I never saw such a dog for pouting. I'll bet he misses me, too. I can just see him now, when I come in the door. He'll be laying up at the head of the stairs, pouting, as sure as anything. I wish I'd got to go on that other train. I'd rather get in at two o'clock in the morning than wait—every time."

The next time I listened, the words had to do with violas again, and I asked her if she played them.

She stopped talking so abruptly that I looked over at her. She was staring at me sharply. "I *grow* them," she said. "And they take a lot of care—the pink ones, especially—and I've got my eye on some white. At least, I've heard of a place where I think I can get them."

I realized then, of course, that she had been talking about flowers, and I explained quickly that I had misunderstood what she had said. She was reassured.

"I have so many customers," she said, "especially around Easter time. I expect there's not many people in Muncie that haven't had one of my violas some time or other."

I came up out of my collar and my torpor, as if the door had been flung open wide. "Muncie *where?*" I asked.

"Why, Indiana, of course," she said, removing, with her tone, the possibility of the existence of any other Muncie. "That's where I live—that's where I'm going now."

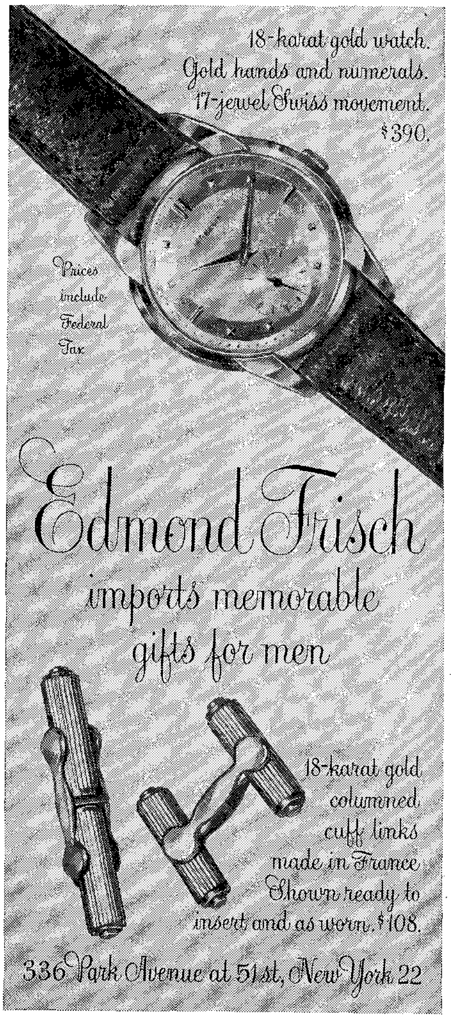
"That's where I was born," I said. "In Muncie, Indiana."

The man stretched along the bench across the room spoke. "A man come in here a few weeks ago and stood over me. I was like I am now. First I knew he was there I hear somebody say, 'Why, hello, Charlie.' Sure enough, it was a fellow I went to school with down in Texas. You can't ever tell, can you?" He went back to sleep.

"What's your name?" the viola-keeper asked. I told her. "Well," she said, "I know your family—every one of them. I guess you must be Hal's daughter, aren't you?"

We went up and down Washington Street and Main, and both sides of the block—"square," we call it in Indiana—on Walnut Street, where she lived.

"You might have known my brother," she suggested. "It was his niece that I took with me. Left her in Okla-



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homa. She's a scrawny little thing. I took her in the berth with me going down, to keep me warm, but I wouldn't have known I had anything in the bed. Didn't seem to give out any heat at all. I got sick, too. Trainsick. I made up my mind it was because I was laying down."

A BRAKEMAN opened the door and let in another blast of cold air. "Train's coming," he said. The man on the bench sat up, stretched, and said he'd help with our bags. The cat went back to the stove again and curled up beside the fender.

We followed the man with our bags out to the platform and stood shivering while he made calculations about where the Pullman would stop. He guessed exactly right. The train pulled in and we were standing in front of the car steps. The porter released the platform over the steps, came down, and set down his box for us to step on. The Pullman conductor followed him. I stepped aside for my friend from Muncie.

"I'm not going in the Pullman," she said. "I've got a Pullman ticket, but I'm going to try the day coach. Is that the next car?"

The Pullman conductor seemed startled, but said it was, and the man from the station carried her suitcase to the day-coach steps, where it was swung aboard by a brakeman. She jumped up on the first step nimbly and turned back to wave goodbye to me.

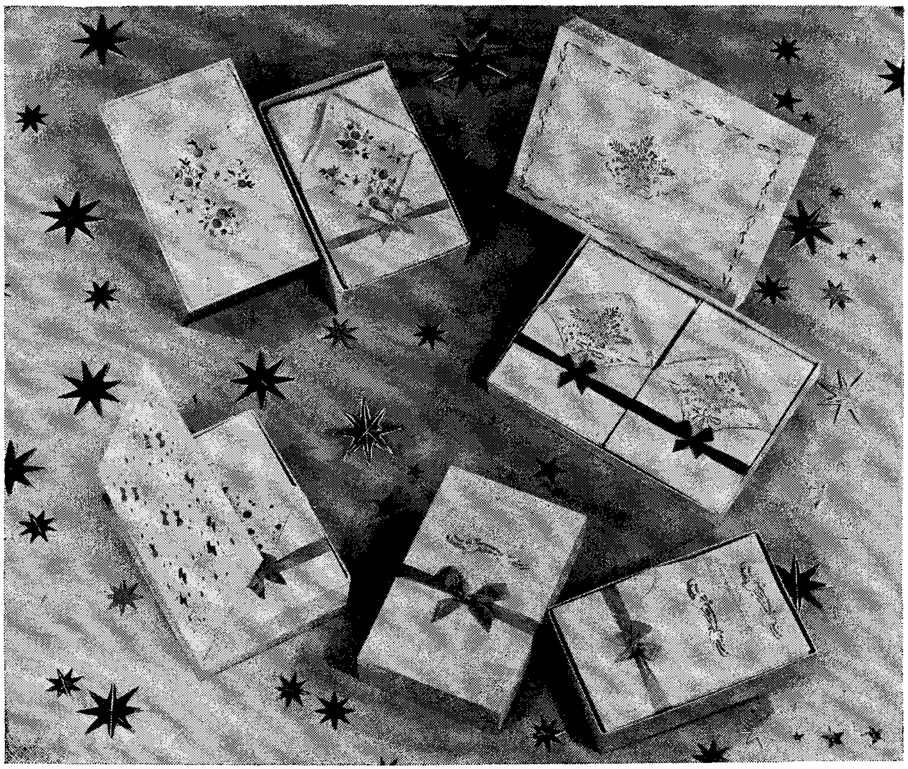
"I'll tell people I saw you," she said, and I, from the first step of my car, called that I hoped to see her someday. Also, I thought, her violas and the pouting dog. The Pullman conductor was behind me, and she shouted an explanation at him. "I prefer to be sick sitting up." Then she added politely, "I *like* trains, though."

I like trains, too, and railway stations—every time. —EMILY KIMBROUGH

•

But there is another phase to this juvenile delinquency problem that we have not taken sufficiently into ac- them, in Leyden caraway cheese and Hungarian Puszta cheese canapes Crab meat tartlets were served with mustard mayonnaise with a dash of cayenne. The spiciest delicacy of all was celery stuffed with pate seasoned with curry powder, paprika, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. A dry sack sherry, instead of the traditional champagne, gave piquancy to the pre-luncheon gathering.—*Dorothy Dix in the Elizabeth (N.J.) Journal.*

And what's delinquency without piquancy?



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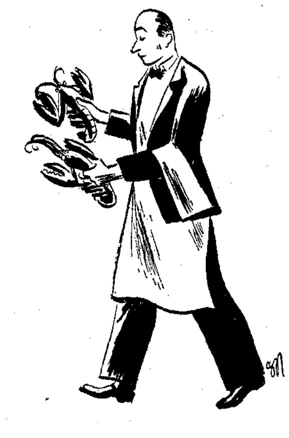
PLENTY OF HWYL

CARDIFF

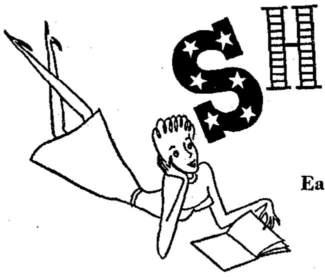
I HAD been visiting in this center of the South Wales coal-mining industry only a few hours when Jack Jones, a spry, elderly gentleman of my acquaintance who long ago succeeded in writing his way out of the pits, escorted me up into the Rhondda Valley with the object of taking tea at the home of the manager of a colliery in Porth and of attending an evening practice session of a choir of Welsh miners and their wives. Mr. Jones' mining days were spent in the Rhondda, and although his ability as both a novelist and a playwright has for the past thirty years enabled him to travel about the world considerably more than most miners ever do, he is still a familiar figure in the valley where he got his start. In addition to his plays—the best known of which is "Rhondda Roundabout"—and his novels, he has written a couple of chunks of autobiography and a study of David Lloyd George. He is well thought of as a public speaker, and toured the United States twice during the last war talking about Britain's needs. As a fitting result of all this, a portrait of him hangs in the gallery of distinguished Welshmen in the National Museum of Wales, in Cardiff. Jones is a compactly built man of sixty-three with a thin, dark face and a crest of bushy hair, now gray, that make him look rather Italian.



"I cannot escape the feeling," Rhys Davies wrote recently about the Rhondda, "that this historic valley is always thrashed by a gritty, ceaseless rain, an erosive rain gnawing like a hungry dog at a bone." It was raining when we started out, by bus, from Cardiff. The road ran alongside the Taff River, a beautiful, broad stream that might be clear and brown-bottomed if its bed had not been blackened by a hundred years of coal-mine refuse. About four miles outside the town of Pontypridd, our bus sighed gently to a stop and refused to budge again. The passengers clattered out of it cheerfully and waited for another bus to come along, which one pretty soon did. In spite of the delay and the dreary, sodden day, everybody seemed extremely lively, in the pleasant, foreign way that immediately strikes a person arriving in Wales from England, where talking in a loud voice in public places is not exactly a sin but not exactly the right thing to do, either. The babies jigging and yelling and their elders chattering back and forth in English and Welsh seemed like a scene from some light opera.

We left the bus at Porth, a typical small mining community, with a grim, skimpy main street full of miners' wives out shopping. Most of them had brought along a child too young to be left at home. The more modern of the mothers were pushing their babies in gocarts, but here and there was one still loyal to the old Welsh way of carrying an infant: snugly pinned into a shawl slung from the mother's shoulders. The women looked no more and no less shabby than those in any industrial town in England, and they appeared to be extraordinarily cheerful, in spite of a raw wind that was whipping down off the hills and turning their matronly legs a raw blush pink below splashed coat hems. A gust blew Mr. Jones' hat off, and as he sprinted after it among the puddles, some urchins cheered and an old man in a large tweed cap crowed complacently, "Rough today, boy," as though Porth weather were something to boast about. Not one of the shops in the street looked attractive, and a relatively large number of them had been boarded up, but those that were open seemed to be well stocked. The mutton in the butcher's shop was labelled "Best Welsh," which knowing mutton-eaters rank as just about the best there is. In the Rhondda, the sheep that provide this delicacy—large, dirty animals with haggard expressions that make them look oddly wolfish—often come down off the mountains to the villages, where they wander along the streets, nosing into garbage cans outside the miners' cottages.

Mr. Jones, carefully clutching his hat, remarked upon the dingy little shops that had given up. "It's the result of the depression years, when business after business went bust in the valleys," he said. "The war ended that, of course, but there have never been enough new goods since to get the shops started again. In the slump years, these towns were like graveyards, with the men standing on the corner yonder all



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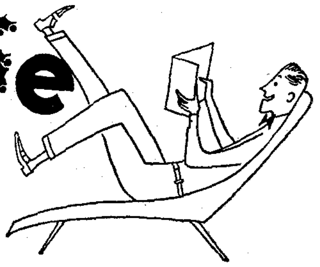

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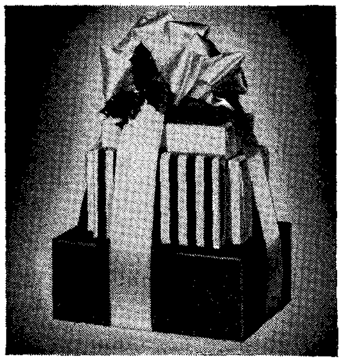

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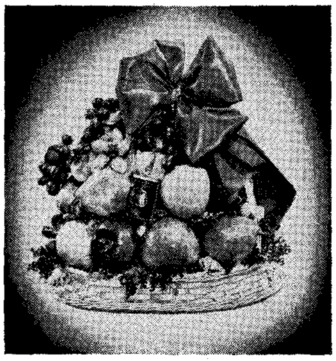

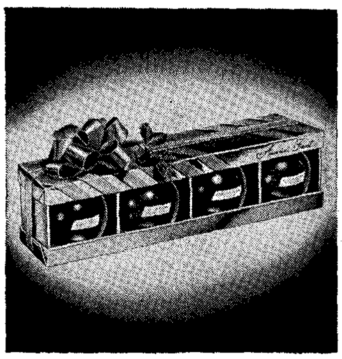

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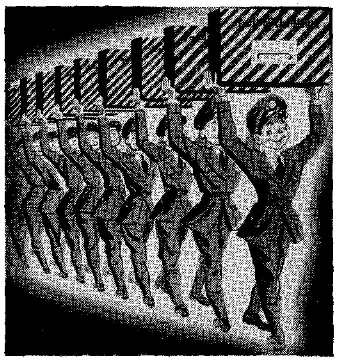

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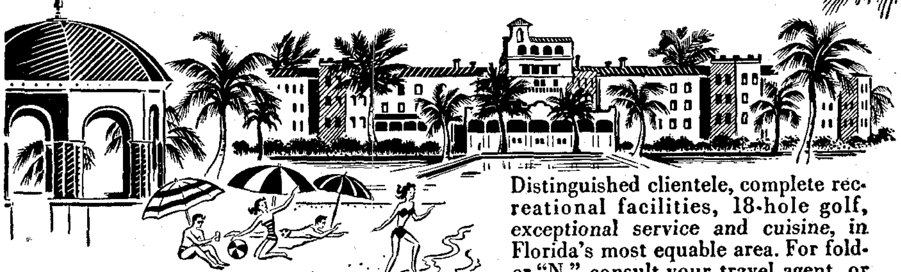

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day, watching the buses go by, their hands in their pockets, and not two pennies to rub together, besides. They felt that the government, way off in London, didn't care two hoots for them then. Today, it's different. They're front-page headlines, they're being asked to save the country, and all the rest of it."

WE spent the afternoon pottering around Porth and making calls. Mr. Jones was obviously known to a great many people, but some of them seemed to find his approach to them disconcerting. His way of entering a person's home was to charge in without knocking and pump the astonished householder by the hand, crying, "How are you, boy? Remember Jack Jones?" Two or three people looked momentarily dazed by this greeting, but most of them returned it with warmth, sometimes in Welsh and sometimes in what Mr. Jones witheringly refers to as "the thin English tongue." One place we visited was the office of Richard Richards, the colliery manager at whose home we were to have tea later. Mr. Richards, a big man, dressed in his pit clothes and covered with coal dust, did not seem ruffled by Mr. Jones' plunging entrance, but he was occupied with mine matters, and so we didn't stay long. "One of the keenest supporters of music in the Rhondda," said Mr. Jones after we had left. "If all the colliery managers were like him, there'd be no trouble with the men." We made a couple of other calls and then barged into the home of a miner, a tall, lean fellow by the name of Morgan, who was about to go on the afternoon shift but nevertheless hospitably asked us to sit down and have a warm by his kitchen fire. His mother-in-law, a stout woman whose only eye kept wandering amiably toward the ceiling, was busy over a frying pan in which she was cooking lunch for Mrs. Morgan, who was expected back at any minute from her job in one of the factories that the government has been putting up along the valley. "That's something new, those factories," Mr. Jones told me. "In the old days, it was all coal, coal, coal here, and if the menfolk were out of work—well, there was nothing for the family to fall back on."

"That's right," Mr. Morgan said, nodding. "This is a factory for ladies' clothing, you know. My wife likes it very well, doesn't she, Mam?" Mam's eye strayed skittishly as she agreed. "You know, some of these girls are getting good money, Mr. Jones," Mr.

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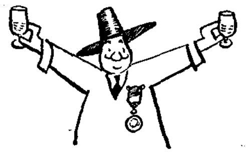

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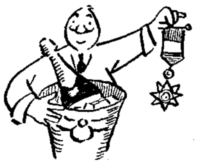

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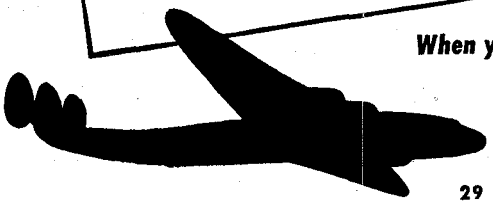

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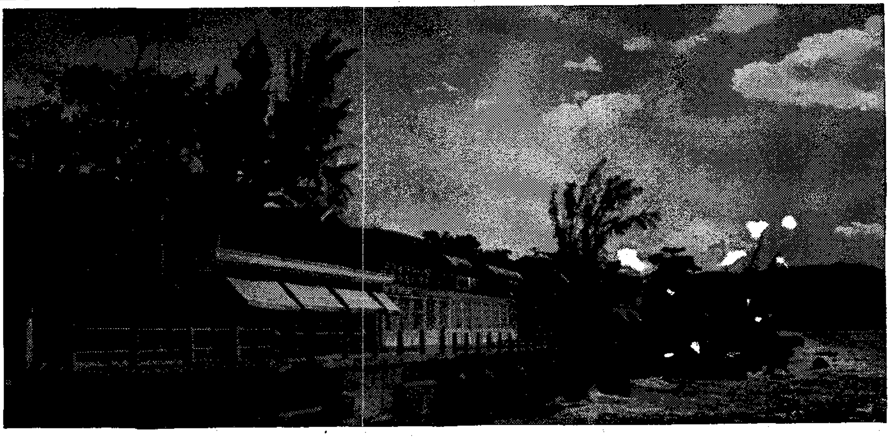

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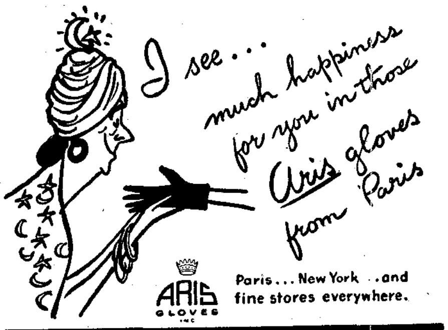
Morgan went on. "For working in a nice, clean factory, with music all the time, they are getting good money, and that makes some of our lads restless, you know. People say that miners' wages are too high, but I think you'll find that people who talk like that have never seen the inside of a coal mine, indeed, in their lives." He glanced at the kitchen clock, got up, and took a billycan of tea and a tin lunchbox from the littered dining table. "A snap of bread and cheese is best to take on the shift," he said. "There's more stay to it. Well, I must be off." He stomped out, and, after saying goodbye to Mam, we left, too.

IT was getting on toward teatime, so we started off in the direction of Mr. Richards' home. On the way, I commented on the surprisingly large number of handbills I had seen posted here and there calling attention to presentations by neighborhood amateur dramatic and music clubs. Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" were to be given in Porth during the next week or so, it appeared, and some local actors were about to get their teeth into Shaw's "Major Barbara" and "The Late Christopher Bean," which was adapted from the French by Mr. Jones' compatriot Emlyn Williams. The works of two lesser-known Welsh playwrights were also to be represented. One of them, according to Mr. Jones, was a schoolteacher and the other a bus driver. "Aye, there's plenty of talent in these valleys," he said moodily. "God knows how it survives here, but it does. Some of the collieries have bands, and most of the people sing in choirs and in chapels. Chapel is on the way down, though. It's the middle-aged who sing there now, not the young. The miners and their wives still compete at the eisteddfods, but it isn't like it was when I was a boy. A tenor was a tenor then,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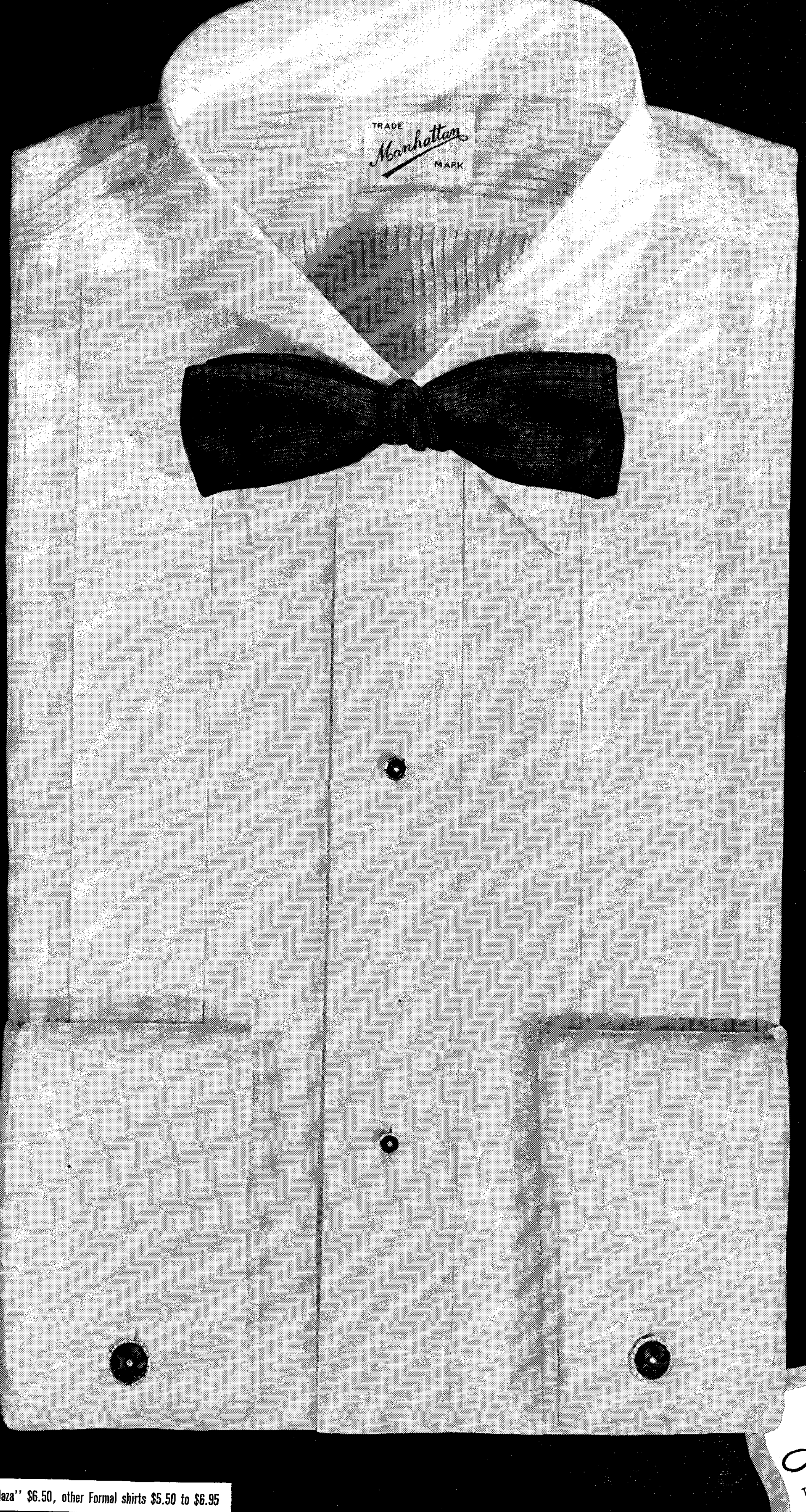

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not a crooner. But even today you won't catch a good Welsh voice needing a microphone or any such nonsense, thank God."

The Richards' house, which we finally reached after toiling up a steep, rough road, was a cozy brick villa with a view across the valley, with its huddle of industrial buildings, to a great shoulder of hill covered by black slag. Our host, almost unrecognizably spruced up in a light tweed suit, ushered us into a comfortable sitting room. Mrs. Richards, who had broken an arm a few days earlier, was sitting back while her sister, a Mrs. Turner, who had come over from Carmarthen to help out in the domestic crisis, passed around the best homemade scones and cakes I had tasted in years. Two guests had arrived before us—a Mr. Williams, the conductor of the Porth and District Choral Society, which, I learned, was the one we were all going to hear practice that evening, and his pretty wife. Everybody was plainly tickled to see Mr. Jones, who, rising to the exigencies of his role of an eccentric literary man, immediately settled himself in the warmest fireside seat, called Mrs. Turner a "lovely gel," which made everyone laugh, and from time to time spoke up loudly for another cup of tea.

Mr. Williams' choir, it developed, was going to compete in the National Eisteddfod Test. "But I don't know how we'll do at all," the conductor said. "I've got all the sopranos I need, but I want tenors. I want basses, too. The wives love to sing, but I can't get the young fellows."

"I keep them too busy hewing coal, Mr. Williams," said Mr. Richards, slapping his knee and laughing.

"Do you know what Mr. Richards said last New Year's Day when we wanted to know what he had taken for a resolution?" asked Mrs. Turner, picking up Mr. Jones' cup for the fourth time. " 'Coal, coal, and more coal!' he said."

"And a very good resolution, too," said Mr. Jones. "Have you given me sugar, lovely gel?"

"Yes, but coal isn't good when you get it for breakfast, tea, and dinner, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Richards. "He's up at six and off to the colliery, you know, and if it wasn't for Cora, I don't know what I'd do for company." Cora, it turned out, was a small dog that was keeping a brimming eye on the cakes and quivering with sentiment.

"I think things are going to look up in the coal industry," Mr. Richards said, placidly pursuing his favorite topic. "I

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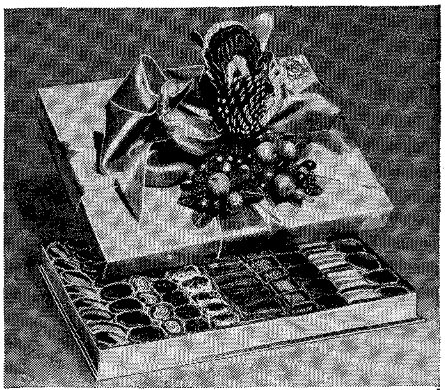

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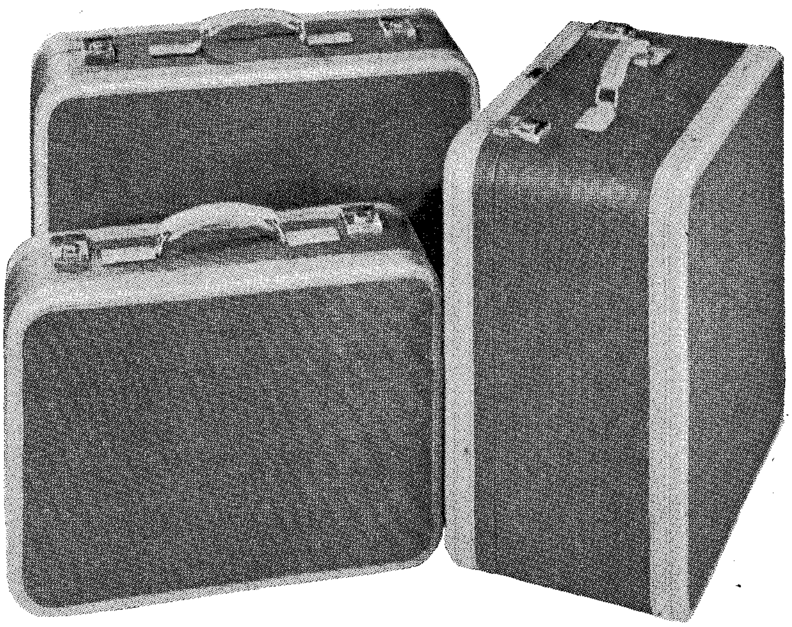
can only speak for our colliery, naturally, but there's a good spirit there."

IT was dark when we started out for the chapel where the choir was to practice, but we could nevertheless see the outline of the giant slag heap looming in front of us against the sky. "Ah, it's good air in the Rhondda," said Mr. Richards, sniffing the chill evening appreciatively. The chapel was some distance away, up another steep hill. "Wish I had a ha'penny for every time I've climbed this," grunted Mr. Williams as we trudged upward. He told me there wouldn't be a large turnout, or at least not as large as there was on Sunday evenings. "I don't care how many there are, Mr. Williams," Mrs. Richards said. "I only hope they'll have plenty of *hwyl.*" "*Hwyl*" is a Welsh word that can be translated, near enough, as "feeling" or "spirit." When you have plenty of *hwyl* in Wales, you are in the groove.

The chapel was a tiny, unadorned building in the classic manner of the early eighteenth century, with a gallery running around three sides of its interior. The gallery was filling with men and women as we filed in and sat down in a pew below. Mr. Richards told me that they were members of the choir and that practically all of them were miners and their wives. I counted nearly eighty by the time the singing was about to start. Mr. Williams stepped up to his conductor's desk, which stood on a platform that was just large enough to hold him, a piano, and a young man who was to play the accompaniments. Mrs. Williams had taken her place in the gallery, in the front row of the singers. Mr. Williams tapped a baton on the desk, and the choir plunged into a Welsh anthem called "Cydgenwch Iddo Ef" ("Sing Together unto Him"). Amateurs often look solemn or self-conscious when they are singing, but Mr. Williams' flock had obviously climbed up here on this cold, rainy evening to sing because they felt happy about doing it. After the anthem, they worked their way with great enthusiasm through "Worthy Is the Lamb" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah." Sometimes Mr. Williams looked disapproving and sometimes grudgingly satisfied, but it was plain throughout that he was having a fine time, too. The word had apparently gone around that Mr. Jones was going to be there, for when there was an intermission a serious, sandy-haired young miner named Elwyn Llywelyn, who, Mr. Richards whispered to me, was the sec-



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retary of the Choral Society and also a bit of a writer, mounted the platform and made a short speech, which included a welcoming poem he had written. It ran:

We welcome you back to our valley,
To this vale to which we proudly belong,
With a beautified form of speech,
That pure gift of song.
We offer no princely banquet,
We live by the coal that is won.
When music sits upon her throne,
All hearts are tuned as one.

"We would like you to know that we miners in the Rhondda intend to make the grade," Mr. Llywelyn concluded, and sat down, to great applause. Mr. Williams, who clearly felt that it was time for his flock to come to grips again with the pure gift of song, tapped the desk and called crisply, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, shall we try the Cherubini Mass that we're going to sing for the National Eisteddfod Test this year? I know we haven't done much work on it yet, but let's see what we can make out of it."

While they were singing, Mr. Richards sat relaxed, one arm resting on the back of his pew. He was gazing dreamily at the ceiling and thinking perhaps about Cherubini but more likely about coal. "Williams is a fine conductor," Mr. Jones said, not too softly. He looked up at the gallery, at the many singing faces. "They're all right," he said. "They're good people in these valleys. Plenty of *hwyl.* They're going to be all right."

—Mollie Panter-Downes

●

Dr. Blakiston did not answer. The gray eyes and the square chin below the untidy pepper-and-salt mustache showed nothing.
—*From a story in Today's Woman.*

They certainly showed a radical design.

●

"What is the difference between a water dog and a salamander?" N. J. Crew, 408 Liberty St., Butler, Pa.

A. A water dog is a salamander but over the United States various types of salamanders are known locally as water dogs.—*Detroit News.*

Next question.

●

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Leaves from the Notebook of an Emigrant," by Robert Louis Stevenson*]

I consulted him upon a point of etiquette; if one should offer to tip the American waiter? Certainly not, he told me. Never. It would not do. They considered themselves too highly to accept. They would even resent the offer.

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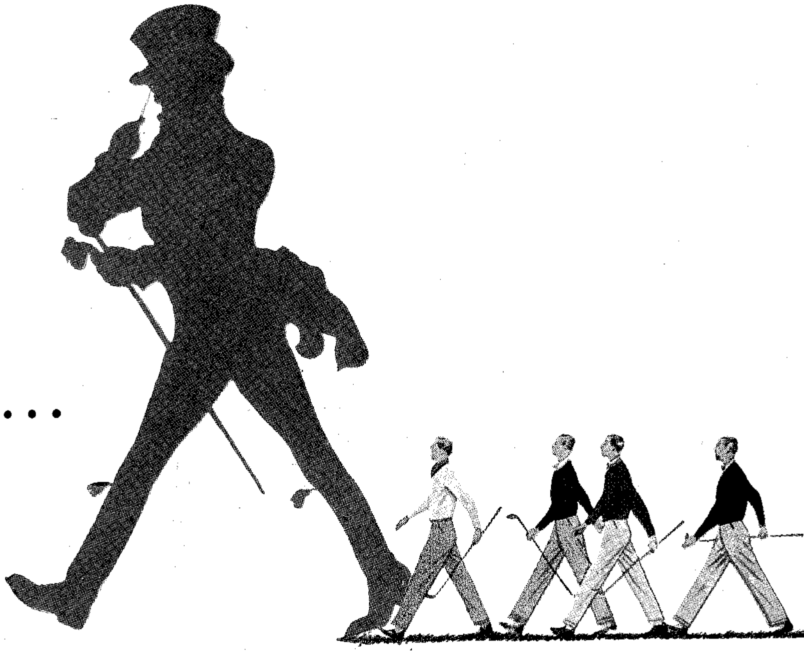

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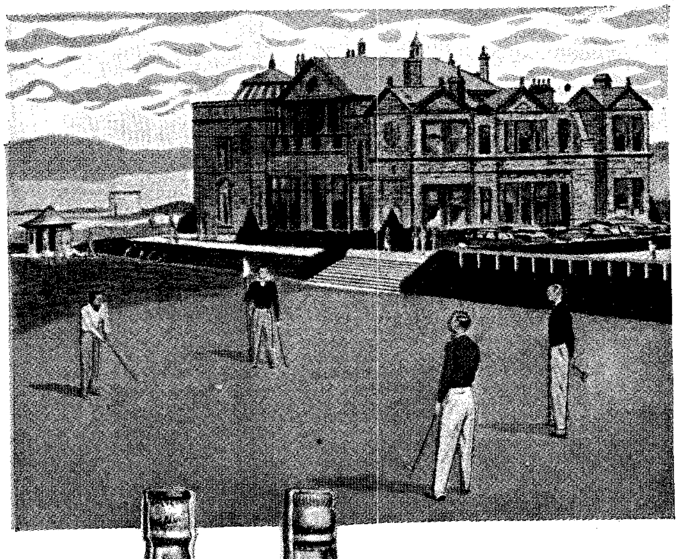
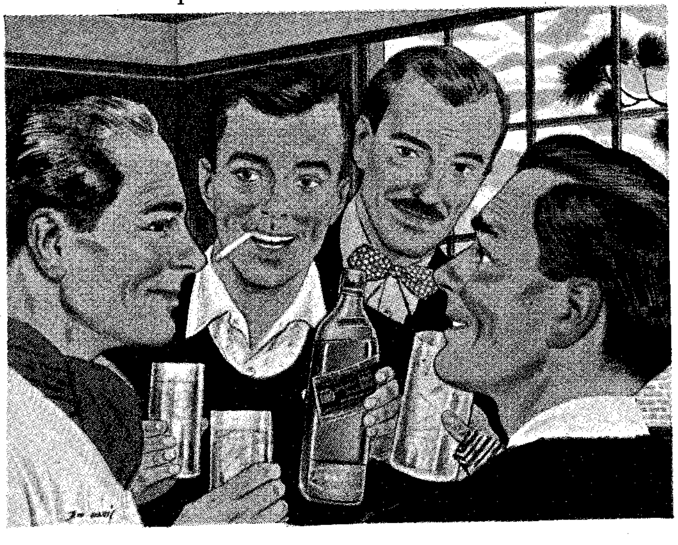


When wise pursuers of old man par gather at Pinehurst... naturally they seek a drink that's peerless, that's *perfect.* And naturally it's Johnnie Walker...for a clubhouse climax that marks the perfect end of the day!



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•

Rumors are being heard around Washington that the deflated Dixiecrats may return to their dear old Democratic home. Some of the recently rebellious Southerners are quite eager for the Party leaders to cook up an accord and a small mess of fatted calf.

•

The Honorable Harold Knutson, of Minnesota, has a right to some bitter thoughts about the ingratitude of the public. He cut down the people's taxes and the voters responded by cutting down Knutson.

•

There are widespread complaints about television. People who saw the video broadcast from the New York G.O.P. headquarters on Election Night say that the scenes were too stark and grim for family consumption.

•

The troubles of J. Parnell Thomas remind us that bad luck has dogged the members of the Un-American Activities Committee ever since the days of Dies. Perhaps this quaint political landmark is cursed, like King Tut's tomb.

•

Military men report that the Arabs are taking a beating in Palestine. The Israeli forces are cleaning up the country so that they can have a nice place to hold a truce.

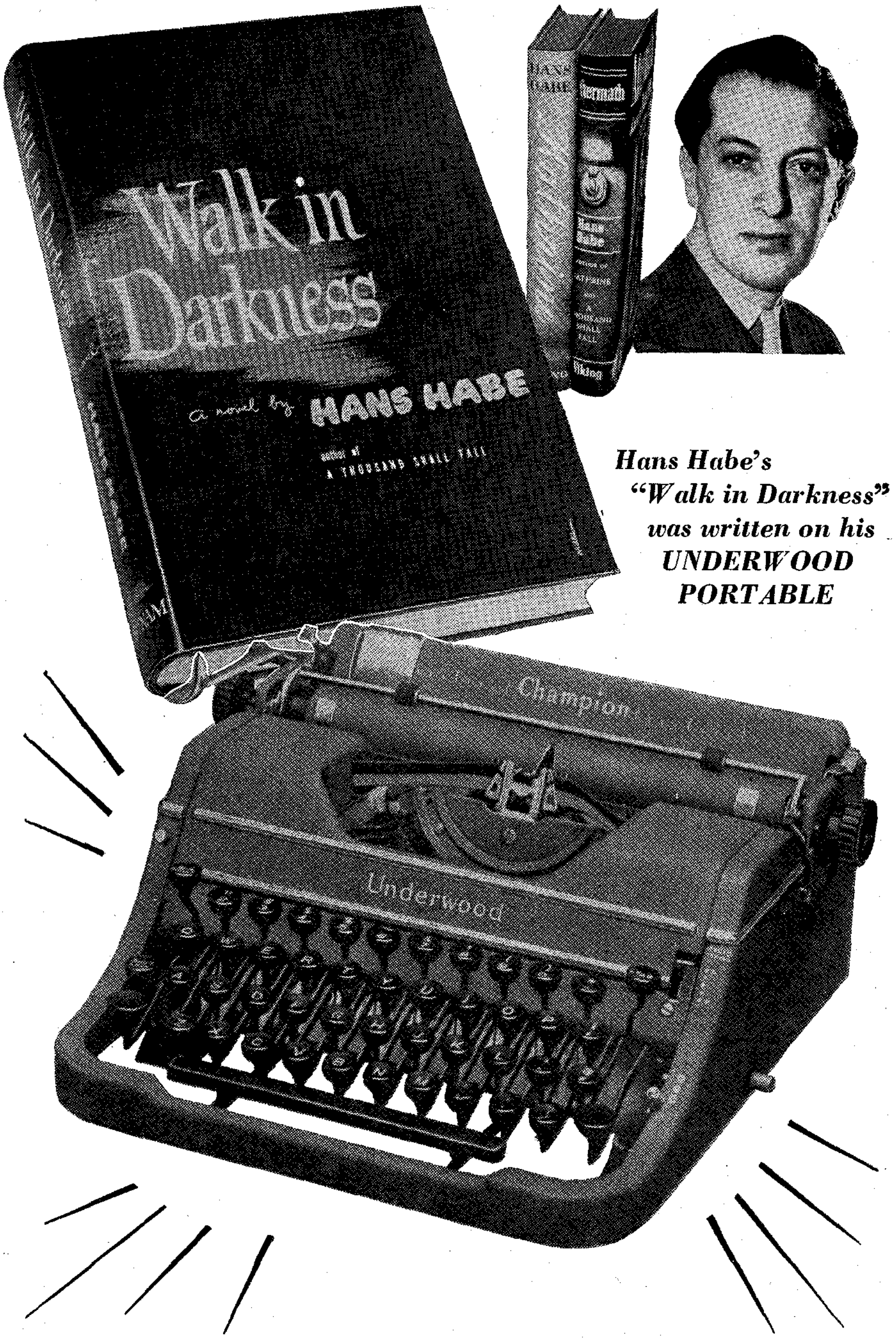
•

Our people will probably never be able to understand the way they do things in Great Britain. The King goes to Parliament with great pomp and splendor, and advocates public ownership of the steel business.

•

Dwight D. Eisenhower, the famous soldier and educator, has now become a successful author. On the other hand, he has not done as well with his football team as had been hoped.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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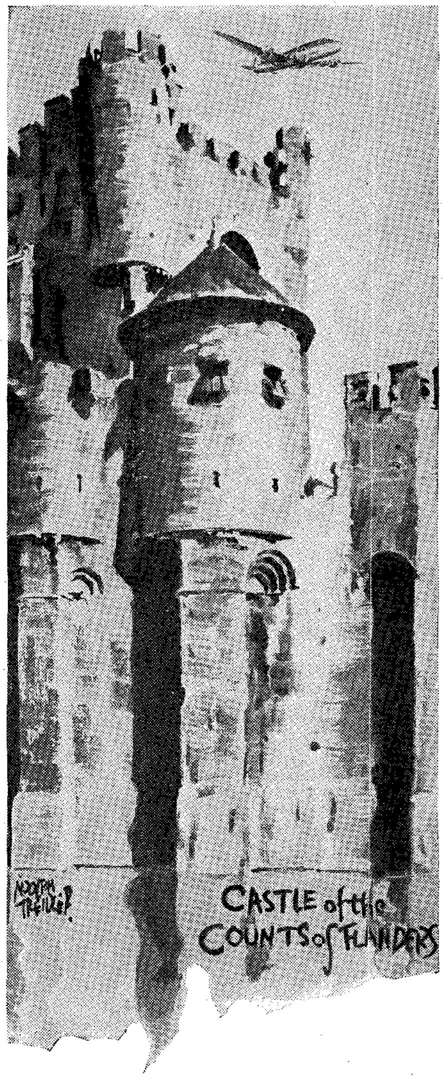

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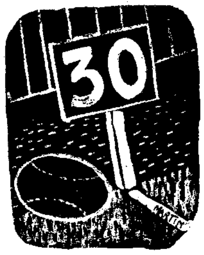
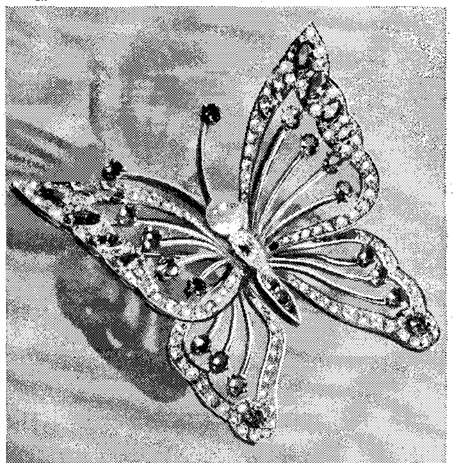
FOOTBALL

States of Mind



ONE more winning streak collapsed along around four-thirty last Saturday afternoon, when Penn State walked off Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, with a 13–0 victory over a previously undefeated Penn team. Army, which spent the day unravelling an unhappy and outmanned Stanford squad at Yankee Stadium, by a score of 43–0, is now in first place all by itself, at least in this section of the nation, and looks as if it were going to stay there. Army has been extremely good this season, even though it has been required to operate most of the time without the services of Cosentino and Scott, first-string ballcarriers who were hurt early in the fall. Its remaining opponents should be especially discouraged by the news that these two young men are back in action and that they did very well against Stanford. The customers booed now and then when Army switched from its defensive team to its offensive team and back again. This was evidence of what could be called a delayed reaction; Notre Dame, generally conceded to be the inventor of the platoon, or en-masse, substitution system, used the device for years against Army on its annual visit to the Stadium, and the crowds in those days seemed impressed, not embittered. Whatever the spectators' opinion of Army's adoption of the scheme, the employment of a defensive team has just about cured the squad of its lackadaisical defense against passes. One set of defensive players knock down passes while the rest of the boys knock down the passers. Stanford completed only nine of twenty-nine throws.

THE play that beat Penn—a second-quarter run for touchdown covering forty-three yards—was one of those things that happen when players momentarily relax their vigilance. Penn State's Rogel, who had the ball, was hit hard as he started through the Penn line, and he could (and, according to Penn partisans, should) have been stopped there. It did look as though he had been. But then he bounced away from his tormentors, and no one was able to hit him again. Penn almost got Rogel's touchdown back a bit later, when the sophomore Bagnell threw a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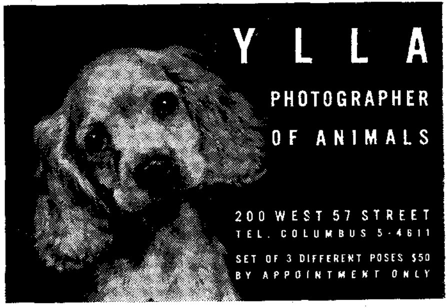
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short, fourth-down pass to the veteran Falcone. Falcone was tackled short of the end zone, but his momentum carried him and his tackler right up to Penn State's goal line. The official decision was that Falcone's run had missed by about an inch.

PRINCETON, the most improved team in this vicinity, could easily have been unsettled on Saturday by another of those plays that develop out of temporary lulls in attentiveness. Moffie, one of Harvard's most evasive backs, tried a run to his left, toward the end of the first quarter, and a posse of four Princetonians shot through a wide gap in the Harvard line and trapped him. The Princeton cheering section was still roaring when Moffie veered slightly and rolled past all four men. The rest was easy, and the Harvard cheering section instantly took over from the Princeton one. It was almost, as things turned out, their last chance to make a sound, for Princeton quickly tied the score and then went into the lead.

No one expected Princeton to win what should have been a very even game 47–7. The issue was settled at the start of the second half, in what must be recorded as the worst six minutes any Harvard team has ever been through. Brief lapses that produce touchdowns like Rogel's and Moffie's are understandable. What induces group coma is not so easily explained. Harvard began by intercepting a risky Princeton pass. It ran the ball to the Princeton seventeen-yard line, then fumbled it back to Princeton. Princeton kicked the ball out of danger, and Harvard fumbled it back to Princeton on the next play. Princeton had a touchdown in five plays. Princeton kicked off to Harvard, and Harvard fumbled the ball back to Princeton on the next play. Princeton had a touchdown in three more plays. Princeton kicked off again to Harvard, and Harvard again fumbled the ball back to Princeton, on the same play. This time, Princeton took six plays to get its touchdown. Thereafter, Princeton tactfully inserted all the substitutes available. Late in the afternoon, Harvard, encouraged by this thoughtfulness, did manage to rack up one first down, but it went almost unnoticed in the continuing spate of Princeton touchdowns. —J. W. L.

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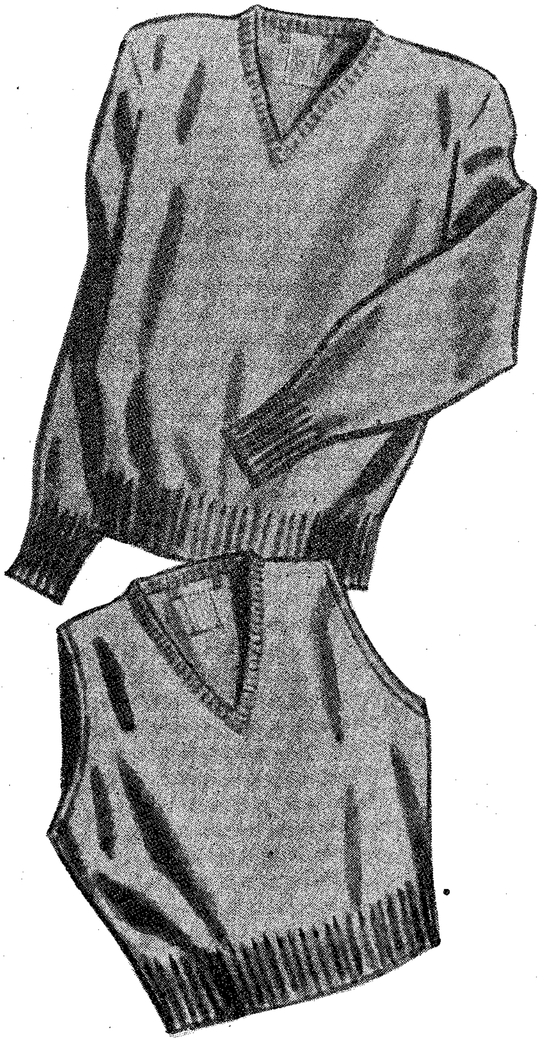

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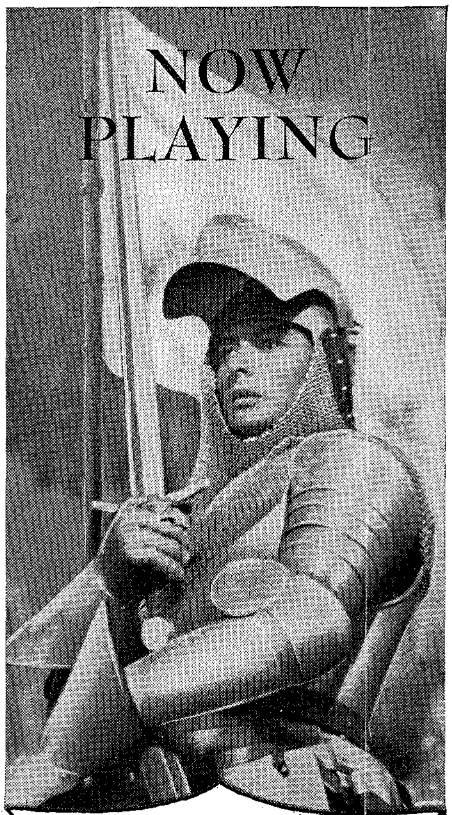

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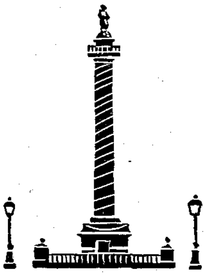

NOVEMBER 4

EXPERTS who are at ease among the details of cold war regard France's coal-mine strike, now in its fifth week, as literally an underground phase of one more bitter campaign in the nation's class struggle. Without surprise or demur, Paris is reviving for the winter some of its milder wartime conservation habits. To save electricity, each neighborhood now undergoes an eclipse two days a week. On these days, lights can be used in the nighttime, but at dusk the boulevard shopwindow lights are out and so are electric signs, except those—diluted to half strength—still permitted to beckon weakly over bars selling liquor. In many hotels, hot water flows only mornings and evenings, so that there will be fuel enough to provide steam heat for the stretch between. Suburban trains, more important than bathtubs, are lying dormant for two hours every morning and afternoon. For all the French, travel will soon consist once more of standing up mile after mile in packed coaches; before long, thirty per cent of the trains will stop running entirely. Comfort and commerce will have to sit by the roadside and wait.

Financially, the strike is a demand for better money by miners who are tired of working dangerously for an average of seven dollars a week more than is paid to a hotel chambermaid with feather duster in hand. Emotionally, the fact that the mines are now nationalized and are being guarded by the state as owner has, oddly, caused more resentment among the strikers than they felt when the mines were owned by rich men—and were also guarded by the state. (Somewhat surprising, too, was the special anger of the strikers when the picturesque Senegalese troops who are known to be kept in France for just such civic emergencies were called out against them.) Ideologically, the strike is considered a Muscovite stratagem to unite all French workers through the anger and sympathy that strikes evoke and then to use that solidarity in a last-ditch offensive against the increasing success of the Marshall Plan, described by the Communist *Humanité* as "that infamous

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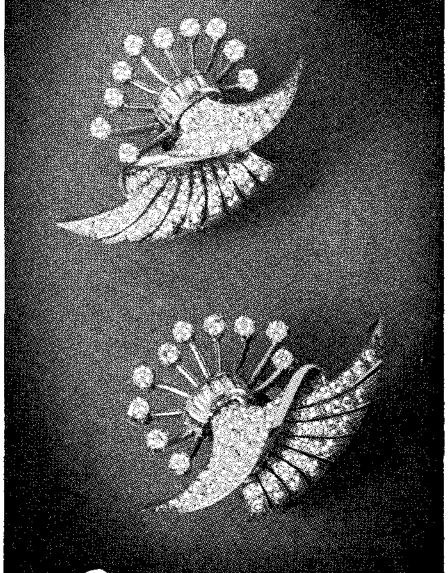

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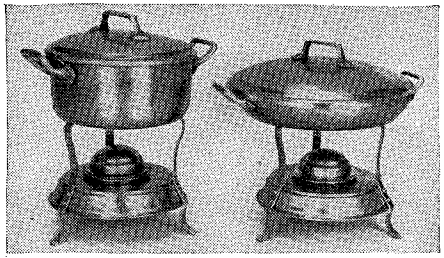

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plan to bring unemployment [sic] to the worker in France." All political parties have been involved in the furies of the strike. The Socialist Léon Blum has been denounced as a "Wall Street lackey." The police head, Socialist Minister of the Interior Jules Moch, who a couple of weeks ago gave the order for the troops to fire upon the miners, is, naturally, hated; posters on Paris walls threaten him with death. The only gaiety in the strike has been one small joke to the effect that the Communist leader, Thorez, has been guilty of "*détournement de mineurs*," or, to put the pun in English, of "leading minors astray."

"IT is well worthy of notice and controversy—this grand, plastic, dramatic spectacle. Yet it remains astonishingly inhuman, since, though touching upon problems that overwhelm us all, it never for an instant indicates a particle of emotion." These opening lines from the review by *Figaro's* dramatic critic of Albert Camus' "L'Etat de Siège," a new play dealing with the imprisoning phenomenon of fear, are obviously more judicious than could be a comment by any American still fortunately ignorant of what the "state of siege" of political and physical terror can be like. However, to anyone of any nationality, Camus' symbolical drama, which is playing at the Marigny, is such poor orthodox theatre that he is free to devote himself to an evening of absorbing intellectual study. The handsome, paradoxical décor, designed by the painter Balthus, faithfully sets the Camus scene—a few neoclassical architectural fragments that at first glance look as dwindled and romantic as ruins but that on second glance become the scaffolding for some buildings, not yet completed, behind whose dubious façades Camus' characters dwell. These characters, supposedly Spaniards, are suddenly conquered one afternoon by a man in German uniform, who represents the frightening, brutal idiocy of perfect regimentation, assisted by his attractive lady secretary, who represents the efficiency of death. These *Übermenschen*, like villains in a scientific comic strip, can kill merely by pointing an authoritative finger. Their fatal, silly, and symbolic reign of terror ends only when the Spanish hero finally ceases to fear the fear they inspire and, to prove it, dies. The reign of terror ends in the same orderly way it began and the army of two conquerors gravely marches away.

The acting of Madeleine Renaud and Pierre Bertin, as the Germans, is

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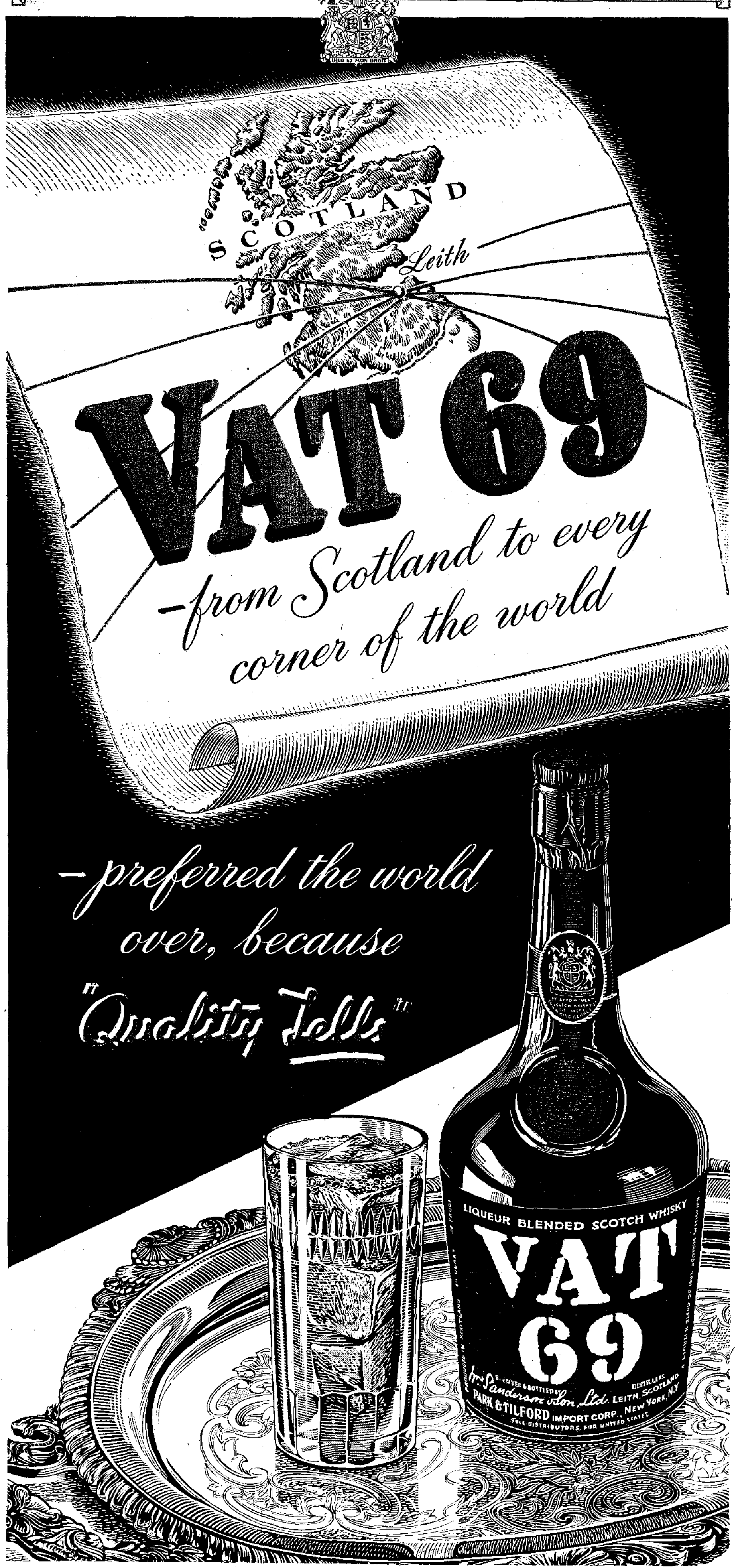
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flawless, and that of Pierre Brasseur, as a village drunk, anarchist, and collaborator, is inspired. As for the Marigny's numerous minor characters, they climb ladders like acrobats, they moan like a wounded ballet troupe, and they rush around the stage to the tune of alarming offstage Honegger music, played on *Les Ondes Martenot*, an electrical, Solovox-like musical instrument invented here years ago. The final balletomaniacal touch is given by the company's actor-producer, Jean-Louis Barrault, who has cast himself as the Spanish hero. The play's weakness is that everyone in it is a symbol rather than a human being. A play perhaps like none ever before seen on earth, "L'Etat de Siège" has an often breathtaking text and makes an almost unbearably interesting evening.

WITH delight, we announce that Colette has been reciting her memoirs Sunday evenings on the radio. Her speaking style is as elegant as her literary one, and her deep-voiced Burgundy accent is as rich as a glass of her countryside's red wine. With regret, we announce that the French animated cartoon "Le Petit Soldat," which won a prize for shorts at the International Film Festival, in Venice, is dull, undiverting to adults, and frightening to children, who luckily don't get much chance to throw fits, since it is shown at the Ciné Gaumont only at night. It is especially disappointing because it comes from the talented pen of Paul Grimault. We also regret that too few Parisians attended the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles presented at the Châtelet by the Biennale Troupe of Venice. The stage set was a magnificent plaster facsimile of Palladio's famous Teatro Olimpico, at Vicenza. The costumes were as rich as those by the great dressmaker Titian. As a spectacle, it was superb. Unfortunately, the blond-wigged Italian Oedipus was pure ham —fine, pink, imported *prosciutto*.

In the current international exchange of art, some worth-while French contributions are being made in the States. These include piano concerts in New York by Francis Poulenc, a member of Les Six, that once famous group of young Parisian composers, who today is one of the country's most respected men of music. He is appearing this month at Carnegie Hall and Town Hall, at the second along with Pierre Bernac, regarded even by the French as a fine exponent of the French singing style. The bass Doda Conrad, of the Nadia Boulanger musical sect here, will also

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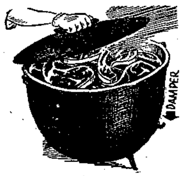

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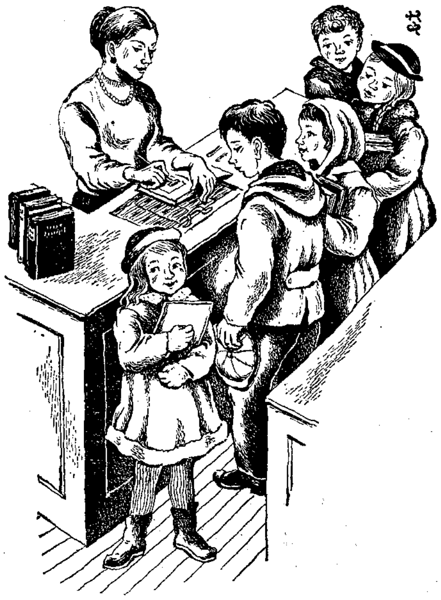
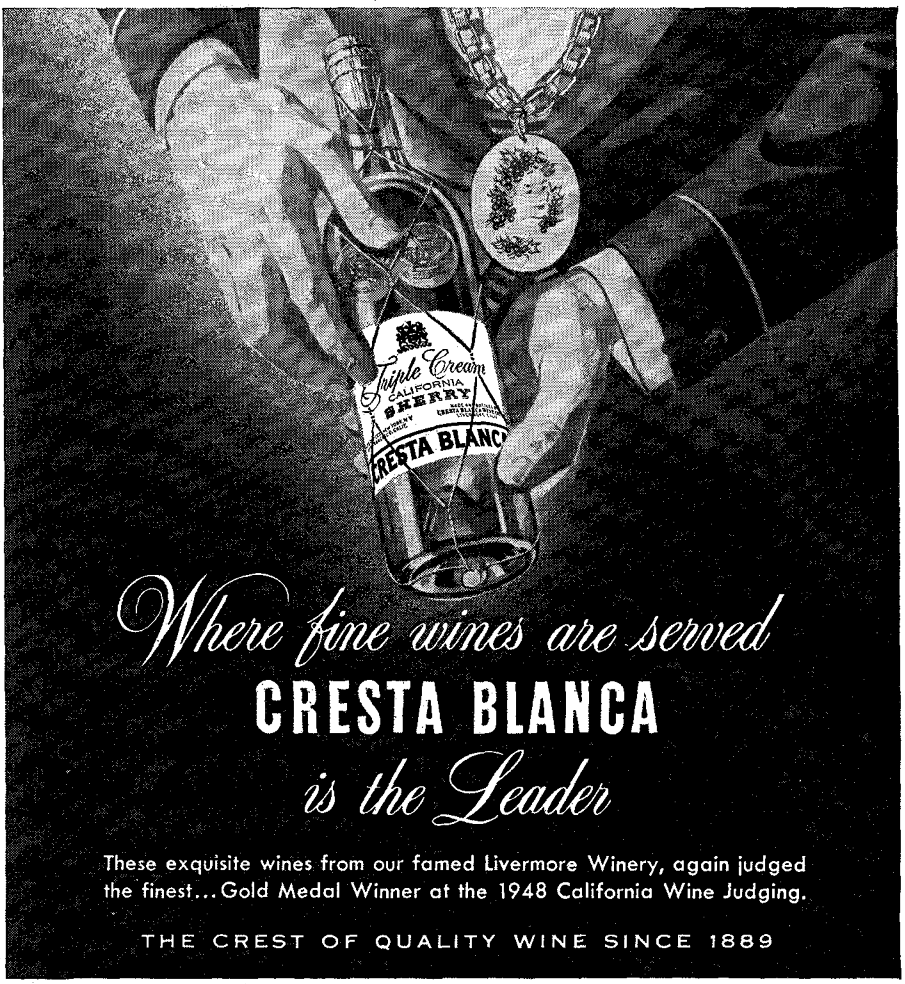
appear at Town Hall, giving the first performance of a remarkable new group of songs, "Visions Infernales," the words of which are from the troubled poetic writings of the late Max Jacob and are set to dramatic music written by Henri Sauguet. On the other hand, the Paris Opéra Ballet is now back on its home boards again, somewhat lamed by the critical drubbings it received in New York. The New York critics' appreciation of the Orchestre National has, however, given solemn satisfaction even on the Quai d'Orsay. Ocean and air lanes are full of government officials journeying about in the interest of improved international relations, or just politeness, common sense, and maybe a little less nationalistic greed. Widely strolling artists, however, may well be the only exported form of nationalism that does even a modicum of civilized good today.

THE dramatic, unexpected turn in our Presidential election caused extreme surprise, gave great satisfaction, and certainly aroused sentiment here. According to the French calendar, the election took place on Le Jour des Morts (All Souls' Day), a day on which the French celebrate the memory of their dead. To Paris, the election of the Democratic Party and President Truman was a gesture by millions of Americans in remembrance of Roosevelt. For the average citizen here, the main question about the two candidates and their platforms—ideologically indistinguishable to most Continentals, now expert only at evaluating political extremes—was which of the two, the familiar Democrat or the new Republican, would do what for—or with—Europe. This is the attitude of Paris, or any other Western foreign capital,





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toward Washington today—an acute, vital curiosity as to what our dominant political personalities and elected bodies may decide about the rest of the world.

The Paris newspapers' coverage of the campaign was amazingly good, considering that they are mostly limited to four pages. They did not print the dull speeches of the candidates, but the background details and interpretations were ample and excellent. Norman Thomas was described by one paper as "an American Tartarin," a reference to Daudet's famous Tarascon eccentric which to the French perfectly explained where American Socialism stood. *L'Humanité,* less literary, called the Truman-Dewey fight against Wallace "a demagogic spectacle that would make a monkey blush." It now seems prophetic that the French press in general described Governor Dewey as "the apprentice candidate for the White House." —GENÊT

•

If you want to see something funny go to the home of Mrs. G. E. Moore. Let Mrs. Sam Hilton see a grey squirrel on top of the house and call, "Come on down." The squirrel took her seriously, jumped into a big walnut tree and before you'd realize it was down. Mrs. Hilton screamed—the squirrel ran up her back and perched on her shoulder. The squirrel gave her a few hard bites before she ran to the car. Mrs. Myers thought she'd pacify the squirrel. She offered it a carrot and a cabbage leaf. Mr. Squirrel evidently didn't appreciate the offering but grabbed a finger and hand. No quicker than a taste of the finger it grabbed a leg, then quick as a flash, made a dash for an open toe shoe—bit through hose and the big toe. It still has to be painted with mercurocrome. Dan Moore picked up the baby squirrel when it was unconscious after falling too hard when a tree was cut down. It is about a month old, what will it be when a year old?—*Wytheville* (*Va.*) *Enterprise.*

Hard to say. But Mrs. Hilton will be mincemeat.

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From Abbott's New York Digest, 1944 Cumulative Supplement, Sec. 129 (1)*]

Where Supreme Court entered decree, declaring Florida court's decree granting husband divorce void, after entry of order granting husband's motion to dismiss wife's action to enjoin husband from prosecuting divorce suit, husband's motion to dismiss complaint in wife's subsequent suit to enjoin husband from prosecuting petition to amend such decree with respect to alimony will be granted, as such amendment will not deprive wife of her legal rights. Rules of Civil Practice, rules 106, subd. 5, 107, subd. 5.-Valentine v. Valentine, 43 N.Y.S. 2d 824.

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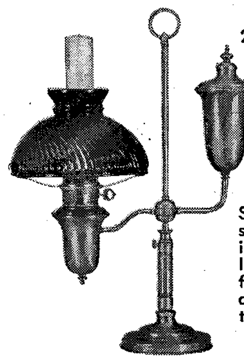

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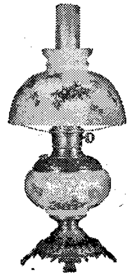

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Christmas comes but once a year? No! For those favored folks to whom you present a "Parade of Sweets" subscription, the best of all holidays is echoed *many times* a year!

Comes Christmas and the "Parade of Sweets" starts on its sweet and merry march . . . for the lucky persons you choose to enchant. The Blum's Christmas Cupboard arrives, together with a gorgeous gift card carrying your name, and promptly steals the spotlight from all other gifts . . . and even the Christmas tree itself! This gay package of feast and friendship *looks* like a million dollars . . . and the lavish contents taste like *much more!*

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No sooner has the recipient recovered from his (or her) delicious daze than along comes the next superb selection on the Sweet Parade! And every month thereafter (except in summer) your fortunate friend is properly dazzled with a Blumderful pound or more assortment of Blum's original confections.

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(8 times a year) $25.95 delivered

The Christmas Package (with your gift card enclosed)—illustrated above—is the grand opener on the Party Parade, followed by these 7 beautiful assortments:

(The cover of each box carries a colorful and distinctively different San Francisco scene, which may be easily removed and framed.)

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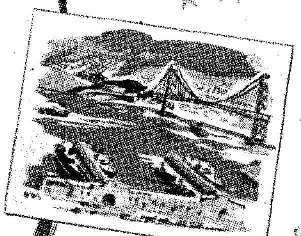
IN FEBRUARY:	Black and white chocolates and exciting bon bons.
IN MARCH:	Cool, creamy assorted mints—mint sticks, leaves, daisies.
IN APRIL:	French nougats and chocolate and vanilla merriettes.
IN MAY:	Black French licorice feast for the whole family.
IN OCTOBER:	Coffeeteens and tangy Licorice and Cinnamon Bumps.
IN NOVEMBER:	World famous Blum Originals—Flowered Butterettes—French Jelly Mint—Caramel Pecan Crunch—Raspberry Sprinkle—Carameelteens—Caramel Peppermints.



Each package after Christmas contains a beautiful 3"x5" San Francisco scene desirable for framing. "The Embarcadero" (at left) accompanies January gift.

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OTHER Blum's PARADES OF SWEETS

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HOLIDAY PARADE **$21.50** *delivered*	(3 times a year.) Christmas Cupboard, followed by special deluxe Heart Box for Valentine, famous Hattie Blum box for Easter.
MR. AND MRS. PARADE **$24.75** *delivered*	(3 times a year.) Same as Holiday Parade, except Easter gift consists of both the Hattie Blum hat box (for the Mrs.) and a unique candy-filled straw hat (for the Mr.)!
PARTY PARADE **$19.95** *delivered*	(6 times a year) December thru May. See above.
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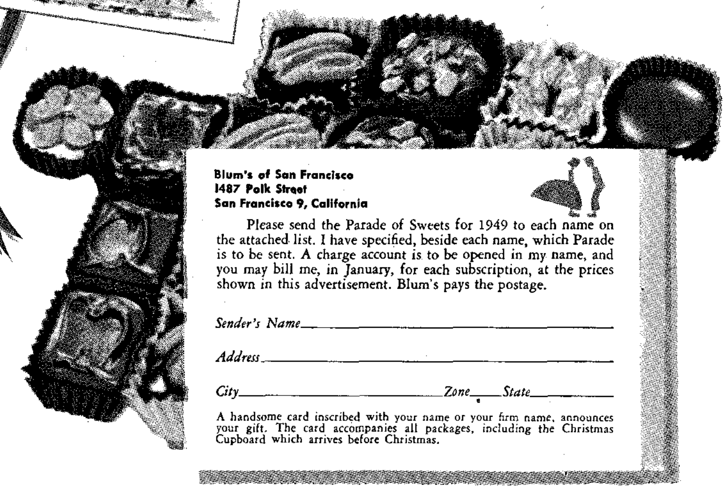

Blum's of San Francisco
1487 Polk Street
San Francisco 9, California

Please send the Parade of Sweets for 1949 to each name on the attached list. I have specified, beside each name, which Parade is to be sent. A charge account is to be opened in my name, and you may bill me, in January, for each subscription, at the prices shown in this advertisement. Blum's pays the postage.

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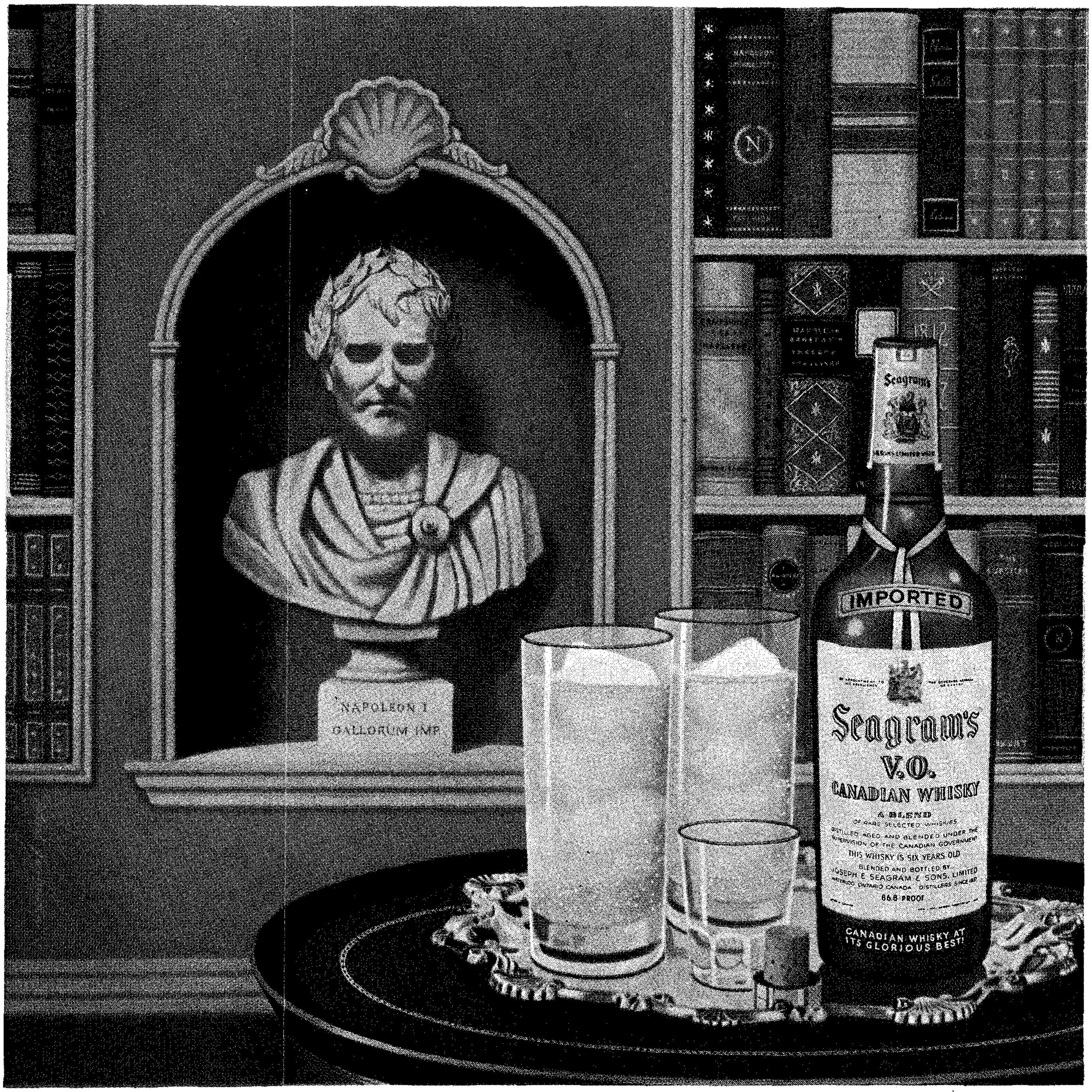
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THE IMPOSSIBLE TAKES A LITTLE LONGER

NOW that Selective Service is with us again, I have no doubt that a portion of the youth of America will be going to the spots where I received my training in the Army Air Forces. These are air bases located exclusively in the least desirable sections of the United States—the wheat fields of Kansas, the deserts of California, the sun-baked wastes of New Mexico and Texas, the deserted woodlands of the Northwest. They are forsaken spots in which the men used to sit around and broodingly tell one another that to some soldiers such places were home, that somewhere else in the world Americans were fighting simply to get back to where we were.

The Air Force, I imagine, will run true to form, and if the new selectees do likewise, they will, soon after arrival, become engaged in a scramble to be sent to school. When I was in training, assignment to a school was the only possibility of escape, and to all of us the value of any school depended on its location rather than on the subjects taught. Thus, a course in, say, Tibetan topography offered by a school situated near Los Angeles, Miami, New York, or Washington would be tremendously popular, while a course of really high value, if given at Pecos, Texas, had hardly an applicant. Fortunately, there was a wide choice for everyone in the way of schools. Officers could go somewhere to learn about formation flying, weights and balances, and numerous other matters, and enlisted men could go to gunnery, radio, and various other schools, or to Denver to take clerical courses.

I, for one, applied for almost every service school I heard about, and in the course of time succeeded in being sent to a good many. The Army had plenty of them suitable for an air-intelligence officer—an amorphous creature, considered capable of wrapping himself around almost any subject. The only drawback to all this education was that after you had taken a course and returned to your squadron, you were invariably assigned, "i.a.o.d." (in addition to other duties), the specialty you were assumed to have learned.

This was understandable, however unfortunate, but sometimes the Army tried to speed the system up by doing the thing in reverse. It was through such a procedure that I became squadron photographic officer, i.a.o.d. First, an order was issued assigning me to the

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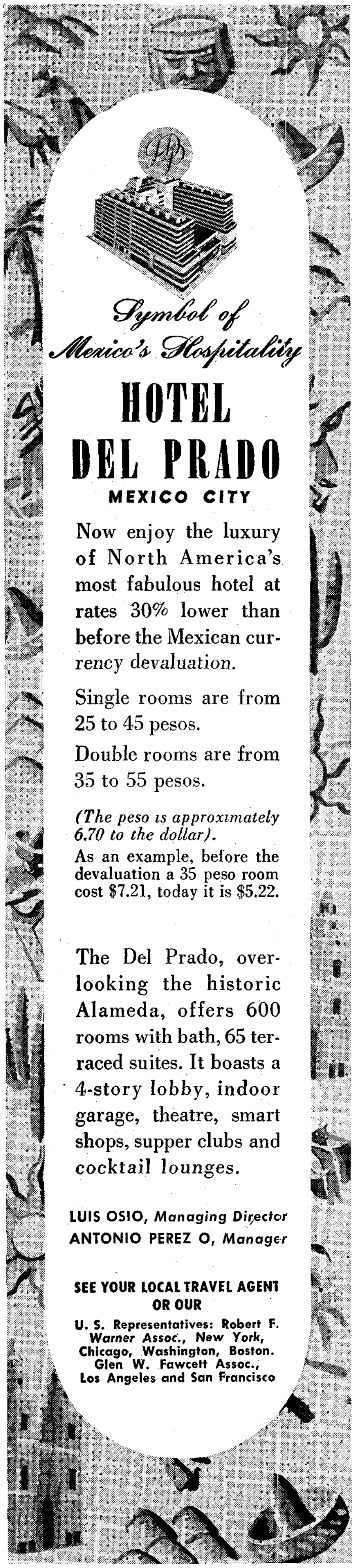

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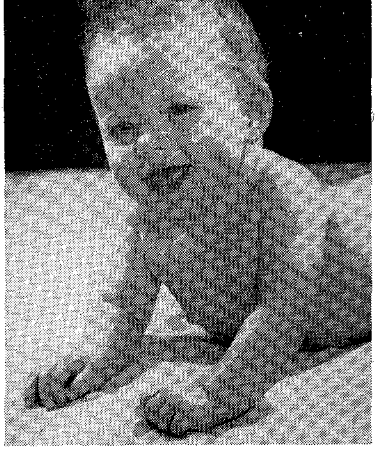
job. Then a later one directed me to go to class and learn about photography. This pleased me, naturally, until I discovered that the instruction in question was to be given right there at my base, in Alamogordo, New Mexico.

Before the class had even met, two buck privates, a pfc., and a corporal appeared, in a body, one morning and said they were my photographic staff, reporting for duty. The corporal immediately informed me that the squadron's table of organization called for a staff sergeant in the photographic section, and wanted to know what the chances for promotion were. He was asking, he carefully pointed out, not only for himself but for the other men, one of whom, according to the table, could rise to corporal, and the others to buck sergeant. I said I was sure chances were as good in the photographic section as anywhere else.

The class, when it met, was a complete waste. It lasted for only one session—held after noon mess one hot day—and though I carried away with me some key terms like "aperture," "*f*4.6," "stop down," and "shutter speed," I had no exact knowledge of how to employ them. Nevertheless, "Completed photography course" was entered on my military-record card in the adjutant's office, the entry being the first item of the second column under the general heading of "Schools Attended."

I had my photographic unit for some time, managing to get everyone promoted at least one notch—for not going A.W.O.L., I imagine, since we never even had a camera assigned to us. My men were good, loyal soldiers with a tendency to follow me everywhere. They'd report first thing in the morning and sit on a wooden bench before my desk reading comic books, playing rummy, and asking my advice about marriage. If I went to the PX, they'd go to the PX with me; when I went to turn in my laundry, they'd tag along, evidently under the impression that they were my aides. Eventually, however, they were all transferred to more pressing duties and I was left to carry on alone.

IT was soon after the last of my staff had departed that I was called on really to function as photographic officer for the only time. Planes of our group were ordered to bomb a practice area in Colorado, and as I was target-briefing officer and target-folder officer as well as photographic officer (thus overlapping myself twice), I was detailed to give the briefing. I called the attention of my superior, a major who



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was group intelligence officer, to the fact that we had no pictures of the target area. I figured that would end the mission, and stood waiting for him to say so. The usual briefing procedure was for the intelligence officer to have huge projections of photographs of the mission's route and target area thrown on the wall of the briefing room while he stood alongside with a pointer, like a Chautauqua lecturer, and instructed the crews.

"Good," the major said. He was the first, but not the last, field-grade officer I knew who kept over his desk the motto "The Difficult We Do At Once. The Impossible Takes a Little Longer."

"Good," he repeated. "That makes it a little test of our wits. We'll have an early-morning mission go out and take pictures of the target and bring them back in time for the afternoon briefing. You brief the morning mission first."

There seemed to be a flaw in his logic, but I didn't spot it at once. Back in the S-2 shack, I realized that if I couldn't properly brief the bombing crews, I was no better equipped to brief the photographic crew. I thought of returning to Group Intelligence and mentioning this to the major, but I recalled the sign and knew he would merely point to it.

The group administrative machinery went into action directly and in no time at all got out a mimeographed field order outlining the photographic mission. I briefed the crew as well as I could, but my heart wasn't in it. All I was able to do was tell them the approximate latitude and longitude of the primary and secondary targets (information they had already been given in their operational instructions) and wanly exhort them to fly the mission exactly as if it were over enemy territory.

I discovered then that I had been assigned to go along as observer. As nearly as I could make out, my presence was supposed to compensate somehow for the vagueness of our knowledge of the target's location. I couldn't see what use I would be, and the whole affair was disconcerting, especially since I had never been up in a plane. I had taken a course in Theory of Aeronautics, but the principles of flight had never seemed entirely valid to me.

A little later I hoisted myself aboard a B-24 and, with a brief struggle, strapped on a parachute. In the plane, I was awkward and self-conscious, as though I had been ordered to join the Yankees in batting practice. The crew-

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men were kind. They may possibly have been unaware of my inability to breathe properly while awaiting the takeoff, of my efforts to stay out of everyone's way, and of my uncertainty as to what an observer did once the plane was airborne. Despite continuous association with fliers, I knew I was not one of them. I had never been able to affect their free-and-easy ways or use their jargon. The fact was I had never been able to use any military terminology easily. The words had always stuck in my throat or come out in the pinched tones of a teetotaller at a cocktail party.

WE took off, and for about forty-five minutes I sat listening admiringly to the crew talking on the intercom. It was fascinating, vivid speech. "Pilot to Right Waist. Testing." "Right Waist to Pilot. Roger and over." "Navigator to Bombardier. See if you can spot railroad tracks off to your left." "Roger. Over."

I was delighted.

"Pilot to Observer."

There was a silence. "Pilot to Observer," the pilot said again. "Speak up, Observer."

"Hello," I said. "This is the observer."

"There's a thunderstorm up ahead," the pilot said. "From the size of it, it looks like we won't be able to get any pictures. I'm thinking of turning back."

I almost said "Good!" but I caught myself in time. I was ill at ease, baffled by my throat microphone, which seemed an incomplete and unsatisfactory device, and aware that I had answered like a groundling. I was sure that the others were all scoffing at me. The pilot was saying something else, but the intercom was full of crackling noises, and all I could do was sit there, palms sweating and stomach tight, and wait for some words I could understand. At last I heard, "Pilot to Observer. Do you hear me? Over."

"Yes, sure," I began, then corrected myself. "This is the observer to the pilot." I paused. There was no response. "Roger!" I shouted as jauntily as I could.

The pilot turned back, and after we had landed at our base and were walking away from the plane, he joined me and said it was too bad about the pictures. I waved casually, intending to convey the impression that, after all, we had come safely through hell-fire up there. It was all right about the pictures, I said, and added that it was

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too bad we couldn't at least have taken some of the secondary target. The pilot looked at me queerly and said, "I told you on the intercom that we'd turn back to base unless you wanted the secondary pictures. That was when I kept calling you. When I asked you if you wanted to turn back, you said 'Roger.' "

I nodded, smiling weakly, and hurried off to the S-2 shack, to be alone with my thoughts. I could see the pilot's flight report already. "Turned back to base at suggestion of observer." The major, and probably the group C.O., would want to ask me all about it after a while.

There wasn't any trouble, though. The C.O. took off that night for weights-and-balances school, and the major flew to Orlando for a course in applied tactics.

As for me, the next day I, too, turned to other endeavors. I was named aircraft-recognition officer of the squadron. I wasn't relieved as photographic officer. The Army didn't do it that way. The duty was just left on my card, along with all the others I had accumulated, like a string of degrees: squadron censor, squadron historian, squadron cryptographic security officer, squadron security officer . . .

My qualifications for teaching aircraft recognition were even poorer than my qualifications for directing photography, but Headquarters didn't know this. Someone there had spotted an entry in my record that said I had taken a course in aircraft recognition. I had, but whoever had made that entry on my card had omitted to add that I had flunked it. In fact, on my final exam I had correctly identified only one plane out of twenty-five. My sole and surprising success was with a Russian Stormovik. I had always been able to identify that one because the only picture the instructor had of it showed the Stormovik standing before a hangar and a bearded man, wearing a derby, leaning against it.

—MICHAEL J. OGDEN

•

HOMECOMING GAME

"*Morituri te salutamus!*" cries
Malikovich. The grandstands rise,
deafening November with their answering roar.

Apollo soars, the drums go out,
dropping a heavy silence. Then, with a shout,
the referees let the lions out.

—SCOTT BATES

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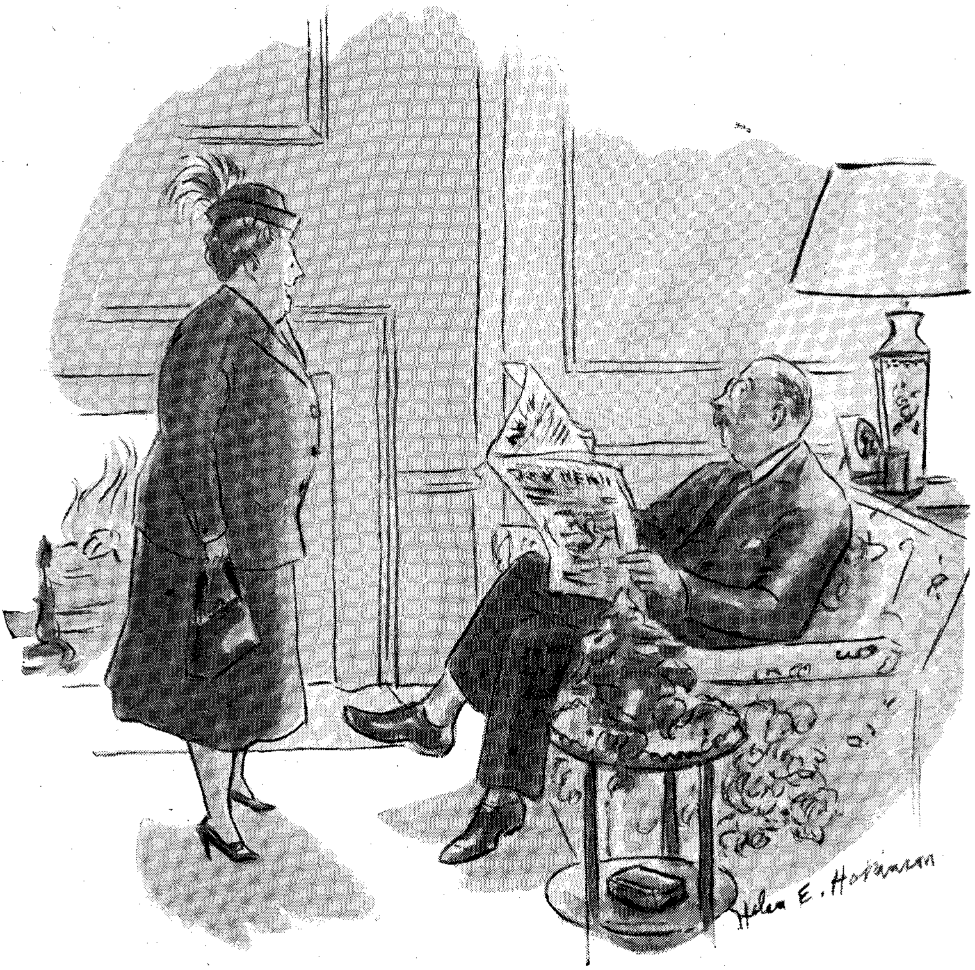
CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS

LORD, how the days do fly! No sooner are the summer slipcovers off the furniture than it's time to plunge into the Christmas-gift situation again. We shall now plunge, and we'll have to hurry to cover the whole field. What we have undertaken to do this year—we've done it before, and ought to know better—is rummage through the stuff the merchants have gathered for the holiday onslaught and attempt to sort out gay yet practical gifts that you can write down in the difficult blanks to the right of the names on your Christmas list. We have tried to keep our impetuous yuletide spirit in sufficient check so that your pocketbook won't be unduly flattened. And now a note of admonition—*two* notes of admonition. First, owing to the restless state of affairs in stockrooms around town, we advise that you act promptly if you run across something in these columns that appeals to you; the last-minute shopper always gets lean pickings. Second, we think it would be fine if you would file away this and subsequent issues of *The New Yorker* that contain Christmas suggestions, so that you can refer back to them in time of need; unfortunately, we just plain don't have time to answer telephone queries. Everything worth while that we know will turn up in the magazine anyway. This week, we're taking up the question of food gifts for overseas, and are also able to point out a few highlights among the multitude of Christmas cards around town. Next week comes a treatise on luggage for women and gifts for men.

Food for the Holidays Abroad

MANY people are undoubtedly more concerned this year with getting holiday cheer onto the tables of friends in Britain and France than with their own Christmas marketing, and since, for purposes of shipping presents to the other side of the Atlantic, it is later than you think, the subject has to be tackled now or never. Those who are practiced in the expediting of food parcels to Great Britain are surely familiar by this time with the United States postal regulations governing such shipments, but, for the benefit of less experienced readers, we'll run over them again. (The rules also apply for France, with minor differences that we won't go into.) The maximum measurements for overseas gift packages are seventy-two inches in combined length and girth, and forty-two inches in length. The packages must not weigh more than twenty-two pounds. Each must be marked "Unsolicited Gift," and a customs declaration, which you can get at any post office, must be filled out, listing every item in the package and giving its retail price. The postage rate is fourteen cents a pound; insurance is extra and you'd better insure, since recent advices from England report a lamentable amount of pilfering in the mails over there. And, oh, yes, the value of all edible fats (including butter) and oils in one box is still limited to five dollars, and you can't send more than one package to the same person in the same week. Don't let anybody tell you, however, that you can't send more than five dollars' worth of any one meat item abroad; we have it straight from the Department of Commerce that that regulation does not apply to individual gift packages sent by parcel post or air express. As for the regulations in effect on the other side, there is no United Kingdom duty on parcels containing food only. If, however, you should pack your canned delicacies in something like a Presto cooker—which would be a gift right from Heaven for most British housewives—the cooker would be subject to duty and the whole parcel would be held up longer than an ordinary food gift. These are facts to be considered before you decide to send hardware, or toys, or whatever along with your Christmas Day offering. The British Post Office entreats you to take every possible precaution in packing. Senders with the best intentions in the world incline to fill their cartons to capacity with cans and boxes, assuming that soft inner wrappings are unnecessary if there are no breakable contents. This, apparently, is a mistake. Even tins should be wrapped so that they can't rub through the card-



"Arthur, what do you suppose! Helena Rubinstein is going to let me come in and spend the whole day."

Extravagant Price does not make a Perfume "Great"

What is a "GREAT PERFUME?"

In "An Open Letter about Perfume"* I have explained how to choose a "good" perfume. It is more difficult, however, to explain what is a "great" perfume and how to recognize it.

It is just as complex to explain what makes a perfume "great" as it is to explain what makes a piece of music or a painting a masterpiece.

High price does not make a "great" perfume, nor even a "good" perfume.

It is true that a "good" and a "great" perfume can be made only at a price (because its making requires first class essential oils and other ingredients which are often very costly), but this price need not be extravagant.

A GREAT PERFUME must be refined and give you a feeling of beauty and happiness.

A GREAT PERFUME should be an "original" fragrance, and not merely a variation on the same theme. It should be as different as L'Origan is from L'Aimant.

A GREAT PERFUME must have a remarkable unity of odor, by which we mean that not even the most sensitive nose should be able to distinguish any specific component of the perfume. Furthermore, it should maintain this unity of odor as it "diffuses" in the open and with time. At no time may it lose its beauty and refinement.

A GREAT PERFUME will awaken in us the sentiment of mystery and rejoice our heart.

A GREAT PERFUME is lasting, yet gives one always a feeling of beauty, of joy, and refinement.

A GREAT PERFUME like a masterpiece in all other arts, wins the recognition of the public and *stands the test of time.*

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Venus quart-size, heavily-padded, suede-like Bottle Guard keeps clothes and suitcase free of stains from bottles that might leak; protects against breaking; saves bulk in wrapping—pays for itself in peace of mind and cleaning bills. Travelers love them. Quart size $3.00, Pint size $2.50. Colors: Tan, Maroon, Green. Also two-compartment Perfume Bottle Guard, $3.00. At most good stores or write us.
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board cartons that contain them. And be sure that the rice you send is stoutly encased. We are told that enough rice leaks out of the flimsy packets in which it is sold to see the whole of China through a minor famine. British Post Office officials spend considerable time sorting out articles that have spilled from parcels and endeavoring to repack cartons according to the customs declarations, so their interest in careful packing is understandable.

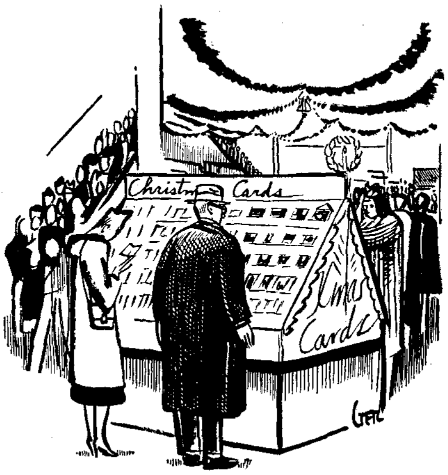
For people who can't, or won't, wait three or four weeks for delivery by ordinary parcel post, there is always air express, which takes only three or four days. American Airlines, Pan American, and Air France will all pick up, for around a dollar, and transport, for from sixty to sixty-five cents a pound, gift food parcels weighing up to twenty-two pounds. On the other side, the consignee is notified when the package arrives, and sends around for it. British Overseas Airways Corporation will also pick up your gifts; it charges seventy-seven cents a pound to fly them, but for that price it also delivers them in its own trucks, or, if the destination is too far outside the London area, at least takes them to the post office and mails them. Before you telephone for a pickup truck—some airlines send them around within a couple of hours, some require a day's notice—you'd better be prepared to cope with as many as five export declarations for each parcel, three invoices listing the retail price of each item in the package, and a letter of instruction—in duplicate, as you might expect. Whichever airline you choose will set you straight on the paperwork. Air-express insurance costs about twenty cents per hundred dollars, but Pan American won't insure perishables at all.

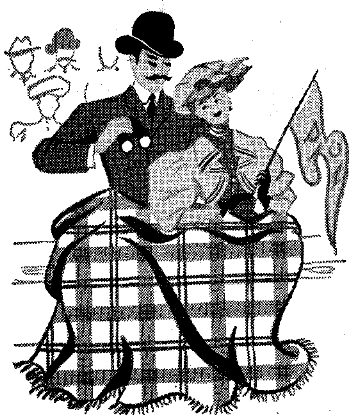
A service called Convoys, Ltd., simplifies the complexities of shipping. Employees of the concern collect a parcel from any indicated store three or four days before the sailing of the Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mary, or the Mauretania, and personally see it onto one of those boats. At the other end, Convoys' men meet the incoming liner, get the parcel, and either deliver it themselves or whisk it off to the post office, all for a fee of around $2.75 for twenty-two pounds, including postage and insurance. Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (47th), which uses the service for almost all overseas shipments, figures that the actual time a parcel spends in transit from here to an address in England is twelve to fourteen days. Charles and Macy ship by Convoys more often than not, and nearly all shops will on request.

WITH shipping regulations disposed of, we may now turn our attention to the contents of the parcels, which, unhappily, are only too often assembled with more friendliness than judgment. There is no doubt about it—many a firm packing foods especially for the overseas trade has been getting away with murder in the knowledge that the sender will not investigate the contents of the cans and that the recipient will be too civil to complain. In view of the trouble involved in sending food abroad, it is all the more important that what is sent is of a quality that can be enjoyed. By the most insistent inquiries, we have pried from a number of British friends the reluctant admission that the canned stews and much of the canned bacon they have received have been "rather disappointing," which, now that, we have tried the products personally, we take to be a well-mannered euphemism describing the barely edible. In any case, whether from straightforward distaste or a thrifty unwillingness to have precious weight and space wasted on mere gravy (and there are few things more depressingly *mere* than some of these canned gravies), the British with whom we have talked or corresponded have unanimously disapproved of stews. "Fork meat" is what they want—big slabs of ham, beef, bacon, or tongue. Nearly all good food stores have these put up in tins, but a plain well-smoked ham or flitch of bacon would, of course, be far more welcome than even the best canned sort. Ellen Grey, 800 Madison Avenue (67th), sells Forst hams and bacons, both unusually good and very heavily smoked; Gristede has Todd's bacon and country-cured Virginia hams, which we can also vouch for enthusiastically; and Charles has its own smoked hams that are protected by a coating of tar. Any of these should be able to make an airplane or a boat trip to England without misfortune, and would probably result in a recommendation that you be knighted. The Swift hams and bacons that are sealed in tar and paraffin could cross the ocean half a dozen times and still retain their flavor; you can get them almost anywhere.

If, however, you think it advisable to send canned meats, you can find eleven- to fourteen-pound smoked hams in tins at Charles. Hammacher Schlemmer and Vendôme have commendable tinned briskets of beef that weigh around six pounds. A number of shops—among them Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th); Ellen Grey; and DuBarry Foods, 332 West 21st Street—have smaller canned hams, from Holland, that cost around $3.50. Withington's canned sliced bacon, a brand that is superior to most, is available at Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, Martin's Fruit Shop, and Hammacher Schlemmer, among other places. DuBarry sells exceptional Holland-style frankfurters in tins, and Altman carries very nice frankfurters packed by S. S. Pierce. Then, there are numerous liver *pâtés*, some of which are fine and some rather awful. Among domestic pastes, we have found that the Chipurnoi and the Treville Farms brands, sold at most self-respecting food shops, are better than the ordinary run, and, of course, you can't go wrong with the Strasbourg whole goose livers and *pâtés truffés* offered in great variety at Martin's Fruit Shop, Maison Glass, Hammacher Schlemmer, Ellen Grey, Charles, and Vendôme, or even with Amieux purée of *foie gras*, which your neighborhood grocer probably has. Extremely good whole chicken livers, canned by Stevens, are carried by, among other places, Truly American Foods, 35 West 8th Street, where you will also find the rest of the excellent Stevens line of canned goods. This packer puts up a whole chicken that is well worth your attention, as is the firm's corned-beef hash, which comes in fifteen-ounce tins.

CANNED butter is another item that our investigation has revealed as frequently appallingly bad, so you had better do some sampling on your own before you include this much-desired article among the five dollars' worth of fats you are allowed in a Christmas parcel. Martin's Fruit Shop and DuBarry Foods carry one-pound tins of Petit & Reed's 93-score butter, which not only is above the average in flavor but has a higher butterfat content. Lard





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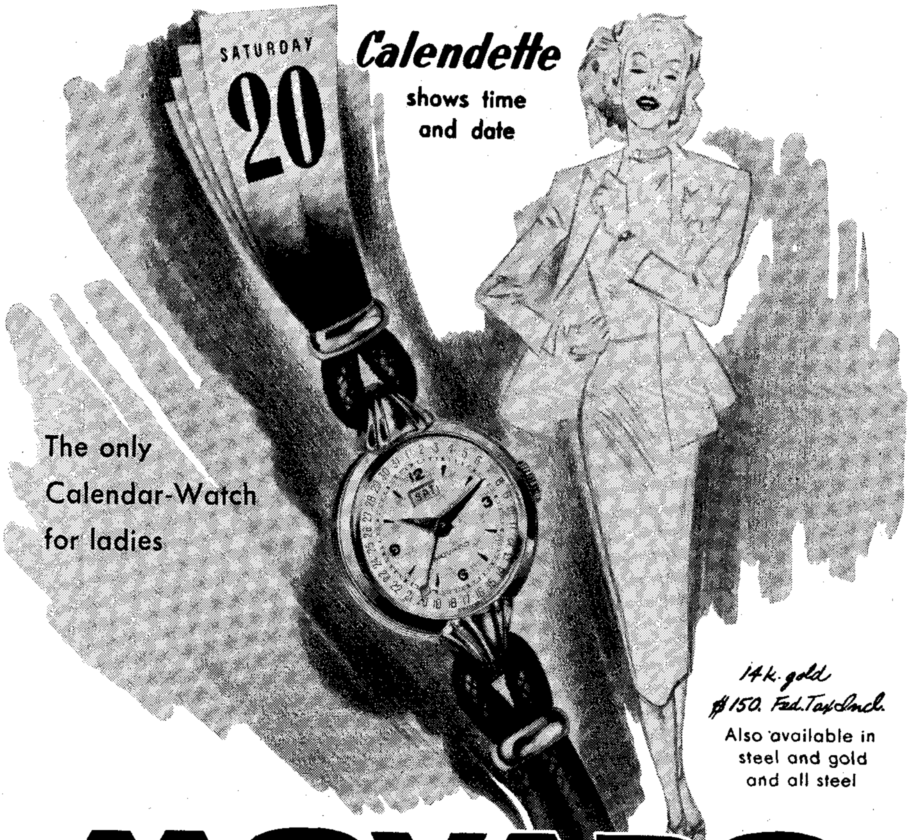

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Cocktail Shaker

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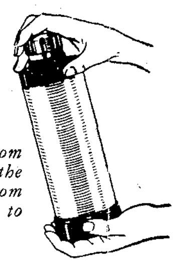
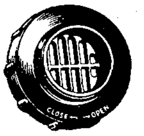

The plastic top and bottom provide a natural grip for the hands and protect them from the icy shaker. No need to bother with towels.


Non-clogging strainer built into plastic top. Ideal for pouring and easy to clean. Screw-on top eliminates leakage.

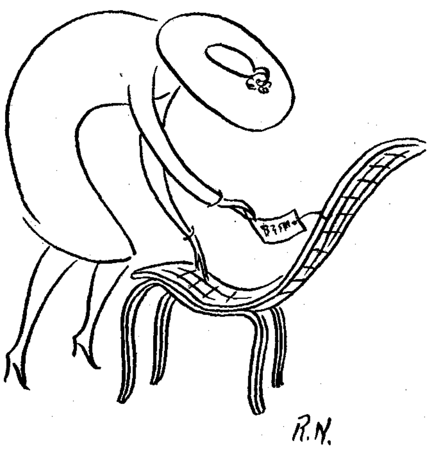
WEST BEND Aluminum Co.
Department 65B, West Bend, Wisconsin
For 37 years, makers of fine giftware

is also greatly appreciated in Britain, and you certainly must know where to find small tins of it. Pure olive oil is, of course, a treasure in England today, and since the tins in which it is packed survive the hazards of travel better than almost anything else, the giver has the satisfaction of sending not only something he knows is assured of a wholehearted welcome but something he knows will arrive safely. The British are not in need of coffee, but the tea ration is still inadequate and very few luxury teas are available at all. If you don't know the recipient's taste in tea, it is perhaps safest to send a fine India, but bear in mind that the people who prefer China tea do so intensely. Simpson & Vail, 89 Front Street, sell an extraordinarily fragrant and delicious Darjeeling, which can also be ordered from DuBarry Foods. F. P. Garrettson, 150 Front Street; Vendôme; Maison Glass; Bellows' Gourmets' Bazaar; Hammacher Schlemmer; and Martin's Fruit Shop all carry a large assortment of teas—India and China—as estimable as you will find anywhere. In ordering, you should, of course, respect the phobia of the British about tea bags.

AS nearly all our overseas informants have expressed a craving for citrus fruit, it seems likely that canned orange and grapefruit segments would be gratefully received. Such shipments should be encouraged, too, by the fact that just before the war this combination came into honorable use as a dessert among venturesome English who had forsworn the "cold shape." As for lemon crystals, it's a good idea to inspect the list of ingredients on the label before choosing; beware of those that contain only citric acid and artificial flavor. You can find good crystals at Vendôme; Kubie's Health Shop, 136 East 57th Street; Bloomingdale; Maison Glass; and Hammacher Schlemmer. These contain a certain quantity of dehydrated lemon juice as well as citric acid—a combination that is apparently the best you can expect to get.

Fresh eggs are enormously desired in England. Perhaps you weren't aware of it, but they can be sent by air, from your own grocer, or you can order them from Denmark through Hammacher Schlemmer or from Holland through Fraser, Morris & Co., 119 West 57th Street, and they will arrive in England still fresh and gratifying. Air transport also makes the shipment of certain cheeses quite safe, and the hard varieties, such as Edam, Gouda, and the pineapple-shaped dairy cheese, can even be trusted in parcel-post packages if they are supervised by an agency such as the Convoys concern. For these items, the superior cheese departments of Macy and Bloomingdale should be investigated. As for unsweetened biscuits to go with the cheese, the British much prefer the fine products of their Huntley & Palmer, Carr, and Peek, Frean & Co. to our crackers. Luxury food shops all carry a full line of English water biscuits. Martin's Fruit Shop and Vendôme have an arrangement with Peek, Frean by which sweet biscuits are sent direct from the British bakeries to the British consumer; that only the sweet varieties can be delivered is a crotchet of the British government and implies no intransigence on the part of Martin, Vendôme, or Messrs. Peek, Frean. But in the matter of sweet biscuits the English are very fond of *ours*—the sweeter the better. Altman, Martin's Fruit Shop, Bloomingdale, and Macy all have large assortments of sweet domestic biscuits in tins, and Vendôme has flat tins of jam-filled, cakelike biscuits, resembling *Linzer Torten*, that ought to do nicely. In this same near-cake class, there is the Gretchen Grant shortbread at Altman, and you will find something called Cinna-Mel, Devonsheer's version of cinnamon toast, at most groceries.

WE cannot hope to guide you with any degree of authority through the bewildering assortment of Christmas cakes and plum puddings that are on hand this year, but we *can* advise you to choose one packed in a tin. Nata Lee, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th), has a fruitcake that not only is properly made but properly packed, Charlotte Charles makes one (on sale practically everywhere) that has a lot of friends, and we have had thank-you letters that sounded sincere in response to Louis Sherry's Christmas cake. For that matter, nearly every upstanding food shop has a fruitcake packed un-



der its own label; Schrafft is particularly proud of the one it sells. Most of our domestic plum puddings come packed in china crocks, which might well make them something of a shipping risk, but Peek, Frean have sent us Mrs. Peek's plum pudding, molded round, like the ones you see in picture books, and packed in a large vacuum tin, and we should certainly be able to send it back. As these are the puddings the British like, or at least are accustomed to, Mrs. Peek would seem to have settled very neatly the entire dessert problem for the United Kingdom this Christmas. Martin's Fruit Shop and Vendôme will have them sent direct from the P., F. factory, which should save a lot of bother. *Lebkuchen* is another sweet that is well liked and ships well. Elisen's *Lebkuchen*, at Martin's and, inappropriately enough, at Truly American Foods, is probably as nearly like the original Nuremberg cakes as any you will find. There is another variety, called Hady's, carried by Macy, which, while softer and rather more spicy than the classic German confection, is quite nice. The Charlotte Charles rum cakes are excellent holiday morsels, and the brownies made by Long French Bakers, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), will arrive in satisfactory condition if you are firm about having them packed in tins. Much-better-than-average brownies are also sold by Truly American Foods; these are packed in a carton, which for transatlantic gift purposes should be enclosed in a tin. There is a noticeable yen abroad for crystallized fruits and, in England, for crystallized ginger. Dried fruits are all received with enthusiasm, especially the foil-wrapped, stuffed prunes put up by Plumbridge, 21 East 65th Street.

ALMOST any box of fine chocolates will arrive safely across the ocean if it has been packed in tin or wood. Our own poll indicates that *no* candies arrive in a presentable state when sent protected by nothing sturdier than cardboard. Thin chocolate peppermints (the sort that come in individual wax-paper envelopes) are almost universally popular. So are Blum's Almondettes, the various nut brittles, and the chocolate-caramel-covered almonds put up by Altman & Kuhne and by Ellen—all sold in tins. Chocolates with soft fillings, such as Blum's marvellous candies and those made by Ella Hawkins, 80-57 Lefferts Boulevard, Kew Gardens; the famous Plumbridge caramels; and some of the Rosemarie de Paris sweets should, we think, be sent only by air. Jams are

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Write for the name of your nearest dealer, and folder "Things You Should Know About China." Please enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing.

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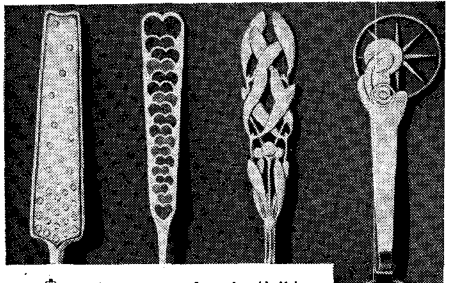

Choose your favorite Holiday dessert spoons and matching forks. 12 colorful annual designs, all different, advertised here during November. From Denmark . . sterling silver with enamel and 24 Kt. gold. Each piece (6½" long): $17.50, Fed. Tax incl. Write for Gift Folder. Available only at

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Old... and proud of it!

Cheese that has aged but not declined. Tangy Wisconsin cheddar, a *natural* cheese and *rindless!* Every crumb of this rare cheese is edible, delectable. Our cheddar ages so gracefully — like a fine wine it improves with the years.

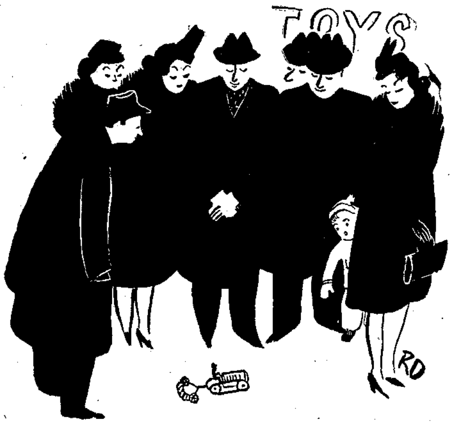
Your check for $3.00 will bring postpaid a colorful, two pound box of this taste treat. Pliofilm wrapped to preserve the delicate flavour.

Georges' CHEESE HOUSE
Dept. N Shawano, Wis.
REFERENCE: Shawano National Bank

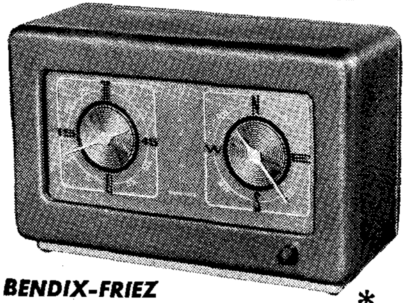
scarce in Britain, but the best jams come in glass and present a shipping risk, so perhaps your friends will prefer a lesser quality in tins, which are certain to arrive intact. Mrs. Bauer's jams and those packed under the Atlas label are as good as any. The best guava paste and guava jelly, on the other hand, come in stout wooden boxes and can be bought at Joseph Victori, 164 Pearl Street, and Casa Moneo, 218 West 14th Street. Bloomingdale has two-pound tins of Lyle's English syrup; if it isn't liked by the British, we don't know *where* it may look for friends. You will find first-rate honey in one- and two-pound cans nearly everywhere, including the health shops, and shelled nuts, which are much appreciated in England, are also present in most shops, in tins or in cellophane containers.

And now, if there is still room in your parcel, it should be filled with rice and more rice, each packet carefully wrapped in heavy paper and sealed with Scotch Tape.

IF American vacationists returning from France this summer have assured you that the French don't need anything but a government, the chances are that they did their research at the Ritz. It is true that almost everything (except rice) can now be got in Paris at a price, but the price is beyond the reach of most of the French, who, while infinitely better off than the British, will be vastly buoyed up by the arrival of certain hard-to-get foods for the holidays. Rice is probably yearned for by the French more than any other single item. White flour is obtainable only on the black market or, with difficulty, from a few farms, and even then it isn't very white. The French coffee ration is inadequate, and roasted coffee in the bean gives untold pleasure; Garrettson, Maison Glass, and Schapira Coffee Company, 121 West 10th Street, roast first-class blends of coffee to just the shade that delights the French. All



A new Gift Solution for the man who has everything!



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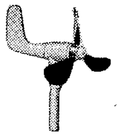

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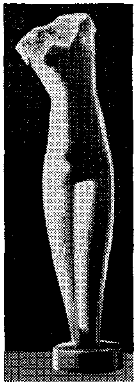

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25 West 43rd Street New York 18, New York

France is, of course, quite candid in its criticism of our tinned butter, but the fresh article is so rare and expensive there that the Petit & Reed variety will doubtless be acceptable. Canned rendered chicken fat, which can be found in one-pound tins at any number of shops, is greatly prized, and olive oil is a blessing. Bacon, either in tins or in bulk, is esteemed, and so are noodles or other *pâtes* made of the hard winter wheat, at present so scarce in France. We have had many conflicting reports on the French craving for sardines, so we daresay they are not a universally pressing need; everyone seems agreed, however, that tuna and salmon are much wanted. Travellers tell us that they had better chocolates in Paris last summer than they can get in New York, but these fine candies do not, we fear, reach the majority of the French people, who show a marked fondness for such sweets as Blum's Almondettes, good hard candies, and even creamed maple sugar, which they do not for a moment believe comes from a tree but which they enjoy both as a tall tale and as a flavor. Plain dried figs and prunes seem to be preferred to the stuffed and sugared variety; glacé fruits, shelled nuts (not salted), and jams are always gladly received. For elderly people who live in cities, you had better include powdered or evaporated milk. Nearly everybody wants sweetened instant cocoa, and even Lipton's dehydrated chicken-and-noodle soup has made friends.

British and French appetites and needs are, as you see, not always the same, but Christmas-dinner time is approaching as swiftly on one side of the Channel as on the other. Not a moment to lose!

Christmas Cards

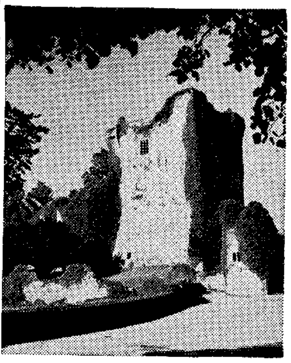
ALL sorts of subjects have found their way onto Christmas cards this year, but the ones that turn out best, as usual, are neither eccentric nor arch. Among the outstanding offerings are some beautiful Madonna-and-angel cards, at Cartier, that somehow achieve the effect of stained glass in sunlight. These come from England and cost $32.50 for twenty-five. Engraving from your own plate will be done free on orders of a hundred or more; otherwise, $4 for the job. The Serigraph Galleries, at 38 West 57th Street, have colored silk-screen prints, for fifty cents and upward each, in limited editions of about a hundred. They carry no printed greetings and are eminently framable. At almost any shop you will find this year's selection of the

These countries are as near as your telephone

ARGENTINA

BERMUDA

DENMARK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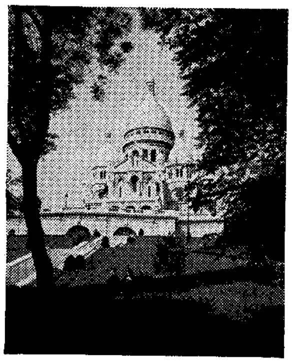
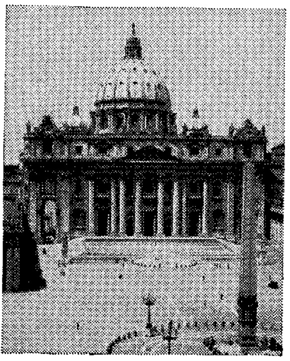

FRANCE

GREAT BRITAIN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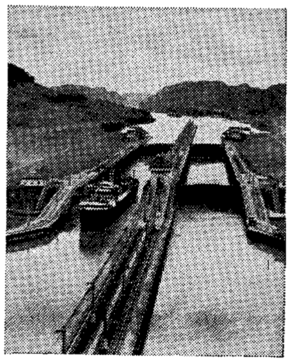
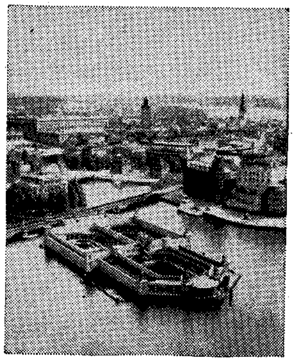

PANAMA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The Bermuda Shop
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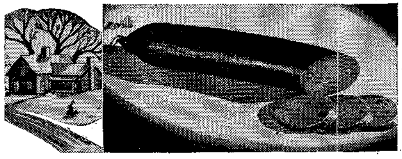
NUGGETS of GOLD

A—The nuggetty-looking Earrings and Cuff Links are made by Cartister in sterling silver with 24 kt. gold plate. By air mail, $10.00 per pair, including Federal tax.
B—These Earrings are the real gold quartz, polished, hexagon in design; quietly beautiful. By Joseph Gomez, Spanish-California goldsmith. By air mail, $65.00, including Federal tax.

Both designs made expressly for
ANNE MAHONEY
545 Sutter Street · · San Francisco 2, California



FARM HOME Summer SAUSAGE
A delicious blend of selected choice meats—tastefully seasoned. Leisurely smoked—over smoldering, fragrant, genuine hickory logs. A year 'round country treat. Needs no refrigeration. One large sausage to carton $2.00 postpaid in U. S. A.
FARM HOME FOODS, Dept. N', Watertown, Wis.

"Cuisine of Rare Excellence"
Copain
A la carte · Bar · Table D'Hote
At Truly Moderate Prices
INTRODUCING
The Gallery and Lounge
Luncheon till 3 p.m. • Dinner till Midnite
50th St. & 1st Ave. N. W. Corner PL. 8-0554

American Artists Group—colored reproductions of the works of a number of contemporary American painters—at from ten cents to a quarter. For the largest of the cards, pickled-pine-finished frames an inch and a half wide are available, at $2.50, and they make a nice bit of modern decoration out of, say, Lauren Ford's Madonna, Guy Wiggins' upper Fifth Avenue snow scene, or John Whorf's white birches.

One more observation—unless otherwise indicated, all prices we quote for groups of twenty-five or more cards include the imprinting of your name—and we'll get down to business:

ALTMAN: Traditional but imaginatively handled Christmas-card ideas, exemplified by a slender Madonna in a white robe and purple-and-pink veil kneeling before the Christ Child; a Venetian angel in a gored taupe dress strumming a lute; and a white angel holding a blue dove and standing beside a Gothic cathedral. These are $6.25 for twenty-five. A good selection of small cards shows children coöperatively engaged in such commendable ventures as snuffing out candles and singing carols under an umbrella; $3.75 for twenty-five.

AMERICA HOUSE, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): A hyacinth-blue Christmas tree, hand-tinted, in a swirl of blue snowflakes decorates one engaging card here; black-and-red striped fish glide through black-and-gold seaweed on another. They both cost thirty-five cents apiece. On cards at twenty cents each, you'll find a Santa Claus in an odd rig, made up chiefly of a rampageous beard and heart-shaped mittens.

B. T. BATSFORD, 122 East 55th Street: Reproductions of two of Winston Churchill's paintings. One, which he used on his own Christmas card last year, is a landscape of the Island of Choisi; the other is a still life of richly colored fruits against a green curtain. The cards also contain a printed greeting that a lot of people used last year—"Merry Christmas"—and a facsimile of the great man's signature; thirty-five cents apiece.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Cards designed for people who have the gumption to think up their own messages. A deep-blue squarish one is sprinkled with numerous gold stars and three large white stars, waiting to be written on. For $6.50, you get fifty of these, plus a bottle of red ink. There are also some impressive cards that fold into three-dimensional shapes and will sit very nicely on a mantelpiece. The most elaborate is a cut-out bare oak tree, painted bright green and hung with four huge red and gold sequins—real ones; $34 for fifty.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM: Old-fashioned coaching and hunting scenes, at $6.50 and $16 for twenty-five, respectively. Hand-colored parchment inserts in folded cards show 1890 couples toting Christmas wreaths, or little angels in yellow blowing their horns over snow-covered villages; $16.50 for twenty-five. Prices include engraving from your own plate.

BRENTANO: Highly colored, lively cards designed by Peter Hunt. One affords a domestic glimpse of Santa Claus relaxing in a star-spangled chair beside a purple stove, a green teakettle, and a black cat; on another stands an angel who has added a lace-swathed red cloak to her regular gear of white dress and gold trumpet. These are $9.25 for twenty-five. The shop also has a stylish assortment of Italian cards—Madonnas in Florentine borders, and such. Twenty-five cents to $1 apiece.

BROWN & DELHI, 70 Fifth Avenue (13th): Ballet addicts ought to like some English colored lithographs of such dancers as Serge Lifar in "The Sleeping Beauty," Irina Baronova or Alexandra Danilova in "Les Sylphides," and Janine Charrat and Wladimir Skouratoff in "Romeo and Juliet." These are twenty-five cents each. Also, nice black-and-white lithographs of Brooklyn Bridge, the Cloisters, and other New York scenes; fifteen cents. At the same price, there are nonsensical hand-colored cards, depicting, among other things, Jack Horner sitting on a bar stool as he works on his plum.

CARTIER: Particularly notable for some handsome French designs to be had only here. They include scenes from long ago, showing people, dressed to the nines, walking to church or standing around coaches (fifty for $12.50) or couples flying along in carriages drawn by very French-looking horses (fifty for $17.50). Engraving from your own plate is thrown in on orders of more than a hundred. Especially recommended for children are some smallish winter scenes of youngsters, often in Dutch costumes; fifty for $12.50, without name.

DEMPSEY & CARROLL, 556 Madison Avenue (56th): The cards here are all lighthearted this year—there's a particularly nice one embellished with a royal-blue sleigh filled with poinsettias and holly—and offer a choice of twelve greetings; $9.25 for twenty-five.

DUTTON, 270 Park Avenue (48th): Foreign cards are the specialty here, too. From England, colorful reproductions of Gauguin's Tahitian mountains, K. Meyer-Eberhardt's deer, van Gogh's "Bridge at Arles," and spring scenes by W. Peiner; twenty-five cents each. Then, at fifteen cents apiece, there are Swedish peasants preparing Christmas dinner or engaged in an athletic, stomping dance around a Christmas table; Swedish gnomes singing and otherwise whooping it up in a treetop; Mexican fiesta scenes, bearing such sentiments as "*Feliz Naviedad;*" and French picture postcards showing on one side men and women cooking regional dishes, and on the other the recipe for the object of their attention.

FRIENDS OF GREECE, 37 East 47th Street: Charming parchment cards with hand-painted Madonnas and greetings in Greek and English (fifty cents each), and some folding ones with photographs of Grecian scenes on the covers and room inside for a long personal message, presumably in English (twenty-five cents).

GEORG JENSEN: Mice are prominent here this year—a mother mouse reading aloud to her children (twenty-five for $5.50), or a hand-colored, juvenile-delinquent mouse sitting on a holly branch and pilfering berries (ten cents each, unprinted, or $5.50 for twenty-five, printed). On other cards, dapper green elves clamber up and down a Christmas wreath (twenty-five for $6.75), and appliquéd angels, on a holiday fling, take up broomstick-riding (twenty cents).

LORD & TAYLOR: Lively designs, by

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Natural Beauty...
from our wide selection
of unique diamond earclips.
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No wonder "Turtles" are famous from coast to coast. The creamiest of creamy caramel, the richest of rich milk chocolate and luscious pecan halves . . . there's no other candy quite like the one and only "Turtles." An unusual and exceptional gift . . . distinctive, wonderfully delicious! If your town has no "Turtles" dealer, send $1.65 for *one* lb.; $1.55 for *each additional* lb. sent to same address, same shipment . . . DE MET'S, INC., Div. A-700, 312 West Madison Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

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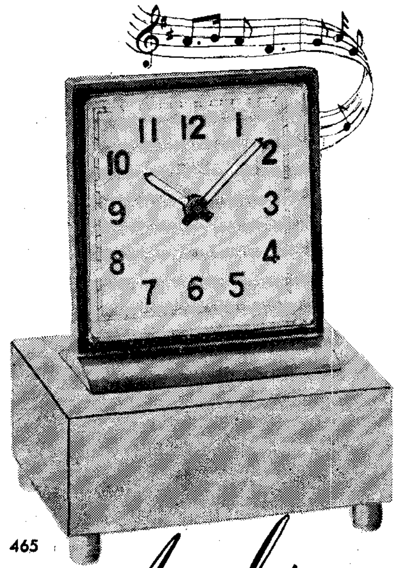

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8-DAY Musical ALARM clock with finest watch movement. 15 Jewels. Gold-applied numerals, radium hands and dots; solid base. Gold-finish. Charming 28-note melody starts your day off pleasantly. 3"x4". About $60, tax included.

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MAIL ORDERS FILLED $275. Incl. Fed. Tax

LAMBERT *Brothers*

Neighborly Jewelers Since 1877
LEXINGTON at 60th STREET, N. Y. 21

Dorothy Simmons, that you won't find anywhere else. Santa Claus, in green mittens, puts his mind on a giant Christmas list; blue-robed angels fly toward the recipient of the card, carrying a peppermint-candy-striped swag laden with gifts; yellow-haired angels pick red flowers in a Heavenly garden; and a Madonna and Child have halos of flowers. Twenty-five of these will cost you from $6.25 to $8.75.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: Reproductions of the Museum's pet treasures. For a nickel, there are a white and red pelican and parrot, taken from an old Spanish woodcut; for a dime, a design of flowers and bees from an eleventh-century Chinese scroll, intended as a Christmas card now and a bookmark later; and for twenty cents, unusually lovely Madonnas.

PLUMMER, 734 Fifth Avenue (57th): This shop has a new Christmas-card department, which is starting off with a collection of simple cards decked with stylized Christmas trees or vivid, gilt-trimmed stripes; $8.50 for twenty-five.

RAYMOND & RAYMOND, 40 East 52nd Street: New York scenes, drawn and hand-tinted by the shop's own artists, that make places like Third Avenue and South Street seem Christmassy as Rockefeller Plaza with its tree lit; twenty-five cents each.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: In a top-notch assortment are twelve designs by Lucille Corcos. These include a beaming family congregated on the balcony of their Swiss chalet, happy people skiing, and a cross-section of a night-before-Christmas house showing celebrating mice in the cellar and reindeer capering on the roof; twenty-five for $8.75. On a somewhat smaller card, Santa Claus's jalopy is shovelled out of a snowbound garage by helpful dwarfs; twenty-five for $6.25.

SERIGRAPH GALLERIES, 38 West 57th Street: Good-looking colored silk-screen prints, including San Francisco scenes (one is of the waterfront at night; $1) and New York's Central Park in spring ($1.25) and winter ($2.50).

MRS. JOHN L. STRONG, 660 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Here you can have a card designed to carry a photograph of your house, baby, dog, last summer's tennis trophy, or whatever else you think highly of. For instance, a folding card with a winter scene of your house on the outside, a summer view inside, and an imprinting of your own handwritten greeting; $75 a hundred for two photographs, and $50 for one. For $40 a hundred, a colored road map shows the way to your house, together with a printed welcome. This sort of thing, of course, has to be ordered by December 1st to be of any use to you.

TIFFANY: Two cardinals (birds, not divines) perched on a holly branch are $35 a hundred; pretty, traditional Christmas scenes, such as a covered bridge mantled with snow, are $45 a hundred. Prices include engraving from your plate.

UNITED SERVICE TO CHINA, 1790 Broadway (57th): Religious subjects or Chinese outdoor scenes, soft in color, and printed with greetings in Chinese and English; sixty cents a dozen.

WAKEFIELD BOOKSHOP, 702 Madison Avenue (62nd): Unusual designs by Jean Watts, such as line drawings trimmed with real tinsel and sequins. One of these is of placid reindeer tucked into little white beds, and another is of a skittish, possibly slightly tipsy reindeer lolling out of a window and toying with a daisy; forty cents each. At fifty cents, there are folding cards (Santa Claus in an antiquated automobile, or angels in star-flecked pants, standing on their heads) with brief greetings printed inside.

WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP, 27 West 8th Street: This shop opens at noon and remains active until nine. It is, of course, the logical place to get Washington Square scenes, and it also has some excellent five-cent cards—reverently treated religious subjects and jolly secular ones, such as rabbits with slingshots firing away at Christmas-tree ornaments, and topknotted angels encircled with pink poinsettias. For fifteen cents, there are nice embossed folding cards with colored pictures

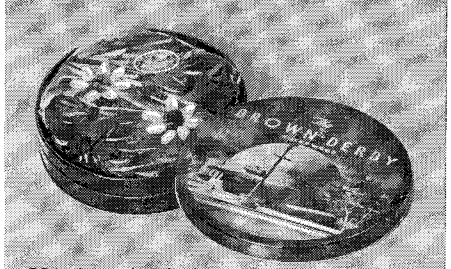
PARCEL POST
DO NOT OPEN TILL XMAS

O. SOGLOW
*designed by merry hull
...really Finger Free

Be free-handed as you wish in Finger Free—glove replica of your own hand, most comfortable in the world.

DANIEL HAYS
FINE GLOVES SINCE 1854 • GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

DELICIOUS FRUIT CAKE from the BROWN DERBY'S PASTRY KITCHENS


We've been making this famous fruit cake in our own pastry kitchens for 20 years. This is the first time we have made it available to everyone throughout the country. Famous Glazed Jumbo Bing Cherries, Select First Quality Pecans, Jamaica Rum and Imported Cognac, are included in the fine ingredients. The cake is decorated with Jordan Almonds and is hermetically packed in a tin that will make a nice cookie or cake container. Be sure to include yourself on any gift list for this famous Fruit Cake from the Brown Derby Hollywood Restaurant. 3-lb. $4.95 postpaid. Write for our catalog of distinctive gifts.

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DOES YOUR TABLE RHUMBA?

Fix it or any wobbly furniture in 5 minutes with a set of 4 Levelors, which positively levels anything on 4 wooden legs weighing up to a ton! Send 59¢ per set to Dept. 14, Levelor Corp., White Plains, N.Y.

DINE AT HOME
Phone Carl formerly of the 21 Club. RE 7-3749
CASSEROLE KITCHEN
delivers complete dinners

outside and black-and-white ones inside. A colored horsecar, for instance, is accompanied by a black-and-white street scene; and an angel circus rider pirouettes on a reindeer whose horns are peppermint canes, while inside another angel walks a tightrope.

YOUNG BOOKS, 746 Madison Avenue (65th): Cheerful nonsense, such as a map of the United States done in fir branches and holly ($6.75 for twenty-five), and a diapered angel spelling out "Merry Christmas" in soap bubbles ($5.50 for twenty-five). Hand-painted cards are adorned with animals usually neglected at Christmas—donkeys with holly in their mouths and genial polar bears on icebergs (sixty cents each, including a hand-painted name), and startled giraffes with holly fore and aft (forty cents, without printing).

•

The first of a series of four lectures on love and marriage entitled "Deep Sea Fishing (in the Sea of Love and Marriage)," will be given in Brown 118, at 4 p. m. tomorrow. This series of lectures, which will cover the pre-marital period, will be open to the public and free of charge.

Tomorrow's lecture, "The Cast and the Strike," which deals with personality relationships in choosing a mate, will be by Clark Elsey, prof. of marriage education, Stephens College.

On Nov. 10, the second lecture, "Reeling In," will be presented and will deal with the pre-engagement and the engagement periods. As yet the speaker for this lecture is unscheduled.

The third lecture, scheduled for Dec. 1, is entitled, "Wading In" and deals with mental and physical hygiene of pre-marital relationships. This lecture will be by Dr. Frank Shobe of the Neuro-psychiatric Clinic, Barnes Hospital.

On Dec. 15, Prof. Paul Weaver of Stephens College will deliver the fourth lecture, "Keeping Your Head Above Water."—*Student Life, Washington University, St. Louis.*

Ever try goggle fishing, Professor?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Randolph (Vt.) White River Valley Herald]

Mrs. Virgil Gates had a strange experience last week Friday when a woman whom she had never seen before, walked into her home and stayed all day, making herself at home. The woman said she was from White River Junction, and wher Mr. Gates came home at night they took her as far as Sharon, and she decided to get out and stop at the store.

O. SOGLOW
...really Finger Free

For a better grasp of things, wear Finger Free, the glove that fits your hand in action or at rest.

*designed by merry hull

DANIEL HAYS
FINE GLOVES SINCE 1854 • GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

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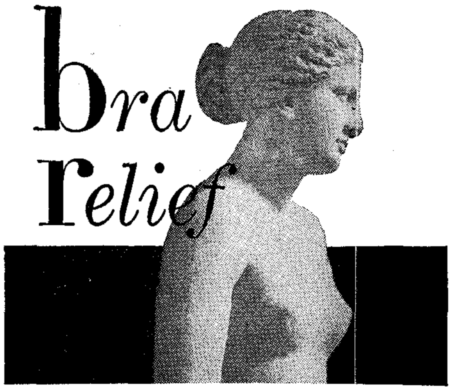
to your friends in Britain

Delicacies that are truly luxuries to your friends in Great Britain. Tempting preserves, tasty cakes, and sweet biscuits, exotic soup, fragrantly delicious tea and coffee . . . the pièce de resistance, a plump plum pudding . . . all these and other festive-making sweets are packed and shipped by Fortnum & Mason, famous in London for fine delicacies. Parcels at 15.75, 23.75 and 35.00.

Delicacies, main floor
. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset.
Mail and phone (MU. 9-7000) orders filled.

bra relief



Praxiteles' Aphrodite

*no more trying one bra after another! Berlé creates for you an individual **DELINEATOR.** Twenty-seven years of specializing assure you of true figure-personality and comfort. Call Mlle. Audrey for appointment: PLaza 5-6250.*

In other cities, the finest stores only have the Delineator. Write for booklet N.

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Private beach, 50 acres of landscaped grounds, full program of amusements, festive Jungle Club, new Hibiscus Bar and Grill. All rooms have private bath, circulating ice water.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Various Ventures in Modern Art

GALLERY
EXHIBITION

THE Miller Company, whose fine collection of modern paintings and sculptures is now on view at the Knoedler Galleries, is an old-established firm in Meriden, Connecticut, that has been manufacturing lighting fixtures for a hundred years. I learned of this venture in the arts on the part of solid Yankee business enterprise at the time of the Mondrian memorial exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art three years ago, when I noticed that a couple of the loans were credited to the company. This surprised me, somehow. To be sure, a number of other commercial organizations had begun to buy art, but in most cases their experiments had been accompanied by a great deal of publicity. Neither Pepsi-Cola nor Sears, Roebuck, not to mention La Tausca Pearls, had been at all shy about announcing its progress as an art collector, and the New England reticence of the Miller Company about its activities struck me as being unique in the field. Though the collection, which now numbers some fifty items, has been in process of formation for four years, this exhibit—a benefit for the Scholarship Fund of the Institute of Fine Arts at New York University—is its first showing in New York.

It turns out that the main purpose of the Miller people in getting the collection together is the highly laudable one of providing, for the architects and designers who work with and for them, a pictorial reference library on the relation of modern art to industrial design, and this has had a lot to do with the shaping of the collection. Most of the principal early-modern trends are represented—the Bauhaus school by two of its major figures, Vasily Kandinsky and Paul Klee (see Kandinsky's excellent, very Oriental "Animated Stability," done in 1935), and the De Stijl group by Theo van Doesburg's "Space-Time Construction #3," while "Still Life," of 1925, by Charles Jeanneret (now, of course, better known as Le Corbusier), represents the Purists. These three schools are among those that had the greatest and most immediate effect on contemporary

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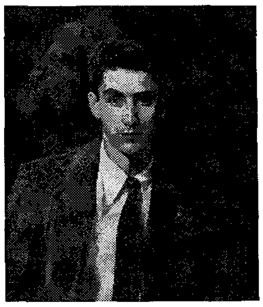

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hand-forged
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Hand-forged from high speed steel, these nicely balanced steak knives will keep their razor-edge for years. Each knife is hand-ground, hand-polished, hand-honed. Beautiful simplicity marks the design. Handsomely packaged in Western style hardwood case. An impressive Christmas or wedding present. Order direct. Send list. *4 Blade Steak Knife Set* (P.P. prepaid) $16.00

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commercial and industrial design, but there are also paintings by Braque and Picasso, to represent the early Cubists; a Léger, of his Dynamist period, to show the mechanistic tendency of the times; and a very early Mondrian ("Pier and Ocean," of 1914), to reveal the beginnings of the non-objective school of geometric abstraction. Most of the earlier acquisitions were, I believe, chosen largely for their historical interest, but they all have value as art as well. Léger's "Petit Déjeuner," for instance, is a remarkably fine example of balanced design, and although the Picassos are far from being his best, the Braque still life "Black Rose," done in 1927, is one of his major paintings. There is, too, a Juan Gris, "Still Life with Pears," dated 1913, to reveal how much sonority and sensuous richness the supposedly dry Cubist manner was capable of.

One fault of the collection, as exhibited here, is that it does not cover adequately the ground it sets out to survey. The earlier sections suffer most in this regard. There are schools, such as the Constructivists and the Futurists, that are not represented at all, and there are a number of individual omissions, such as Moholy-Nagy, Marinetti, and Lissitzy. On the whole, though, it's a good beginning, and the later sections, in which there has been less concern with the educational in the selection, contain some very pleasing pieces. Here you will find the work of several Americans, from Stuart Davis's crisp, yellow "For Internal Use Only" and Ilya Bolotowski's "Perpendiculars and Diagonals" to Josef Albers' grave, gray "Flying Man" and the charming "Transfluent Lines," by I. Rice Pereira. There is, in addition, a nice "Splitting of the Ergo," by Matta—one of those strange between-worlds compositions he has been doing lately—and among the sculptures, there are a Hans Arp "Relief," a Lipchitz study for "Pegasus," and a Jose de Rivera abstraction called "Black, Yellow, and Red," all of which are worth noting.

MARC CHAGALL, now showing at the Pierre Matisse, is a man who doesn't change much. For the last thirty years, whether in France or, as he is now, in this country, he has been painting picture after picture concocted of much the same ingredients—a moon, a bouquet of flowers and a clock set at midnight, a bridal couple, a fiddler and a glimpse of a Russian village—in what is possibly the most long-sustained pictorial paean to the joys of married life

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a DRAM of DRAMBUIE
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
DRAMBUIE
THE ONLY SCOTCH CORDIAL
Its unique dry tang eludes description.

Enjoy the exquisite flavour and bouquet of the only cordial with the Scotch whisky base—made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur.

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Why do they use this particular vermouth?
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Two Kinds: Sweet for Manhattan,
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crystal clear in the bottle.

Vermouth

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that has ever been attempted. His new show in general follows the pattern, and the marvel is that he still manages to maintain his freshness and innocence of approach. There are some new subjects, notably a big "Crucifixion," in which the Christ figure is portrayed against a rather symbolic Russian setting, the whole suffused with red, and a less successful "Ghetto." All the others, though—"Bride with Flowers," the blue "Flying Fish," the more vigorous, slightly enigmatic "Double Portrait," and "Natikva"—run close to form, and it's amazing how really lovely most of them are.

AT the A.C.A., the organization of painters and sculptors called An American Group is having an exhibition. This group, in the nineteen-thirties an extremely active one, was broken up during the war, when a good many of its members were called into the services, and this showing is its first in four years. Although their numbers are smaller now, it is still the same spirited coterie, with, as heretofore, a good deal of sharp social commentary in its offerings, and I must say it's quite a pleasure to see the group back in operation again. In style, the work ranges from the modern-Impressionist "Footbridge," by Louis Bouché—a summer scene with a good deal of warmth and green lushness—to the strongly Expressionist "Fruit Bowl with Mirror," by Sigmund Menkes, while in between there are such admirable pieces as the well-integrated "Women Must Wait," by Morris Shulman; Sol Wilson's family interior called "Evening Meal;" Jean Liberté's "New England Wharf;" and "Landscape," by Abraham Birnbaum. The sculpture section is an especially good one. Robert Cronbach's stylized "Engine Room," Dorothea Greenbaum's small, delightful "Windy Day," and Hugo Robus's amusing "Girl with a Pretty Face" are perhaps the best.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Thanks for your wonderful magazine and for continuing your friendly words of encouragement to we tyros.—*From a letter in Writer's Digest.*

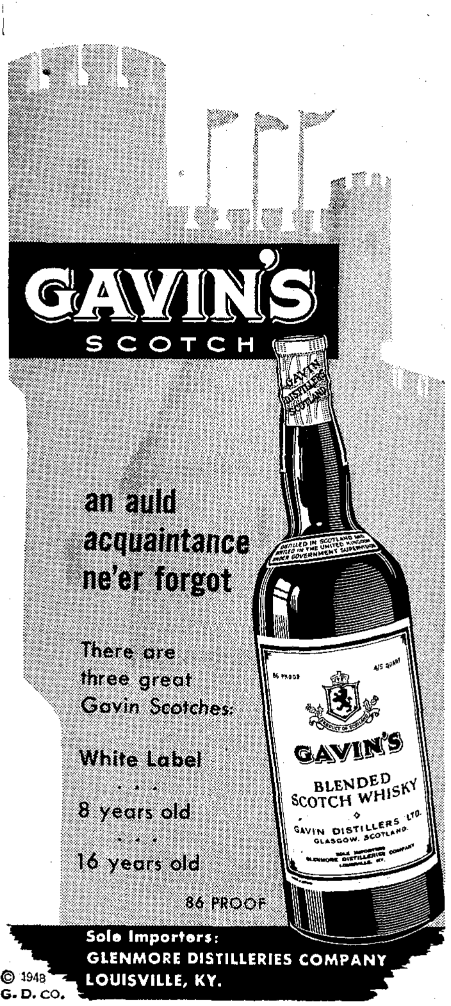
You see? It's a mistake to encourage anybody.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a release from the Department of Agriculture*]

Another version of the cabbage-apple team is a nasty casserole.



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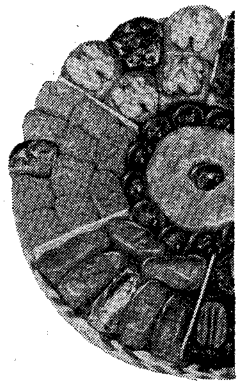

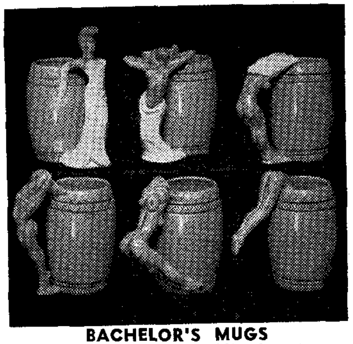

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HERE ONE IS SERIOUS

IN the winter of 1933-34, almost everything about me was hyphenated. I was *secrétaire-traductrice* to the *administrateur-délégué* of the Société Anonyme Underwood in Paris, and my boss was M. Bardin-Bouchard. The Société Anonyme Underwood was a French company, only loosely associated with Underwood Elliott Fisher, its American counterpart. It was subject to French working regulations and had, until my advent, all-French personnel. It was also the first French commercial firm I had ever worked for.

Two years before, caught by the depression and having a child to support, I had got a job as a script girl in Paramount's European studios, at Joinville. Later, when Alexander Korda left Paramount and formed his own company, I went along as a scenarist, but in 1933 he closed his Paris studios, and I was out of work. It was the week before Christmas, the hardest time of the year to find a job. I was without one for six weeks, until I answered Underwood's advertisement, in the Paris *Herald*, for a French-English secretary, salary fifteen hundred francs a month. This was less than I had ever attempted to live on, but it was better than nothing—in fact, it was double what French secretaries were getting—and when, to my surprise, the job was offered me, I took it, with relief.

On the first day, I reported to M. Bardin-Bouchard, who explained that the hours were from eight in the morning to seven at night, with the usual, sacred *midi à deux heures* for lunch. "Here one is serious," he added. "*Ici on ne fait pas du cinéma.*" He showed me my desk, next to the glass partition that separated him from the large room in which all forty of his subordinates worked. "You will sit here," he said, "and when I need you, I will tap upon the glass."

During the first day, he did not need me. I kept busy for the first hour or two filling in the many papers the Société Anonyme Underwood required—forms and declarations in duplicate or in triplicate, to be witnessed by my concierge, my former employers, and my friends, if any, and signed by the mayor of my *arrondissement*. I grew more and more depressed as I wrestled with these records of a past that had brought me to such a predicament. Here I was, my back to a glass partition, facing forty pairs of hostile eyes—a *sale étrangère* taking bread out of French mouths. But my real dismay was occasioned by the

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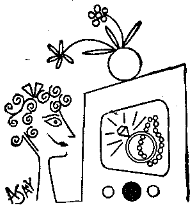

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grim glimpse of the future that the last of the papers revealed.

If I worked honestly, blamelessly, and zealously until the age of sixty-five, I would be entitled, "under certain circumstances," to receive a pension of three hundred francs a month. The circumstances were not defined. If I died at my desk before I was sixty-five, my daughter would receive some benefits, "according to the length and the aptitude of the employee's services"—about enough to cover the cost of a funeral wreath, I suspected. However, it was not the smallness of the pension and the benefits that troubled me but the length of servitude they presupposed. I had thought of this job as a temporary expedient. Yet here I was laboriously filling in the outline of the years to come—in ten years' time an increase of salary, in fifteen years a week added to my annual vacation. It was only when I came to the last paragraph that I felt at all reassured: "The employer reserves the right to terminate your services with twenty-four hours' notice and, in certain cases only, the compensation of a week's full salary." The cases were not defined.

That, at least, was familiar ground. I signed my name in full, as requested, shuffled the papers together, and took them back to the woman who had given them to me. This was a mistake. The papers, once signed, were no concern of hers. She explained this to me at some length, and when she had me sufficiently confused and abashed, she indicated a desk in the farthest corner of the room. "The gentleman there may take care of you," she said.

I thanked her and walked the length of the room between the desks to the gentleman indicated. The silence that reigned over working hours was unbroken, but I knew that all the employees watched me as I passed. I reached the man in the corner and stood before him, but he did not look up. He was busy sharpening his pencil. After I had waited for three minutes, I lost patience.

"*Voyons donc*," I said. "One has not all day!"

I laid the papers on his desk and returned to my place, walking again between the rows of desks and leaving the employees in suspended motion behind me. I fancied I heard the words "*Cinéma!*" and "*Paramount!*" whispered once or twice.

The rest of the morning, I sat waiting for the tap on the glass that did not come. I rearranged the various writing materials on and in my desk. I studied the dictionary. I practiced typing on the

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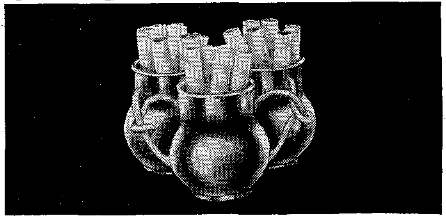

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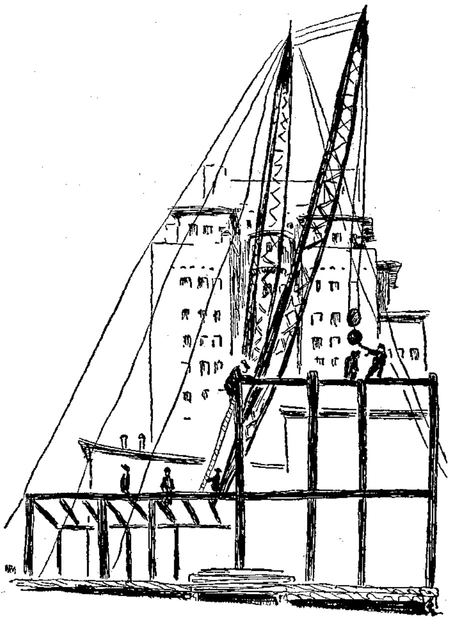
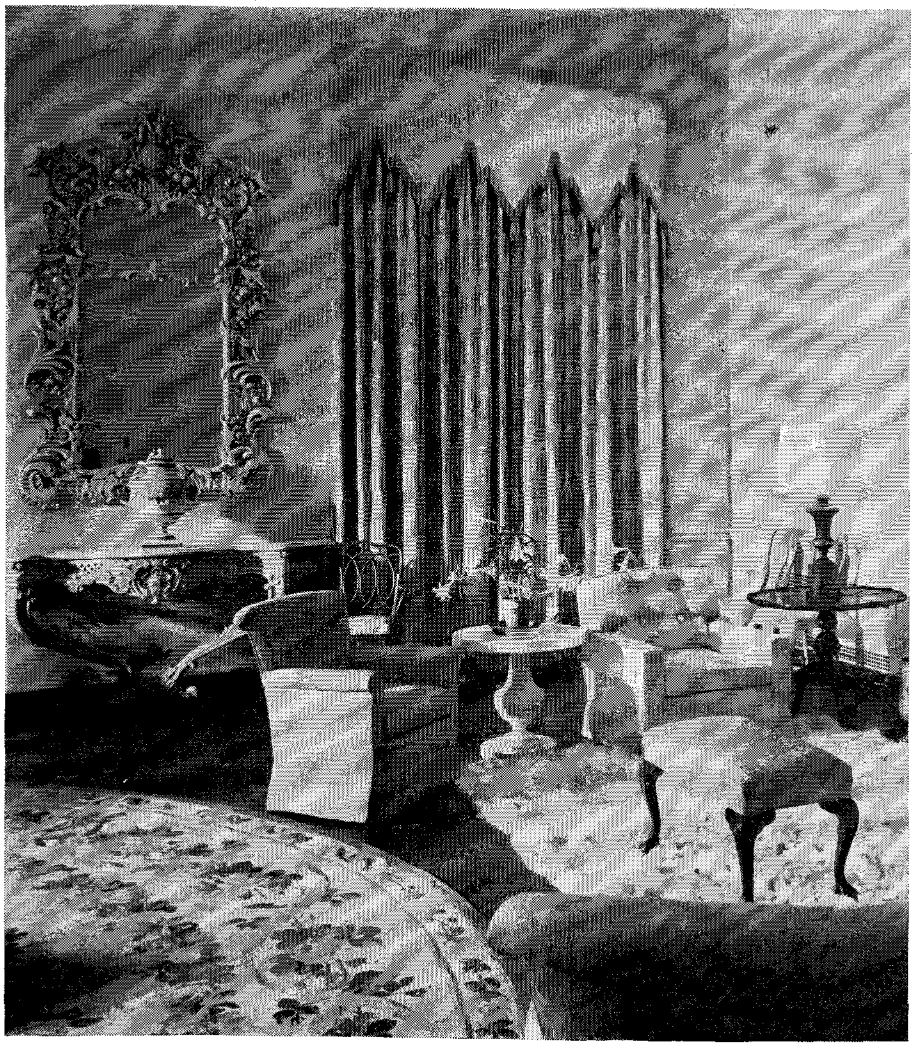
brand-new noiseless machine that had been provided for me. Finally, the hours of luncheon came. All forty desks were suddenly abandoned. The cloakroom into which I fought my way was full of women in black dresses putting on black coats. The smell of scent and stale powder filled the air. There was an amicable babble and chatter, but nobody spoke to me.

Since I lived in the suburbs, I couldn't go home and get back in time for the *rentrée*, at two o'clock. I hadn't enough money to eat in a restaurant—or any appetite, for that matter. I went into a café and ordered a bock. When I had sipped it very slowly, an hour and a half remained. I decided to go back to my desk and read a newspaper. I bought the paper, but when I got to the office, I found the door was locked. I went outside again and into a church. It was cool and restful there, but I grudged the passage of time. There was so much I could have been doing. I spent the afternoon arranging the contents of the desk drawers over and over in different ways, sharpening pencils, trying them out on pads, and practicing typing.

THE next day, toward eleven o'clock, M. Bardin-Bouchard tapped on the glass. I caught up notebook and pencil and hurried reverently in. There was a pile of correspondence before him. "Hold the blotter," he said, pointing to a roller blotter on his desk, "and blot my signature." I stood at his right elbow while he signed his long, hyphenated name in beautiful spidery script, making a flourish beneath each word. I rolled the blotter over the signatures, slowly, carefully. As we came to the end of the pile, I took up one of the letters and began to fold it, preparatory





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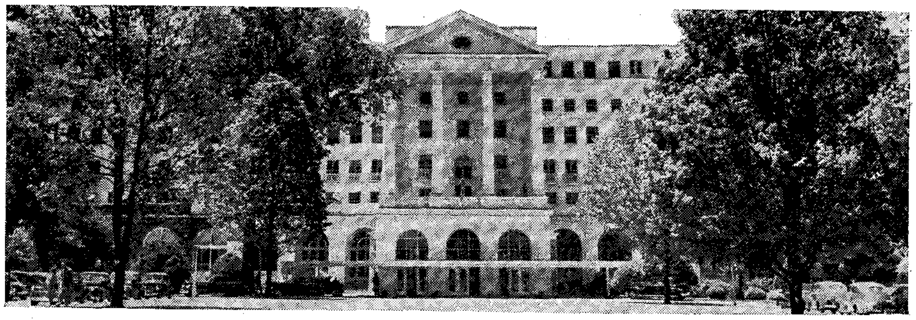

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to putting it into its envelope. "Leave that," he said. "That is another's work." He turned to look at me. "*Eh bien*," he said, "are we getting acclimatized? Are we beginning to feel our way? Is it well with us?"

"It is very well," I answered, "but there does not seem to be an excess of work."

He frowned. "*Ici on ne fait pas du cinéma*," he said. "We work slowly, thoroughly, seriously, *à fond*. You will become accustomed to our ways. You may go."

I went back to my desk. A few heads looked up, looked down again. In desperation, I inserted a piece of paper into the typewriter. "The quick brown fox," I wrote, "never jumps over the fence. Now is not the time for any good men to stir to the aid of the party. The pen of my aunt remains in the hand of my uncle."

After a week, during which M. Bardin-Bouchard tapped on the glass partition every day to summon me to the ceremony of the signatures, there came the opportunity I was waiting for—the chance to do some work and to show my worth. On Monday of my second week, he tapped on the glass twice. The first time, I performed my task with the blotter, but the second time, though I reached automatically for it, there was no correspondence on the desk. Instead, M. Bardin-Bouchard held a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"You have done translation, one supposes?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied.

"From French into English?"

"Assuredly. Also from English into French."

"*Il ne s'agit pas de cela*," he said. "That is the work of another. But for French into English we have need. Look. Here is the annual financial report. It must be sent to America, and there must also be a copy for our files. You will do it carefully. Here it is."

He passed a five-page memorandum to me. I glanced at it. There seemed to be very little to translate. It was a balance sheet, chiefly composed of figures. "Am I to put the francs into dollars?" I asked.

He looked shocked at this. "You are not, one supposes, an auditor or an expert on international finance," he said. "Your work here is to translate—to translate, purely and simply. Here one is serious. *Ici on ne fait*—"

"I understand," I said.

"Do it as well as you can," he said, "and bring it to my desk."

I attacked the job with fervor. I was

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determined to show him how well I could work. It was a simple assignment and I finished it in an hour. I proofread the result and took it into his office. He was on the telephone, so I put it on his desk and discreetly withdrew.

A few moments later, there was a pounding on the pane behind me. I turned, startled, to see M. Bardin-Bouchard beckoning to me furiously. I did not know how I could have made a mistake, after such a careful checking. Disheartened, I went in. "What sort of piggery is this?" he shouted, pounding on his desk. "What slipshod *ratatouille!*"

"Why, what is the matter with it?" I asked.

"The matter! Here we work slowly, conscientiously, with care. For such a piece of work as this, we take the time that is necessary—all the time—a week. We do not rush." He handed me back the report. "*Voyons*, Mademoiselle, you must try again. How often must I remind you that here we do not ape the fashions of *le Paramount!*"

"I am sorry," I stammered.

"Take it away," he said, "and spend the necessary time on it, I pray you."

I took it back to my desk. Bewildered, I read it over. There was nothing I could see that should or could be changed, not a figure wrong or out of place, not a term mistranslated, not a period or a comma to be altered. I put the report in my top desk drawer and began to write a letter to a friend.

FOR the rest of that week, I blotted signatures, wrote occasional personal letters, and let the report stay where it was. Then, on the next Monday, I took it into M. Bardin-Bouchard's office once again. "Here is the work you wanted. I have been over it," I said as I put it on his desk.

I started to go, but he stopped me. He turned the pages slowly, comparing them with the original, as I stood beside him, waiting. Then he looked at me. "I see you have understood," he said, beaming. "This is the sort of work we are wanting here. I congratulate you, Mademoiselle. This is a careful piece of conscientious work, which has taken time to present." He leaned back, sighing. "There are many," he said, and a plaintive note came into his voice, "there are many who hold that the services of a *secrétaire-traductrice* are inessential in these times. To them I always reply, 'It is not *du snobisme*. It is a great need. When we have certain reports and certain letters, we should

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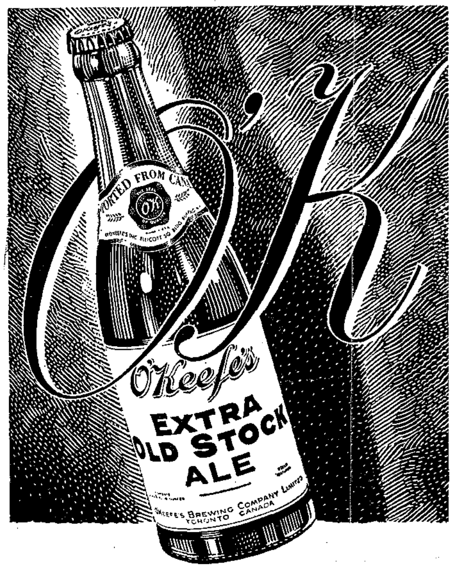

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also have the services of an expert to present them with exactitude to our American and English counterparts.' Those times are rare, perhaps, but also they come, they come. In between those times, Mademoiselle, you must occupy yourself with less important things. It is desirable that you be occupied." He paused, then looked me straight in the eye. "For the sake of the other employees, you understand, one must be occupied."

"Would you object, then," I asked, "if I were to practice the typing of manuscripts and do work of various kinds between translations, on which, of course, I would lavish all the time and care of which I am capable?"

"Practice is an excellent occupation," he answered gravely, and then we smiled at each other.

A few days later, he stopped at my desk on his way into his room. A friend of mine had got me a script to type for Pathé-Nathan, at their usual rates, and I was busy copying it. " 'Close-up of Jean and Henri entering the bordello,' " M. Bardin-Bouchard read aloud, looking over my shoulder. "What is this?"

His voice was full of amazement, but he was smiling. I took heart. "*Ici on fait du cinéma*," I said, "in between the important things."

He tapped me on the shoulder. "*Ce n'est pas bête*," he said. "Let me see it when it is done. I have never read a script for the cinema. I shall, I think, enjoy the bordello scene."

So far as I could see through the pane of glass, he did. —EVELYN EATON

•

Georgia swallowed hard a couple of times. "Of course I will," she said, keeping it carefully in the present tense.—*From a story in the Saturday Evening Post.*

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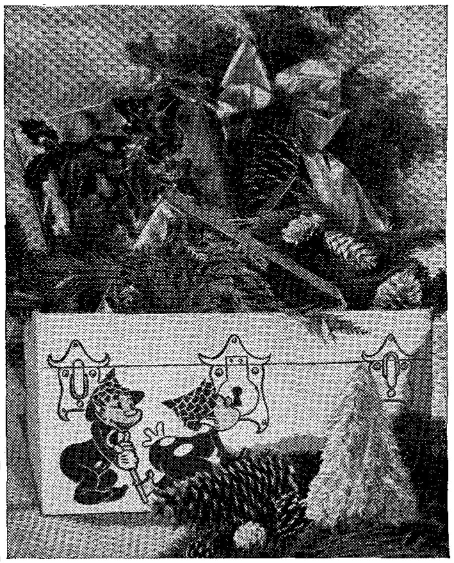

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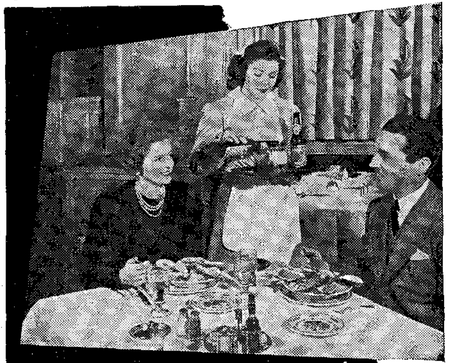

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THE RACE TRACK

Maryland, My Maryland

IT requires no exceptional perception to recognize in Capot, who won the Pimlico Futurity, at Baltimore, last week-end, a five-star aspirant for three-year-old honors next spring. Horse-watchers first detected his nimbus of glory when he took the Champagne Stakes, at Belmont, last month. Since then he has picked off the Wakefield Stakes, at Jamaica, and set a track mark of 1:42⅗ for a mile and a sixteenth at Pimlico. All told, he has won five of his nine starts this year and $92,150 in prize money—$47,325 of this in the Pimlico Futurity. That should be pretty encouraging to the Greentree Stable, which owns him, and which has had more than its share of disappointments this season. Capot is a smooth brown colt and resembles his mama, Piquet, more than he does his papa, Menow. In piquet, the card game, you score a capot when you take every trick, which is just about what Capot did in the Pimlico Futurity. He led all the way and, after brushing off a number of early challenges, galloped home about four lengths to the good. Slam Bang was second and Sun Bahram third. Immoderate admirers of everything that Calumet Farm starts these days put so much money on Flying Disc that the odds on him fell from 10–1 to 3–1, but he disobligingly finished fifth. A huge fellow, not so nimble as he is handsome, he got away slowly, was blocked several times, and finally tired. It is no secret that his stable rates him as its best bet for the Kentucky Derby and such kickshaws next year, but he lacks the bounce you now expect of a Calumet colt. This raises the horrid thought that maybe not all Calumet's colts are Citations.

IT was fun at Pimlico, and the racing was lively, even though the horses were mostly a poor lot. Let me make a note here that a first-class distance runner has been developed in Maryland this autumn. His name is Pilaster, and he has won his last half-dozen starts, at Laurel and Pimlico. The other afternoon, I saw him beat Petrol Point, Miss Grillo, and Tea-Maker in the Exterminator Handicap, at two miles and a sixteenth, when he set a track record of

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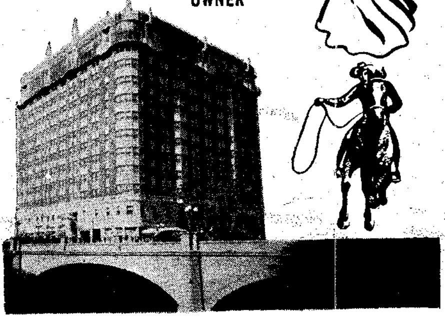

3:39⅖. A week before, he practically ran away with the Governor Bowie Handicap, at a mile and three-quarters, doing the distance in 2:55⅗, six seconds better than the old mark. Oddly, Pilaster, a four-year-old gelding by Pilate, is not the sturdy type you'd think he would be from the way he has been carrying on. He was such a puny yearling that Harry Straus, who owns him, doubted that he'd ever get to the races. However, neither weight nor distance seems to bother him; he carried a hundred and twenty-six pounds easily enough in the Exterminator. He'll carry that much in the Pimlico Cup, at two miles and a half, on Friday, and I fancy that he'll win.

UNLESS you feel you've heard enough about long races, you may want to know that Phalanx broke his streak of seconds and thirds by beating nine fair-to-middling runners in the Daingerfield Handicap, at two miles and a sixteenth, at Jamaica, last Saturday. Inasmuch as the Daingerfield is the same distance as the Exterminator, comparisons are interesting: Phalanx carried three pounds more than Pilaster did, and his time was three and three-fifths seconds better; on the other hand, at Jamaica the going was fast, while at Pimlico it was slow. Makes a nice little homework problem for amateur handicappers.

The sugarplum of the week at Jamaica was the Demoiselle Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, which had a gross value of $65,200 and went to a 17–1 shot. Lithe, the winner of the Demoiselle, had a record that was just about what a long shot up from Kentucky would have; she'd been first only once in ten starts. She was shipped here specially for the race by her owner, Price Headley, who is a very good man with a horse. Lithe put on quite a show. She followed Lady Dorimar, the favorite, to the stretch, where she took the lead, and kept on to win by a head in a hard finish. The saddest story Colonel Martingale heard all week was from a man who had backed Lithe and was going to send the winnings along on Maid of Oz. He was standing in the mutuel line when a friend talked him out of it. Maid of Oz paid $105.30.

—AUDAX MINOR

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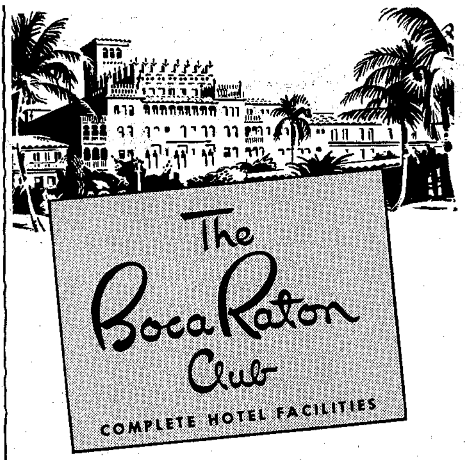

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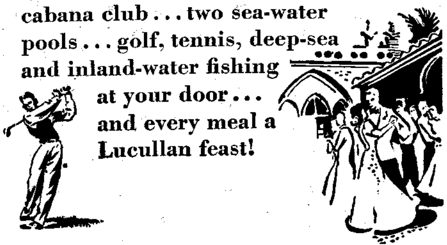

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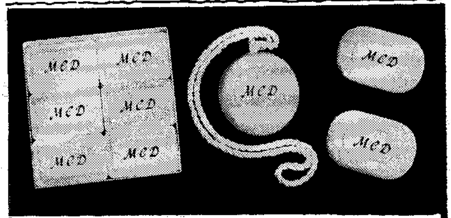

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Good Case Work

IN "The Snake Pit," an excellent movie adapted from a novel by Mary Jane Ward, Olivia de Havilland is incarcerated in a twentieth-century lunatic asylum that isn't much of an improvement on old Bedlam. The patients in this overcrowded institution are treated with less courtesy than is customarily extended to criminals, the nurses in charge frequently seem more psychotic than the inmates, and the head psychiatrist of the place appears to have no more knowledge of the human psyche than one of those family counsellors on the radio. I should like to think that this description of a state hospital for the insane is exaggerated, but Albert Deutsch made it clear in a series of newspaper articles a while back that a good many are just as bad as this one, or worse. The picture, however, is not concerned solely with the faults that exist in establishments for the mentally ill; it also contains instructive material on such psychiatric techniques as narco-synthesis and electric-shock therapy.

This documentary matter is threaded together on a slender story dealing with a young lady whose mind went askew, shortly after her wedding, as a consequence of her longing, years before, to have her father die because he had sided with her mother, who had rejected her. Her father died, all right, and so, presently, did a suitor who reminded her of him. These calamities caused her to feel so unbearably guilty that she became unhinged and had to be put in the asylum, where we first meet her. Miss de Havilland does a first-rate job of acting, and so does Leo Genn, cast as a sympathetic psychiatrist who finally brings her around.

Mr. Litvak has made good use of grim asylum interiors, many of them thickly alive with patients in frightening distress. I'm not sure that in portraying the capers of the insane Mr. Litvak has completely succeeded in making plain the fact that such antics are pathetic; possibly the picture would have been improved by more earnest concentration on the melancholic cases and less on the

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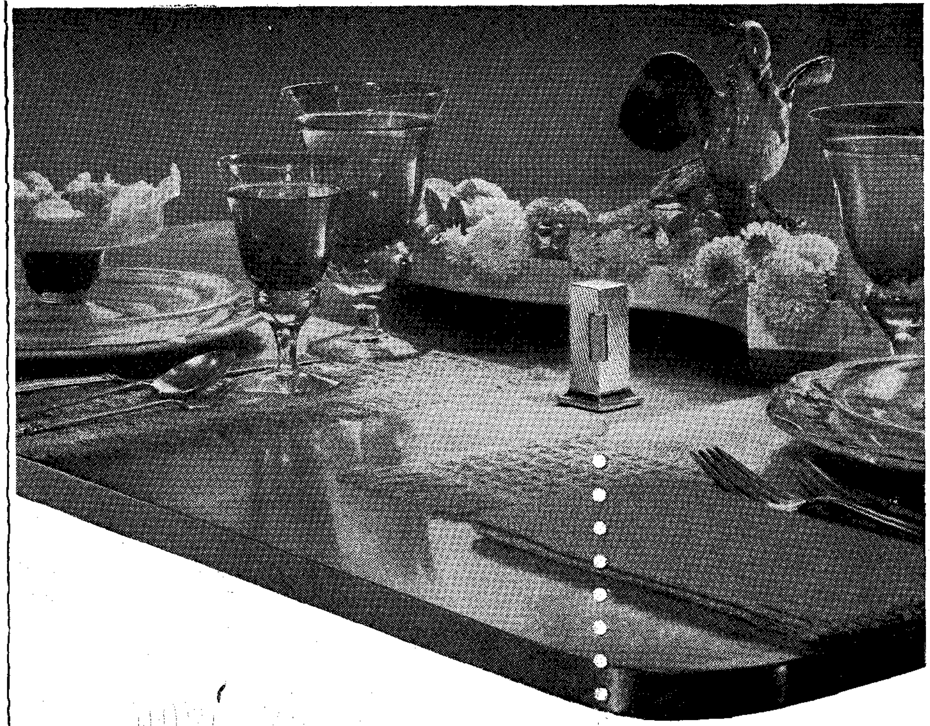

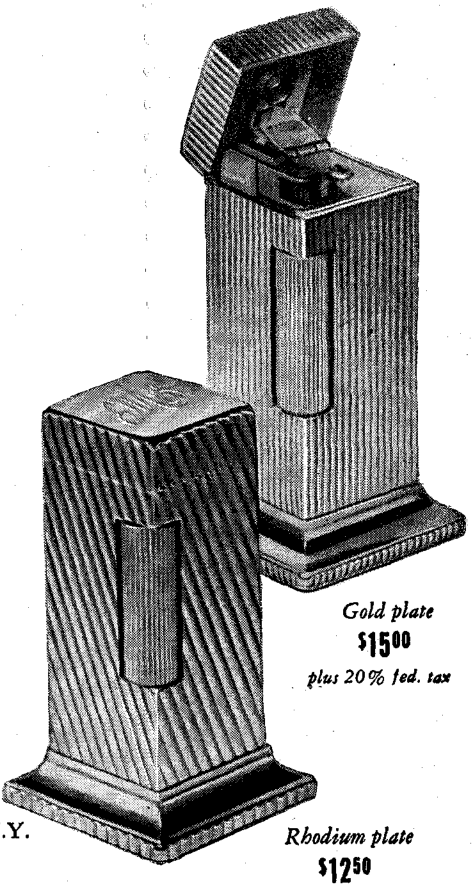

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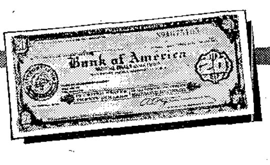

numerous excited ones. But that's probably a quibble, since Mr. Litvak, after all, obviously wanted his work to be full of agitated movement as well as instruction. Since the cast is both huge and skillful, it is difficult to enumerate the good performances. Let's say that they're all fine and let it go at that.

"JOAN OF ARC" is the screen version of Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," but its resemblance to the original work is negligible. Mr. Anderson, you may remember, projected his play from a stage that was almost bare and wove a contemporary theme into his account of the doings of the Maid. The picture, produced by Walter Wanger and directed by Victor Fleming, is overburdened with scenery, employs a cast that must run into thousands, and never departs from its fifteenth-century locale. Awash in Technicolor, it staggers from one unlikely scene to another, while Ingrid Bergman, who was so triumphant as Joan on the stage, wanders about the premises urging all hands to cut out gambling, wenching, and swearing. For some cloudy reason, Miss Bergman occasionally twists her pleasant Swedish accent into something approximating Mexican English; the others in the cast speak everything from standard horse-opera Western to drawing-room-comedy patois. The sets are glaringly unnatural, and I guess the camerawork could be best described as curdled. One of the few actors in this item who succeed in maintaining an air of competence in the face of what seems to be general resignation to mediocrity is José Ferrer, who is capital as the vacillating Dauphin. When this one comes to your neighborhood, I recommend that you settle down with Shaw's "St. Joan." Same heroine, same period, but no Hollywood prattle.

PRESTON STURGES, to whom we owe a large debt for "The Great McGinty," "The Palm Beach Story," and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," hasn't added very much to his credit with "Unfaithfully Yours," a weird and mixed-up attempt at comedy. There are, it's true, a couple of funny things in the film—Rudy Vallée in pince-nez, a few shrewd comments on the idiocy of gadgets—but in putting together this fable about a wildly temperamental symphony conductor who is needlessly jealous of his wife, Mr. Sturges has maneuvered himself into several situations that are macabre rather than comic. It is Mr. Sturges's conceit to have the conductor, while leading his

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orchestra, become distracted by the music and enter into a series of reveries in which he, his wife, and the man he believes to be her lover resolve their triangle according to the dictates of the various composers' moods. In one of these fantasies, the conductor is generous and forgiving, in another he puts a bullet through his head, and in yet another he slashes his wife to death with a razor. These last devices, I submit, are not exactly the kind of thing one chuckles over, and even though the comedy reaches a fairly droll plane in the final scenes, the picture is not redeemed. Participating in the film are Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Barbara Lawrence, and Mr. Vallée, who plays the same sort of fussy millionaire that he did in "The Palm Beach Story," and does it almost as well.

IN "You Gotta Stay Happy," a kittenish heiress (Joan Fontaine) creeps into the rooms of a young airline operator (James Stewart) to get away from the pompous fellow she has just married. From then on, things get gay, but by no means gay enough. . . . "Sealed Verdict" involves Ray Milland as a prosecutor in the Nuremberg trials. He winds up by falling in love with a lady who seems to have been a French collaborationist. All very confusing.

—John McCarten

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Novelties, Old and New

ABOUT a hundred years ago, and for several decades thereafter, one of the drawing cards on New York's orchestral programs was the music of L. Spohr. (The first name of this once famous composer, conductor, and violinist seems to have been either Ludwig or Louis, depending on which reference book you consult.) Over the years, however, Spohr's works—except for a couple of violin concertos—have become rarities at local concerts. He made a reëntry, practically as a novelty, a week ago Sunday, in the New York Public Library, at the first concert of the Society for Forgotten Music, which produced his Grand Nonetto in F Major. This sequence for nine instruments is melodious and expertly written, and its vivacious finale requires no discount for age. Why has such attractive music been neglected? One answer may be that it doesn't have the bite to hold a regular place in the tough competition for continuing favor. The Society preceded its Spohr demonstration with an interesting array of chamber music, songs, and piano music, ranging from composers of the eighteenth century to César Cui, who died only thirty years ago. The performances were able, including the piano accompaniments for the songs, which were played by the Society's alert entrepreneur, Vladimir Dukelsky.

Coincidentally, there was another reintroduction of Spohr, the following evening, when Thomas K. Scherman directed the Little Orchestra Society, at Town Hall, in a mellifluous performance of Spohr's Symphony No. 2 in D Minor. What I have noted about the Nonetto applies generally to this symphony, right down to the finale. In addition, this program contained Mozart's C-Minor Piano Concerto, played with great artistry by Clifford Curzon, and, by way of a current novelty, the first New York concert hearing of Walter Piston's Sinfonietta in E Minor, in a presentation marked by brightness and knowing workmanship.

THE list of recent novelties also includes a sonata for violin and piano by Nikolai Lopatnikoff, which had its début in a masterly perform-

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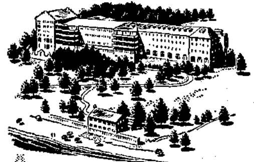

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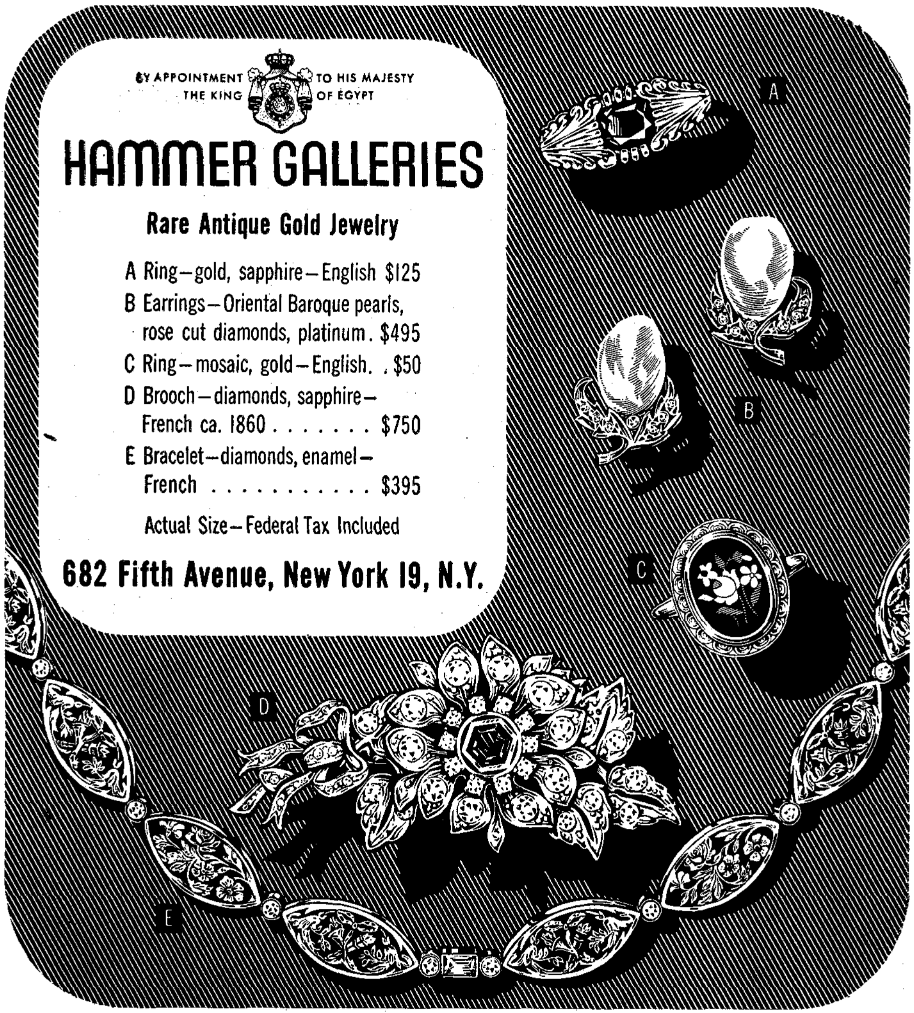
ance by Joseph Fuchs at his Carnegie Hall violin recital last week, with impressive coöperation from the pianist Artur Balsam. This sonata is terse and to the point without abandoning clarity or brilliance, and its touches of "modern" angularity don't seem to be at odds with a kind of romantic appeal.

NO less than four firsts, lately composed, were brought forward in the course of Ray Lev's piano concert last week in Carnegie Hall, and Miss Lev played them all with capable musicianship. One of these novelties, Mark Lawner's "Cocktail Hour" suite, had moments of deft humor. The five potations taken up in the suite were of varying musical potency, but the "Champagne" and "Vodka" were unusually adroit. Other novelties worth special mention were an energetically fugal "Hora," by Jakob Schoenberg, and Robert Kurka's Sonatina, Opus 6, which reached its high spot in a brisk closing movement.

TO mention Spohr again, it has been recorded that his admiration of Beethoven was not without its bounds. He would probably have been surprised by the present wave of Beethoven chamber music, a manifestation that would be remarkable even in an anniversary year, which 1948 is not. The London String Quartet was welcomed back at the end of October in a week-end of two matinée and two evening concerts at Town Hall, in which Beethoven's last ten string quartets and the "Grosse Fuge" were played in the sound tradition established by the original London group forty years ago. The Busch Quartet started its new Town Hall series of assorted chamber music last Friday with Beethoven, offering an unusually well-conceived performance of the second quartet in his Opus 59. Meanwhile, there are at least three series of Beethoven chamber-music concerts either in progress or soon to start.

In "The Mikado," there is a reference to "Bach, interwoven with Spohr and Beethoven." (Gilbert wrote this before Brahms had become a member of the historic trio of composers.) Well, in addition to Beethoven and poor old Spohr, Bach, not too unexpectedly, is also a very active figure in this season's events, including the stimulating Town Hall late-Sunday-afternoons by the New Friends of Music, who this season and next are concentrating on Bach, Brahms, Mozart, and Arnold Schoenberg. —ROBERT A. SIMON



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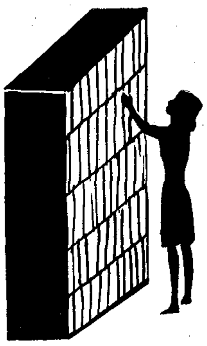
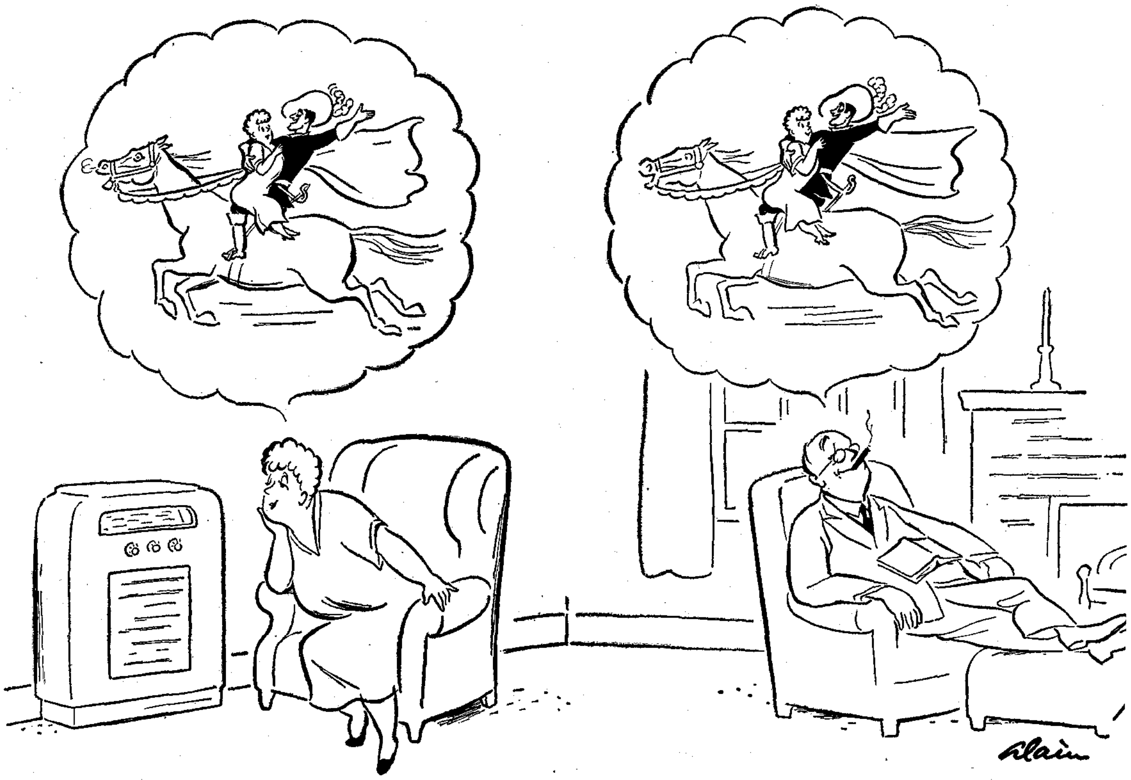
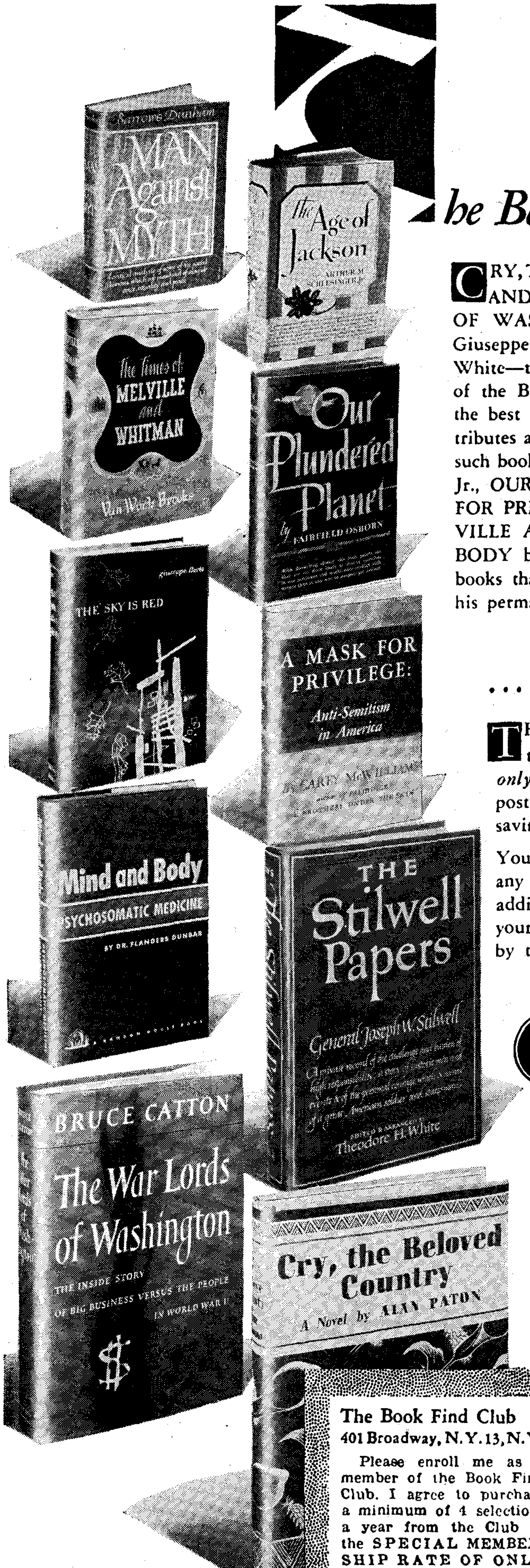


ELECTION or no election, one of the important books of our generation bears the title "Hearings Before the Committee on Un-American Activities, House of Representatives, Eightieth Congress, Second Session: Hearings Regarding Communist Espionage in the United States Government" (United States Government Printing Office, Washington, 1948; 878 pages, numbered from 501 to 1,378; $1.75). Covering the period from July 31st to September 9th, it has been printed in an edition of only a thousand copies, for the use of the members of the Committee whose deliberations it records, newspaper correspondents, and others with a special interest in the proceedings, such as, presumably, the two witnesses who are now suing two other witnesses for libelling or slandering them on the radio. There is not a person in the country, however, who, consciously or otherwise, has not a special interest in the record of these hearings, and a first edition of a million copies would have seemed to me moderate, since this record gives the story of the Committee's hearings a continuity, and thus a shape, that newspaper presentations of isolated tidbits from day to day almost completely failed to convey. Perhaps some book club might still be induced to send out "Hearings" in place of the customary historico-mammary bargain offering. The text is bulky enough for a book-club selection, and in a dust jacket featuring a *World-Telegram* reporter's concept of a beautiful blond spy, it might well be acceptable to a high proportion of subscribers. Certainly none who began reading it would send it back, for it is a book difficult to lay down, a sequence of dramas that are Shakespearean except for the poverty of the idiom. In this Shakespeare, however, the Shallows and Dogberrys are the protagonists; other characters appear only transiently, leaving the drolls to apostrophize each other. In recognition of the preponderant parts they play, the book bears on its flyleaf a roster of the nine Committeemen and of the two principal investigators, like a Dramatis Personae. The witnesses are listed later, like Lords and Ladies of the Court, or Citizens of Verona. Two of the nine featured players, Congressmen John McDowell, Republican, of Pennsylvania, and Richard B. Vail, Republican, of Illinois, have since been withdrawn from the cast by the decision of their constituents, who voted them out of office. Mr. McDowell, at least, will be hard to replace.

"Mr. Chairman and members of the Committee," says Mr. McDowell, in the record, in a tribute to Miss Elizabeth Bentley, the initial witness, "here is an American citizen who delved into this business and now has the courage to walk through the valley of the shadow of publicity." (At the time this statement was made, photographs of the beaming Miss Bentley had appeared on the front page of nearly every newspaper in the nation. In them, she seemed happy to escape from what Mr. McDowell would probably call the glare of obscurity.) Mr. Fred E. Busbey, Republican, of Illinois (another election casualty), testifying as a guest expert, says, "Now, anybody that knows anything about the Spanish situation knows that the Loyalists in Spain and the Abraham Lincoln Brigade were definitely one-hundred-per-cent Communist outfits." Mr. Robert E. Stripling, the chief investigator, says to Alger Hiss, a witness, "You are an intelligent person and not naïve enough that you wouldn't know a Communist if you saw one." (This simple visual test for political belief may well prove invaluable to future poll takers.) The lamented Mr. Vail says, "In the interest of the accuracy of the record . . . the picture to which I refer was a picture of Karl Marx instead of Joe Stalin." Mr. F. Edward Hébert, States' Rights Democrat, of Louisiana, says, "It is interesting to note that every time we talk about Communism we hear about Columbia University . . . and I think General Eisenhower has a big thing to do to clean that place up." Mr. John E. Rankin, States' Rights Democrat, of Mississippi, is one of the first members of the cast to establish his character in the mind of the reader. He says to Miss Bentley, in extracting from the shadow-walker an anatomy of Communism, "In other words, it is nothing but a system of abject slavery, dominated by a racial minority that has

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seized control, as members of the Politburo; is that correct?" Miss Bentley balks slightly. "I am not clear about the racial minority," she says. "I am," says Mr. Rankin.

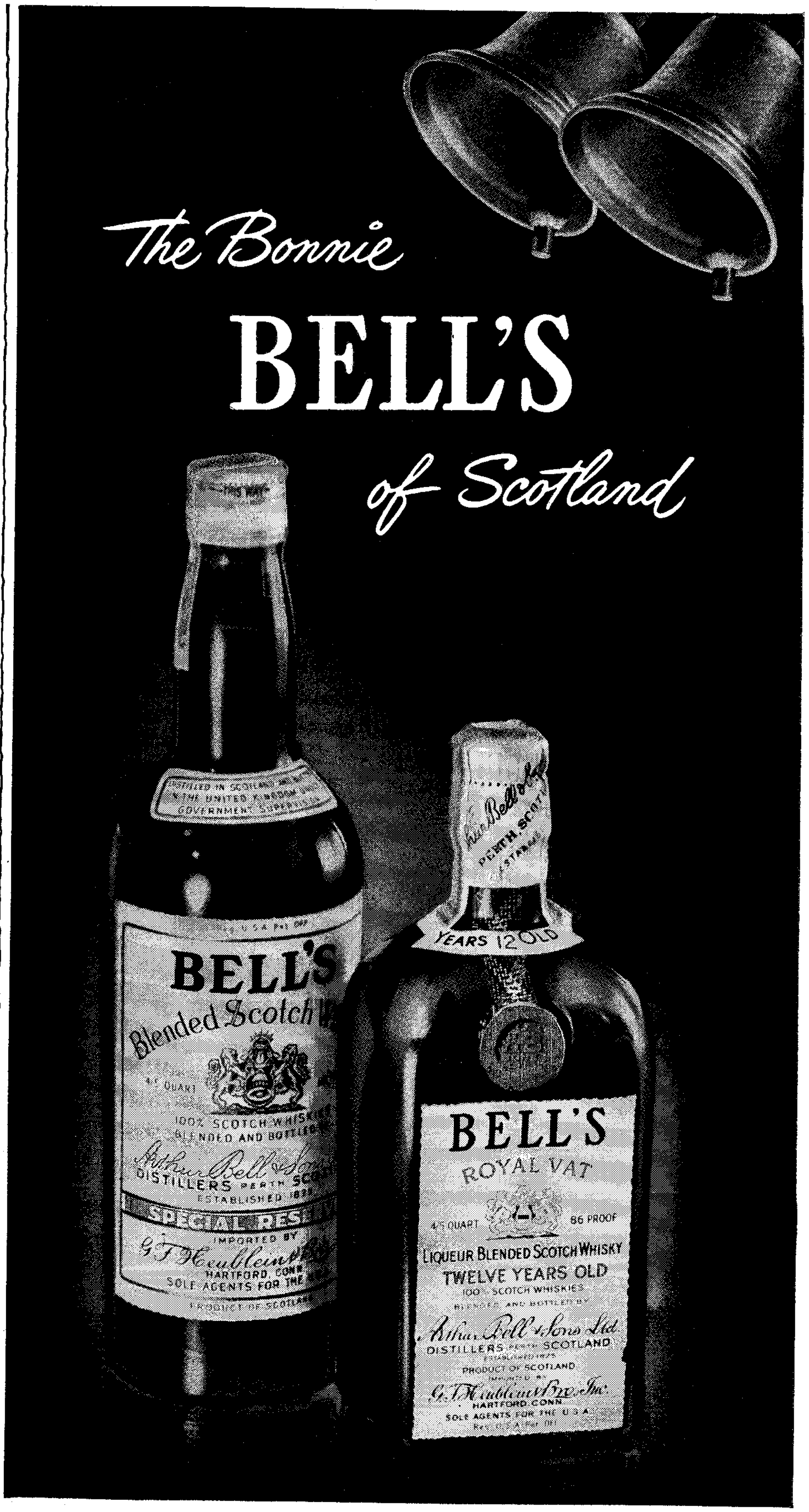
Rankin continues, at every opportunity, to shake his particular bauble. "I know the Senate is busy now nagging the white people of the South, and all of the F.E.P.C. and all this Communistic bunk," he says. When he hears from Whittaker Chambers, a witness, that Hiss is head of what the witness called the Carnegie Foundation for World Peace, Rankin, under an evident misapprehension about Hiss's origin, says, "Under the New York F.E.P.C. law you can't ask this man whether he is a Communist or not, or where he came from, or what his name was before it was changed. [Hiss comes from Baltimore and his name has always been Hiss.] You can't even ask for his photograph. Of course, he can get into an institution of that kind in New York, but he couldn't in Mississippi." Rankin receives some coöperation from the chief Dogberry of the Committee, Mr. Stripling. "I have a document here which shows the employment history of Lee Pressman," Stripling says. Mr. Karl E. Mundt, Republican, of South Dakota (he has since been promoted to the Senate by the voters of his state), says, "Will you identify the document, please?" Mr. Stripling answers, "It is *Who's Who*." Rankin, rising to his cue, then asks, "*Who's Who in American Jewry*, isn't it?," and Mr. Stripling responds, "Yes, *Who's Who in American Jewry*," after which he reads approximately the same list of Pressman's jobs that he could have read from an ordinary *Who's Who in America*, the natural place to look for such information. (It is likely that if the Committee continues to function, Rankin will be its dominant figure.)

Mr. Hébert has his own pet thought, to which he returns often—the value of stool pigeons. For example, at one point he says to Chambers, an ex-spy by his own admission, "Isn't it a fact that there are many saints in Heaven today who were not always saints?," and when Chambers replies devoutly, "I believe so," Hébert continues, "We would not take their sainthood away from them after they have become saints and repented, not saying, you understand, that you are a saint, now mind you." Chambers replies, modestly, "I am not a saint, indeed." The regretted Mr. McDowell, striving to understand the unproved depravity of Mr. Hiss, says, "Well, this Mr. Hiss has a very similar background to my own. . . . He was a brilliant young man." The comics scuffle a little among themselves, seeming to give away a bit of the plot line when Mr. Rankin objects to a turn the inquiry is taking, and Chairman J. Parnell Thomas, Republican, of New Jersey (more recently himself under investigation by the Department of Justice, for simony), says, "We have been unearthing your New Dealers for two years, and for eight years before that."

I WAS a fairly assiduous reader of the newspapers all during the Committee's hearings, but I do not remember seeing any of the above excerpts from the stenographic transcript except the crack about *Who's Who in American Jewry*, which made the Q.-and-A. section of a *Journal-American* story. Some of the quips, to be sure, were offered in executive sessions and so were not at the time available to the press, but this official printed record has been out for a couple of weeks now, and I have not seen in any newspaper an attempt to re-create the atmosphere of the hearings as a continuing performance. This lack of continuity, I think, is one of the grave flaws in newspaper presentation of almost every kind of happening.

The most arresting statement in all the hearings, to my notion, never, I believe, got into the public prints. It is conceivable that because it was uttered in a closed session, on September 8th, it did not reach any of the newspapers immediately, although information about what went on in closed sessions was steadily leaking out. I suppose that by the time it could have been officially made common knowledge, by the publication of the record, editors regarded something that happened on September 8th as ancient history. At any rate, the statement, which may be ancient and certainly is historic, was made by Chairman Thomas to a lawyer named Maurice Braverman, who was appearing before the Committee as counsel for a witness. The Chairman ordered the attorney to become a witness himself, on the spot. Braverman said, "I have a right to be represented by counsel, if I appear here as a witness. I have not been subpoenaed." Mr. Thomas then said, for the ages, "The rights you have are the rights given you by this Committee. We will determine what rights you have got and what rights you have not got before this Committee." Braverman declined to be bluffed. His testimony, which he offered next day, after having been duly subpoenaed, had small importance. But Thomas had tipped his hand.

An alert editor reading Thomas's lawless declaration might have contrasted it with another passage in the record, on page 926, in which Frank Coe, a former Treasury official charged by the publicity-anguished Miss Bentley with belonging to a Communist group, asked if he might question his accuser. Congressman Mundt, acting as chairman in Thomas's stead, told Mr. Coe, "Had we the full authority of a court, certainly it would be easier to get down into the disputed evidence in this particular case. Since we do not have, we cannot adapt ourselves to part of the rules of a court without having the authority that goes with being a court. Unfortunately, we cannot accept your request . . . we do not have the authority." These pronouncements would seem to represent what it is now fashionable to call a dichotomy. The confusion of a newspaper editor—and of his readers, to whose attention, one would think, he would feel bound to call this contradiction—would be intensified by reading certain remarks of Mr. Hébert, recorded on pages 846 and 847. Addressing A. George Silverman, another witness, Hébert said, "Dr. Silverman, you are now before the greatest open court in this country, I believe, beyond the confines of any limited courtroom in this country." Silverman, a witness who, when he refused to answer the investigators, said that he did so "in the exercise of my constitutional privilege against self-incrimination under the Fifth Amendment," asked advice of counsel before responding to a question. Upon this occasion, Mr. Hébert said, "You didn't ask advice of counsel before handing these documents to Miss Bentley, did you? [The problem before the Committee, of course, was whether Silverman *had* handed over documents to Miss Bentley.] Miss Bentley has made these charges, and you are familiar with them. Now you have your opportunity in open court." (Mr. Thomas, incidentally, appearing before a Federal Grand Jury in Washington on November 4th in connection with the Justice Department's charge of corruption against him, refused to answer questions on the ground that he might incriminate *him*self. The United States District Attorney's comment on this tactic is not available.) The anomaly of a committee that describes itself as the greatest open court in the country on page 846, no court at all on page 926, and omnipotent on page 1,310 (where Thomas said, "The



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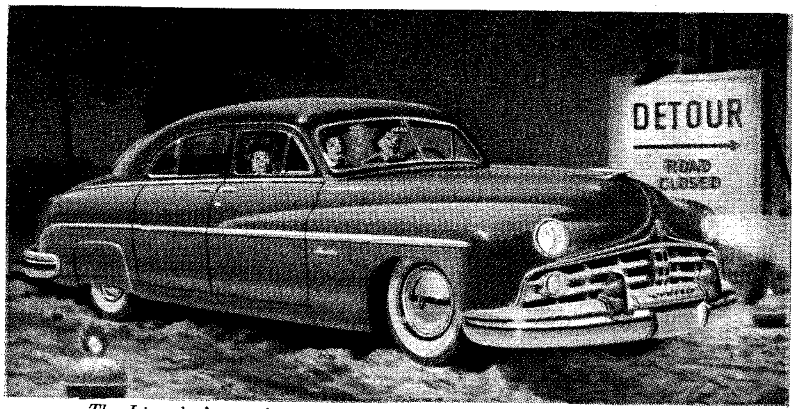
rights you have are the rights given you by this Committee") might fairly have been considered worthy of bringing to the attention of a bemused public.

THE tangled story of the relationship of Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers probably resulted in more headlines than did any other development of the inquiry. Nevertheless, an examination of the files shows that even this was erratically reported. (Again, the dailies might well point out that their reporters could not be expected to know what was occurring in closed sessions, and I, in turn, again point out that that is all the more reason for clarification after "Hearings" was published.) The newspapers, for example, gave me the impression that Hiss had not indicated that he recognized Chambers until the evening of August 17th. Then, as I got it from the press, Hiss walked into a closed session of the Committee at the Hotel Commodore, here in New York, looked at Chambers, and said, "That is the man I knew by the name of George Crosley." According to Chambers, Hiss had known him simply as "Carl." Chambers' story sounded fantastic; as the late Harry Dexter White, also accused by Chambers, had phrased it, "I doubt very much whether I would have known any man by just the first name. It would have been very peculiar." But the tale of Hiss's lightning-flash recognition of Chambers as "George Crosley" seemed even less plausible. The record shows, however, that Hiss had already, on August 16th, at an executive session in Washington, told the Committee that he thought Chambers might be a deadbeat he had known by the name of George Crosley, and had told them why.

The transcripts of the August 16th and August 17th hearings are, I should say, the best theatrical material in the book (with the possible exception of White's triumphant appearance before the Committee on August 13th, when that old government servant, dying of heart disease, handled the Committeemen like a Border collie maneuvering sheep). "I have written a name on this pad in front of me of a person whom I knew in 1933 and 1934 who not only spent some time in my house but sublet my apartment," Mr. Hiss tells the Committee on the sixteenth. "If I hadn't seen the morning papers with an account of statements that he knew the inside of my house, I don't think I would even have thought of his name. I want to see Chambers face to face and see if he can be this individual." There follow a couple of pages of dialogue in which Hiss protests at the balancing of his evidence with that of Chambers, whom he refers to as "a confessed former Communist and traitor to his country." Hébert produces a variant of his familiar speech about stool pigeons and saints. "Some of the greatest saints in history were pretty bad before they were saints," he says this time. "Are you going to take away their sainthood because of their previous lives?"

Then on the same day, page 955 of the record, Hiss says, "The name of the man I brought in—and he may have no relation to the whole nightmare—is George Crosley." Hiss goes on to tell the story of his acquaintance with an unsuccessful free-lance writer who lived for a couple of months in 1935 in an apartment in Washington that Hiss happened to have on his hands. There follows a considerable amount of question-and-answer, all of it amicable, about Hiss's domestic arrangements circa 1934, and a discussion of lie detectors (it was proposed that Hiss submit to a test by one), which Hiss says he has been informed have no sound scientific justification—that they show "emotion, not truth, and I am perfectly willing to say that I am not lacking in emotion about this business." Chairman Thomas tells him that the Committee has decided to hold a public hearing on August 25th, at which Hiss will be given an opportunity to confront Chambers. Hiss says, "May I ask a question about the press?" Thomas says, a little incoherently, "Yes. I want to tell you something. Every person in this room with the exception of yourself has stood up and raised his right hand and taken an oath that he will not divulge one single word of testimony given here this afternoon, questions asked, so I am going to ask you to take the same oath." Hiss agrees to make no public statements about the hearing, although there is no effort to make him take a formal oath to that effect. The New York *Times* the next morning reported, "Mr. Hiss left the committee room this evening refusing to comment on his long session with the committee."

The next session of the Committee was not a public meeting, nor was it on August 25th. It was the closed session at the Commodore, in New York, late the following day, August 17th. The transcript of it reads like the second act of a taut play. Hiss enters, obviously furious. "I would like the record to show," he says, "that on my way downtown from my uptown office, I learned from the press of the death of



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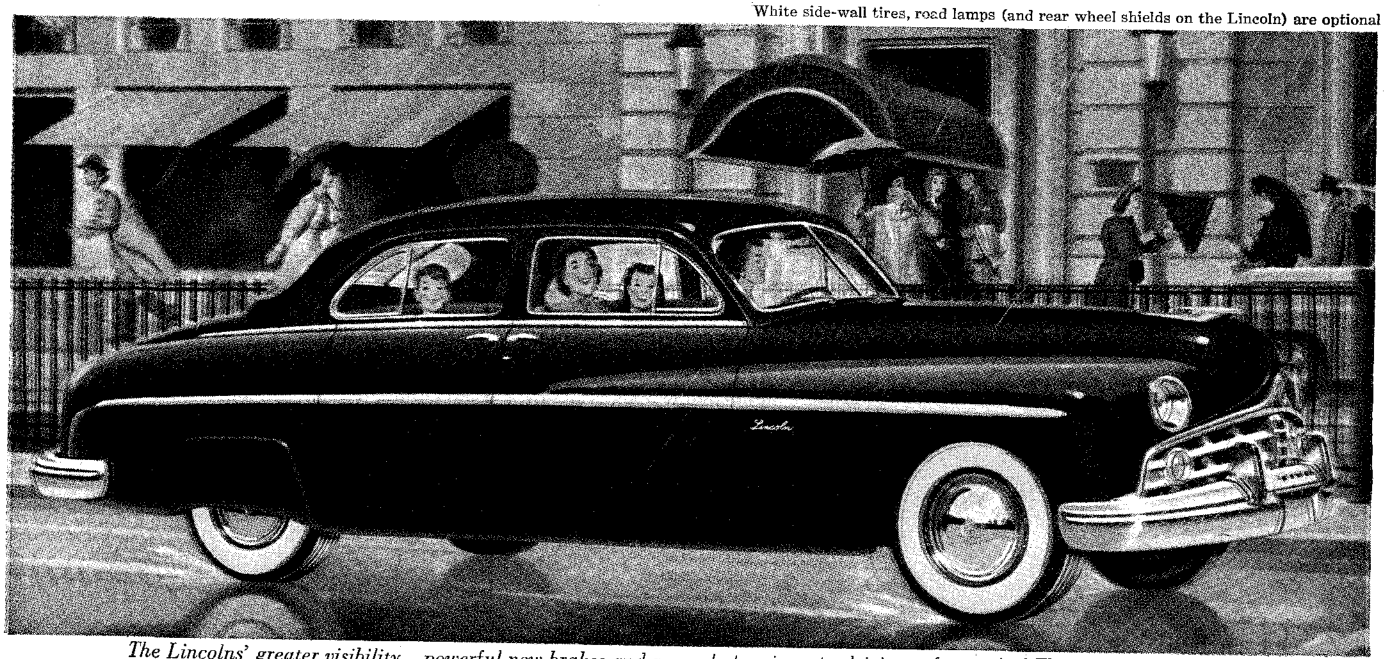

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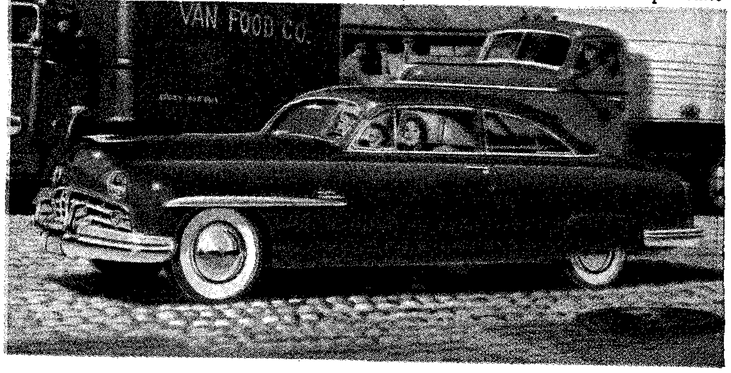

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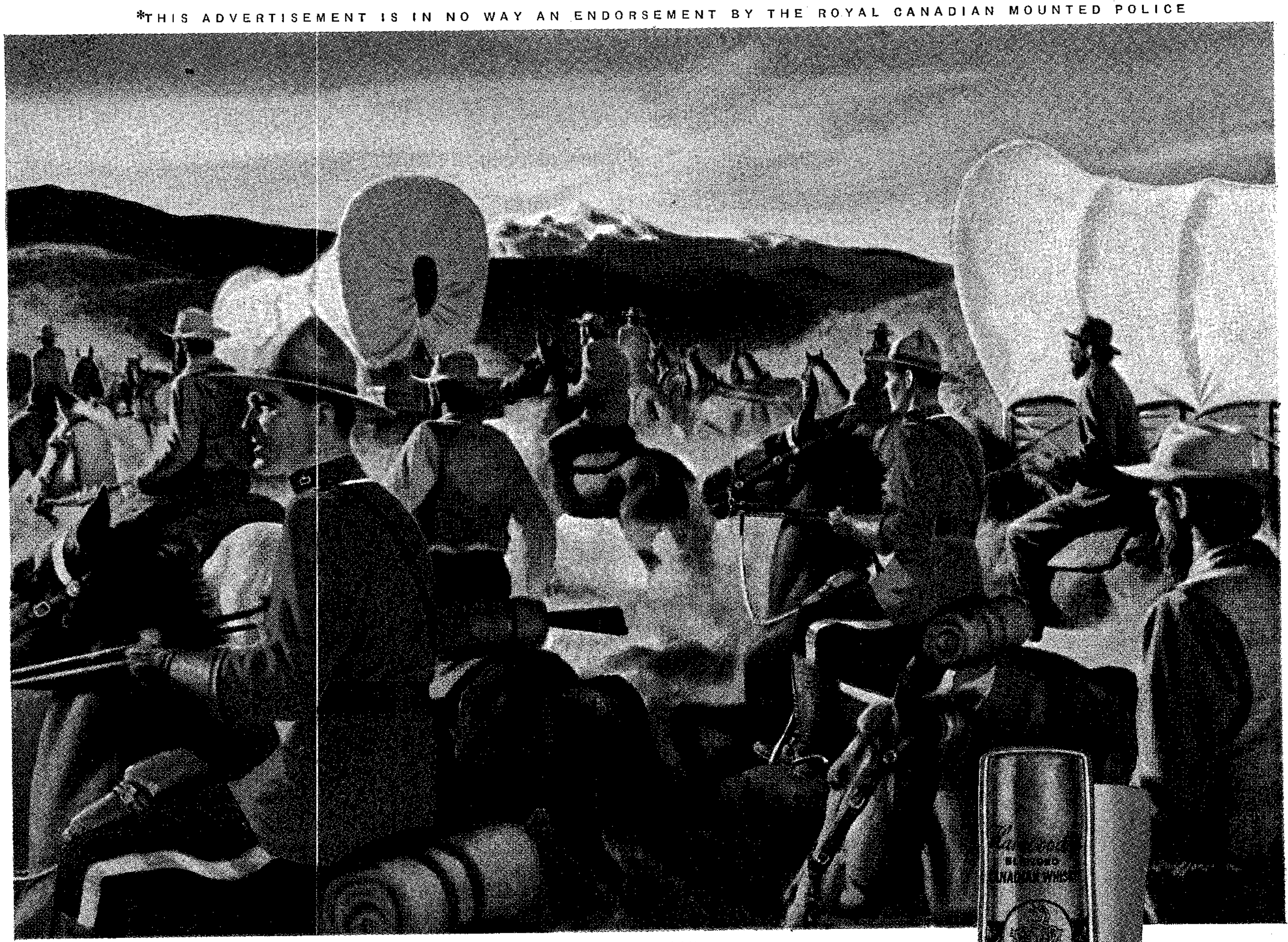

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Harry White, which came as a great shock to me." (This, by the way, is the only mention, in the whole of the record's eight hundred and seventy-eight pages, of Mr. White's death three days after his appearance before the Committee. The Committee took no official cognizance of it.) "I would like to make one further comment," Hiss continues. "Yesterday I think I witnessed—in any event I was told that those in the room were going to take an oath of secrecy. . . . I would like this record to show at this stage that the first thing I saw in the morning paper, the *Herald Tribune*, was a statement that the Committee yesterday had asked me if I would submit to a lie-detector test."

The dialogue of the Commodore session is decidedly acrimonious. For example, Mr. Richard M. Nixon, Republican, of California, says, "I think Mr. Chambers should be sworn." Hiss says, "That is a good idea." Nixon says, "Mr. Hiss, may I say something? I suggested that he be sworn, and when I say something like that I want no interruptions from you." Hiss then says, "Mr. Nixon, in view of what happened yesterday, I think there is no occasion for you to use that tone of voice in speaking to me, and I hope the record will show what I have just said." Farther along, Nixon asks Hiss to tell about the lease he gave Crosley. Hiss says he told about it the day before, when Chambers was not present. Nixon says, "We are repeating it for his [Chambers'] benefit as well as to see if he can recall this incident." Hiss says, "I am glad he has no other way of finding out about it, Mr. Nixon." Later, Hiss says, "The ass under the lion's skin is Crosley." Chambers says, "I was a Communist and you were a Communist." As the men positively identify each other, the record notes, "At this point Mr. Hiss arose and walked in the direction of Mr. Chambers." Hiss says, "May I say, for the sake of the record at this point, that I would like to invite Mr. Whittaker Chambers to make those same statements out of the presence of this committee without their being privileged for suit for libel. I challenge you to do it and I hope you will do it damned quickly." To judge from the dialogue (there is no stage direction here), Mr. Louis J. Russell, a Committee investigator, gets between Hiss and Chambers, and Russell and Hiss have an argument about who is touching whom—a near scuffle, apparently. McDowell, Nixon, and Stripling try to persuade Hiss that Chambers need make no statement outside the hearing room. Nixon says, "You

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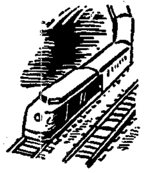

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will recall that he [Chambers] testified that he did make these statements to Mr. Berle in 1939 concerning you, and he testified also that he made them to Mr. Levine. Those statements, both to Mr. Levine and Mr. Berle, would not be privileged." In point of fact, Chambers' statements to Mr. Berle in 1939 were so much milder than his statements to the Committee in 1948 that they would have afforded no possible basis for a libel suit, even if they were not by now outlawed by the statute of limitations. Berle testified on August 30th that in 1939 Chambers "did not make the direct statement that any of these men were members of the Communist Party" and that "there was no espionage involved in it." For a person reading the record merely as a play, the statements of the Committee people in their attempt to stall Hiss should stimulate a certain amount of curiosity as to their motivation. Chambers, on a radio program, has since repeated a part, although not all, of his original charge against Hiss, and the latter is now suing him for seventy-five thousand dollars. Chambers testified before the Committee that Hiss was a Communist and a member of a group that had espionage as "one of its eventual objectives." On the radio, he made no mention of espionage.

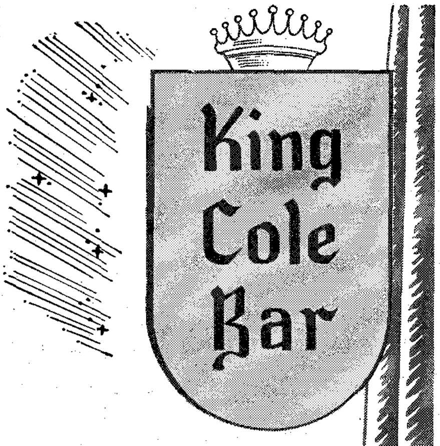
THE proceedings in these two executive sessions—as rattling good, meaty scenes as any playwright could turn out—were made available in full to the press on August 25th, at the suggestion of Hiss. But no New York newspaper printed them. One gathers from a reading of this volume the impression that a reputable witness before the Thomas Committee is in the position of a man spattered with dirty water by a passing taxicab on a rainy day. If he is angry enough, he may run after the taxi, but by the time he gets to the corner, it is five blocks away, splashing somebody else.

It was poor Mr. White, the most sympathetic character in the Committee's drama, who commented best on the newspapers' handling of the hearings. Congressman Mundt said, while White was on the stand, "In the best court of this country, which is the court of public opinion, which—"

White cut in, "If it is properly presented, Congressman Mundt. If the whole story is presented, I agree with you."

The Congressman said, "Now, I am referring, you understand—"

Mr. White, completing his own thought, said, "And the public could



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read something beside the headlines, Congressman Mundt, you know that, as well as I."

Until newspapers and public adopt Mr. White's program, books such as this record are indispensable to an understanding of our time.

—A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CORNER THAT HELD THEM, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking). A lucid and minute dissection of fourteenth-century English convent life, executed in a remarkably fine-grained and precise prose. The thirty-odd years covered by the author are marked by the Black Death, peasant uprisings, and part of the Hundred Years' War, but Miss Warner's nuns are less preoccupied with these events than with minor intricacies of priory life. The Sisters sin mostly by way of vanity and sloth, although one or two wander further astray. Those readers who think of nunneries in terms of "The Decameron" will be disappointed, as will anyone looking for deep insight into the spiritual and scholastic currents of the time, but the author does examine both character and history with commendable exactness.

THE RAGE OF THE VULTURE, by Alan Moorehead (Scribner). Chaos in a contemporary Indian princely state when the lotus-eating of the natives and the remaining British is interrupted by the arrival of some despoiling tribesmen from the adjoining Himalayan foothills. The chief figures are for the most part standard colonial types, although the hero, a bemused young British war veteran, is more complex and interesting. Mr. Moorehead writes in a facile, journalistic manner and has a good sense of structure. Topical and neat, if unexceptional.

THE QUEST FOR LOVE OF LAO LEE, by Lau Shaw (Reynal & Hitchcock). The author of "Rickshaw Boy" spins out a delicate and unmomentous episode in the life of a minor government functionary in Peiping. The official's futile search for someone more piquant than his bovine peasant wife winds tranquilly through various nicely described convolutions of present-day existence in the ornate old city. Occasional calm humor offsets some of the traditional Eastern slowness of pace.

THE FIRE BALLOON, by Ruth Moore

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(Morrow). Struggles with the elements and with adolescence in a contemporary Maine fishing village. The elements have, as usual, the more enduring and attractive qualities; the trials of a fisherman's two high-school-age children become a bit soppy before very long. Plenty of sturdy coastal characters, all the salty dialect you could ask for, and good detail on the locale.

THE PEOPLE OPPOSITE, by Sylvia Thompson (Little, Brown). Vagaries of love and marriage in postwar Britain. Four couples, each having a nebulous connection with the others, are followed through a series of emotional difficulties, most of which are eventually settled quite happily. Sharp imagery and dialogue make up somewhat for the stereotyped plot.

GENERAL

THE NIGHTMARE OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer (Knopf). The chief spectre in the nightmare clearly and forcefully outlined by Mr. Mowrer is the fact that the United States has slipped into a paralytic trance in its dealings with Russia. In his first chapters, the author sets forth the thesis that all politics are power politics, and in subsequent ones he decries our diplomacy, which, he maintains, is continuing on its old track of weakening our potential allies and strengthening our potential enemies. At the end, of course, he urges that something be done to remedy matters.

THE STRUGGLE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, by Ferenc Nagy (Macmillan). The former Premier of Hungary, now a farmer in Virginia, relates how he and his colleagues in the Hungarian government were squeezed out by the Communists. It is a story of deceit, intrigue, and, finally, straight terror that follows a depressingly familiar course—the democratic leaders return from the classic conference in Moscow, filled with hope after the usual amiable interview with Stalin, to find that his emissaries are busily undermining the very institutions he has just promised to respect. The book is a little overweight with Hungarian internal politics, but it is not wearisome, and it is written modestly and with deep feeling.

THE WAR WE LOST, by Constantin Fotitch (Viking). Why the Yugoslavs aren't quite so self-determined these days as the Atlantic Charter led them to believe they would be. The main reason they aren't, Mr. Fotitch explains in this competently written review of the inconstant British-American attitude toward Yugoslavia during the war, is that the Western war leaders failed to keep steadily in mind the fact that war is also politics, a lapse of acumen that made it easy for the Russians, despite the counter-exertions of the author and other members of the Yugoslav government-in-exile, to convince the West of Marshal Tito's estimable qualities. To this well-known argument, the author has appended an epilogue, in which he advises us to beware of the charade that Tito and the Cominform are currently enacting.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, by F. Brittain (Macmillan). A tribute to many-sided Sir Arthur. In prose that, although generally charming, is not altogether free from the jargon that Sir Arthur used to raise such brilliant hell about, Mr. Brittain presents us with a view of him in each of the many roles that he managed to play, always with very great style, during the eighty years—1863 to 1944—that he had at his disposal. As a result of the efforts of Mr. Brittain, who got to know Quiller-Couch when they were both dons living on C Staircase, First Court, Jesus College, Cambridge, Sir Arthur the triple-threat literary man probably won't ever again entirely obscure Sir Arthur the Mayor of Fowey, Sir Arthur the Commodore of the Royal Fowey Yacht Club, and Sir Arthur the practicing dandy.

MADE IN AMERICA, by John A. Kouwenhoven (Doubleday). An exploration, or, more accurately, a scouting tour of a large subject—the origins of what the author calls the "vernacular tradition" of American arts and crafts, as opposed to the cultivated tradition of the Old World. He believes that the most significant cultural achievements of the American people are the homely ones, in which they have unself-consciously expressed themselves in their native idiom—in the way they make a plow, say, or the way they design a five-passenger automobile. From that point, Mr. Kouwenhoven extends his survey to the more formal arts of painting, sculpture, music, and literature. The book is not long enough to cover the ground thoroughly, but it is a stimulating trail blazer. Illustrated, but skimpily.

THE LETTERS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, edited by John Ward Ostrom (Harvard). Probably no great writer has suffered more from having his correspondence tampered with than Poe has. His hostile literary executor, Rufus Griswold, freely rewrote the letters he printed and evidently forged several, which gave rise to false conceptions that only recently have been corrected; and his best editor, James A. Harrison, as James Southall Wilson, who wrote the introduction, now tells us, "did not rigidly reproduce the text" but "omitted or qualified phrases, apparently out of consideration for personalities." The present collection is the first in which are assembled all Poe's known letters, including many never before published. They have been printed, when possible, from the original texts. It is an admirable piece of scholarship and an indispensable book for anyone interested in Poe.

VOYAGES TO THE MOON, by Marjorie Hope Nicolson (Macmillan). A look at the literature of interplanetary travel before the discovery of actual means of flying, by a distinguished scholar who is an accomplished and amusing writer as well. Miss Nicolson shows that since the earliest times men have been speculating about cosmic flight (perhaps as a waking extension of the common dream of floating unaided through space), and she goes into a number of the more spectacular schemes to get off the earth for a little while. They include devices for flying with the aid of harnessed birds, Cyrano de Bergerac's moon rocket, flying chariots, and a sixteenth-century flying canoe, in addition to the more prosaic balloons. Among the authors discussed, quoted, or paraphrased are Rabelais, Cervantes, Jonathan Swift, Edgar Allan Poe, and Jules Verne. The book has a number of diverting illustrations.

MY STORY, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Rinehart). A new edition of Mrs. Rinehart's log, brought up to date by the addition of fifty thousand words dealing with her literary and social activities during the past seventeen years. The new section undoubtedly contains any number of fine things that a practiced reader of Mrs. Rinehart's works will take an instant fancy to, but about the only items likely to excite the layman are the author's account of how she stared one of Al Capone's field representatives out of countenance when the wretch suggested that she write Al's biography, and her admission that maybe she

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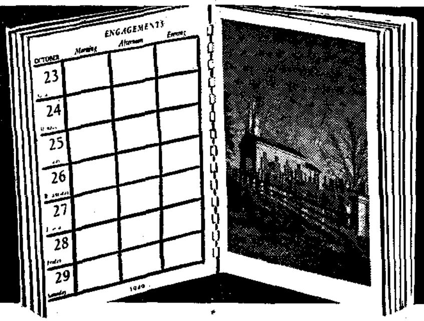

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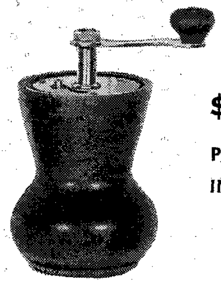

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isn't America's most highly paid writer after all.

WE'RE ALL IN IT, by Eric Johnston (Dutton). Unimpressed by the fact that the American businessman if he has been told once has been told a hundred times that his rugged-individualist notions are a disgrace, Mr. Johnston here invites us to join him on another free-enterprise crusade to save the world. To go along, we must believe, as Mr. Johnston does, that getting along with the Russians is just one of those empty, airborne phrases. We must also give the European Recovery Program our sober, watchful backing. Most of all, however, we must be willing to invest abroad and to send our boys to staff the far-flung sheds of General Electric and Republic Steel, for it is only by putting a well-equipped force of private capitalists into the field, Mr. Johnston maintains, that we can hope to revive the crumpled economies of the world and discommode the Russians. Special.

THE BEST OF TIMES, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Simon & Schuster). Beginning with an account of a flight to Europe just after the war, the author ranges over the Continent in a group of grave and gay essays, now peering into out-of-the-way corners of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, now staring straight into the fat faces of people in the black-market restaurants of the great capitals, commenting on physical and spiritual war wreckage, and telling wonderful stories that illumine the state of the European world during these recent sad years. The book is splashed all over with pictures drawn and painted in the finest Bemelmans Gothic.

FIGHTING INDIANS OF THE WEST, by Martin F. Schmitt and Dee Brown (Scribner). A pictorial history of the wars between the Plains Indians and the United States, containing over two hundred and fifty reproductions of drawings, paintings, and photographs. There is an informative, simply written text, but it is the photographs that make the book outstanding. Most of them are the work of now-forgotten photographers of the frontier who travelled with the troops, lugging along their cumbersome wet-plate equipment, and took extremely arresting pictures of the battlegrounds and the fighters. Particularly notable are the dozens of full-page portrait studies of the great and lesser chiefs and warriors—Red Cloud, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Ten Bears, Crazy Horse, Black Kettle, and the redoubtable medicine man Sitting Bull. They are more dramatic than the most flamboyant Frederic Remington paintings.

RENAISSANCE IN HAITI: POPULAR PAINTERS IN THE BLACK REPUBLIC, by Selden Rodman (Pellegrini & Cudahy). One of the most unexpected and striking of the cultural manifestations of recent years has been the literary and artistic activity of Haiti. The novels of Jacques Roumain and of the brothers Marcelin are the work of educated men and are highly sophisticated; the painting, on the other hand, has been mainly untrained and primitive, but it, too, is remarkable. This well-produced book contains more than a hundred color plates, halftone reproductions, and photographs, with chapters by Mr. Rodman on the development of the artistic movement and its political-social background. The pictures include decorative panels with designs of flowers and birds; attempts at conventional Catholic subjects, such as the Adoration of the Virgin; genre scenes from town and country life; and fantasies of voodoo divinities and of zombies arising from their graveyards. The whole book is of great interest.

ON THE LIMITS OF POETRY: SELECTED ESSAYS, 1928-1948, by Allen Tate (Swallow Press and Morrow). A selection from Mr. Tate's earlier volumes—"Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas" (1936) and "Reason in Madness" (1941)—together with five later pieces, soon to be published collectively under the title "The Hovering Fly," by the Cummington Press. Mr. Tate's fruitful traditionalism enables him to inspect literature and certain sacrosanct modern notions about art and society from unexpected angles. His style becomes increasingly suave and allusive as his insight deepens.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE: SELECTED FABLES, translated by Eunice Clark and illustrated by Alexander Calder (Quadrangle). Thirty-six of the fables, including most of the famous ones. The translations, in verse, are occasionally very apt, occasionally terrible, and always extremely ramshackle in their prosody. The accompanying line drawings, despite their casualness, are frequently quite witty.

THE RENAISSANCE PAINTER'S GARDEN, by Ruth Wedgwood Kennedy (Oxford). All the Renaissance painters, from Botticelli and Carpaccio to Piero di Cosimo and Crivelli, liked to include a great many flowers in their paintings. Taking this fact as her theme, Mrs. Kennedy, an authority on the art of the period, has combined a lot of research on the botanical symbolisms involved and a sound understanding of artistic values, and has produced a book of much charm and considerable antiquarian interest. The eighty-four black-and-white reproductions illustrating the text are done with exceptionally fine texture and fidelity.

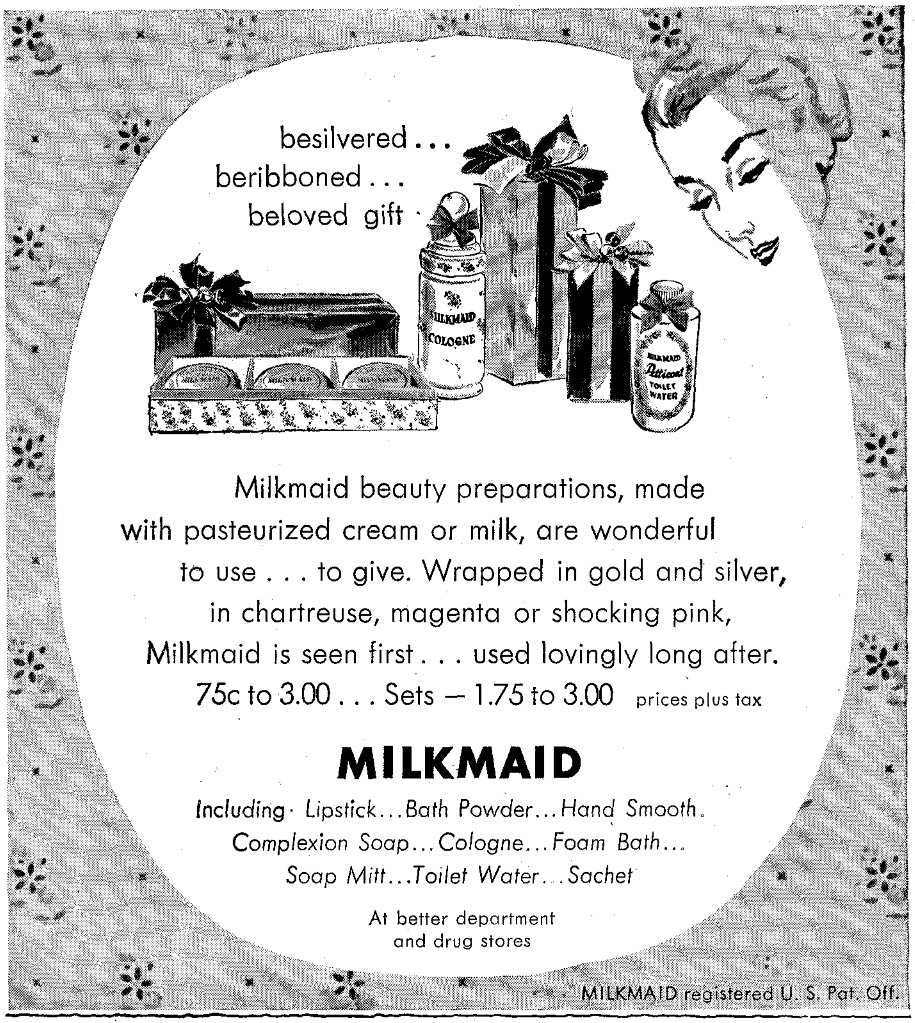
THE PITMAN GALLERY (Pitman). A series of inexpensive volumes, each devoted to an artist or group of artists. So far, "Degas," "Botticelli," "Music in Painting," and "Florentine Paintings" have appeared. The books are paper-bound and of large enough format to permit good-sized reproductions, and the color plates, usually around ten in number, are done with workmanlike care. The texts, by such men as Stephen Spender, R. H. Wilenski, and Lawrence Haward, are written with much warmth and understanding.

SHOTS AT WHITETAILS, by Lawrence R. Koller (Little, Brown). The white-tailed deer, native to most of the country, is more numerous now than it was fifty years ago, and attracts a greater number of hunters than any other big-game animal. Not one of his pursuers, probably, could fail to learn something helpful from this detailed volume, which surveys a buck's career from fawnhood to the library wall. Drawings and photographs.

THE FISHING AND HUNTING ANSWER BOOK, by David M. Newell (Doubleday). A wood-and-stream catechism that clears up, in thorough and often sprightly answers, about a thousand questions on such pertinent matters as how soon an escaped fish will bite again, whether deer ever hunt the hunter, and whether a hound can smell a poisonous snake. Drawings.

VERSE

ACTFIVE, AND OTHER POEMS, by Archibald MacLeish (Random House). The bewildered cries of humanitarian poets, concerned about themselves and the world at large, sound particularly feeble now that two major poets—Eliot and Auden—have produced incisive analyses of just such men and their state of mind. Mr. MacLeish's humanitarian sadness is, however, at least bearable in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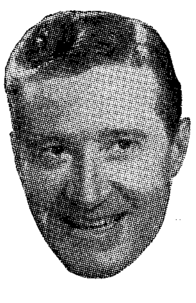

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small forms if not in large ones, and several of his lyrics distill drops of true melancholy.

MR. WHITTIER AND OTHER POEMS, by Winfield Townley Scott (Macmillan). New England needs a young poet with a streak of the satirist, in the tradition of Robinson and Frost, and Mr. Scott has moments when he seems to be continuing this tradition. He does not succeed, however, in bringing to bear enough technical strength or intellectual determination upon his rich material.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Lilian Bowes Lyon, with an introduction by C. Day Lewis (Dutton). Mr. Day Lewis relates Miss Bowes Lyon's meditative quality to the influence of her native Scottish landscape and finds in her poetry traces of the human compassion that persuaded her to do relief work in London's East End during the war. The poems, compiled from five books published in England since 1934, are uneven, but a real, though rather muffled, sense of language and an underlying sincerity support them.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE STEEL MIRROR, by Donald Hamilton (Rinehart). Yet another cross-continent marathon. The chief figures are a girl with partial amnesia and a young man she has picked up in a filling station en route. On their heels are such assorted characters as a psychiatrist and a nurse, both of them sinister; members of the F.B.I. and of several local police forces; and the young woman's father, a pillar of the National Association of Manufacturers—all of whom are trying to get to the bottom of two murders and some tricky international intrigue. Rather standard suspense stuff, souped up by a psychiatric subplot.

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Msgr. Sheen said psychiatry, however, was "much-needed." Reminding that man, unlike animals, had "an immortal soul" and was capable of frustrations and doubts, he added:

"We're not beasts and psychiatry can tell you that. Have you ever seen a neurotic cow? Have you ever seen a psychotic pig? Have you ever seen a duck in need of psychoanalysis?"—*The Times.*

Yes. Donald Duck.

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One day he meets the Girl again. She is perspiring sedately as a milliner, trying to mend her broken heart.
—*American Weekly.*

Odd way to go about it.

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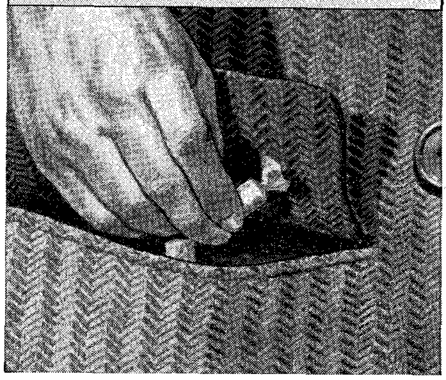

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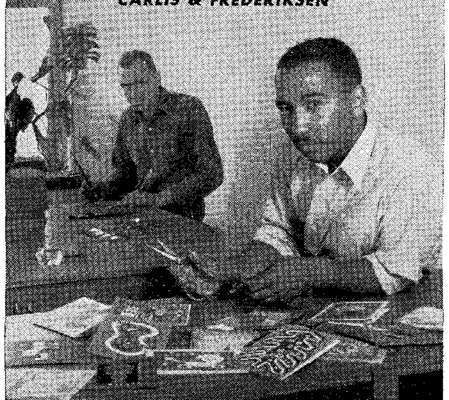

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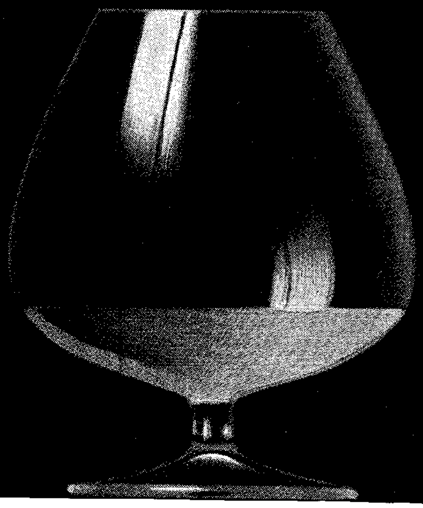

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